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# Current Literature

A Magazine of Record and Review



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## INTRODUCTORY TO THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER

With this September issue of *Current Literature* we respectfully and confidently challenge the opinion of those who read. As a periodical to interest and instruct the people it is not surpassed by any publication in the world. In quantity and quality of material; in variety; in excellence of typography and form; in ease and comfort of reading; it cannot even be approached. With the July and August numbers it forms already a select and valuable library. While it reads from start to finish like a novel, it has all the lasting qualities and reference value of an encyclopedia. Consider a portion of the contents only. The leading article is a record and review of the literature of the Old World for the past eighteen months. Following is a discussion of the French translation controversy in London; gossip of old-time New York publishers; and the evolution of our own cheap literature. Two strong chapters from the story of an African Farm are given. A digest of the London sensation—*The Confessions of a Young Man*—is of surpassing interest. *Absolution, The Story of a Spiritual Love*, is rare in this country and alone worth the subscription price of the Magazine. *The May Bug*, a special translation from the *Revue de Paris*, is thrillingly dramatic. There is also the wonderful story of the Moon Hoax; a fairy story from the French; special articles on various topics; eighteen pages of poetry, and twenty departments that cover the accomplishment and range of the world. The monthly book index and the magazine reference for September will keep one posted on the current literature of the day in a way that has never before been possible.

Of the many enthusiastic newspaper notices given this magazine we select this from the *Boston Transcript*—a literary authority in New England—as indicative of general journalistic opinion:

"If the editors of the new periodical, *Current Literature*, can keep up to the standard with which it has started out, they ought to feel sure of 50,000 circulation in a year's time. It is something altogether new here at the East, and is what has long been needed by the general reading public. Its plan is to give a taste of the current literature of the press, books, newspapers and periodicals, interspersed with bright and brief comment, and with longer editorial expression on matters of current importance, book criticism, etc. Its field is unlimited, and is not less important than that of any other American magazine."

This generous acknowledgment of place, and compliment of endeavor, we intend to deserve. There shall be no shading from the standard of the initial number. To professional and critical readers many of the things we print may not be altogether new, but to the busy world at large they are almost unknown and most welcome in a form for leisure appreciation. To the rising generation the "old favorites" are often a revelation—to the young the "old" is ever "new." To teachers and scholars; to elocutionists and those who recite; this work of segregation is particularly valuable. There is something, too, for every one,—an artistic nibble for the bookworm in the crowded city; an absorbing story for the home circle; a digest of the thought and purpose of the outside world for the lonesome human in a mud hut on the wind-swept plain. On the basis of the three numbers already published *Current Literature* will bring to a subscriber for the price of a year's subscription two large volumes containing at least:

- 138 special articles of great value and interest;
- 60 stories selected with care and of wonderful variety;
- 1,000 poems, the year's cream from magazines and newspapers;
- 762 book notices and an index covering the current literature of the world;
- 4,000 magazine article references, a home and foreign record of the best literary labor.

*Current Literature* is published on the 7th of each current month at No. 30 West 23d Street, New York City, by the *Current Literature Publishing Co.* 25 cents per number, \$2.50 per year. Any news-dealer in the United States will supply this magazine. Domestic postage 3 cents; foreign 6 cents.

# Current Literature

## A Magazine of Record and Review

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Vol. I, No. 3 "I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. Sept., 1888

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A review of the literature of Europe for the last eighteen months is full of promise and of promise fulfilled. The work being done by many of the authors of the Continent is of the greatest importance, and in places it almost seems that we can hail the formation of—if not new schools, at least the development of the old along new lines. In a series of letters published by the London Athenæum the correspondents of that well known authority in literature, writing from their respective countries, send reviews of the work which has been done. From these letters, which are voluminous, this article has been prepared.

The most important work dealing with national history in Belgium is that of Mgr. Namèche, formerly rector of the University of Louvain. His "Cours d'Histoire Nationale," a huge compilation begun thirty-five years ago, was increased in July, 1887, by three new volumes, the 19th, 20th and 21st, which comprise the last years of the reign of Philip II. in the Netherlands, and the débuts in Government of Albert and Isabella. The "Acta Sanctorum" is still being carried on by the Bollandists, the last issue being the "Vitae" of St. Hubert, the patron saint of hydrophobia, together with the strange legends upon the subject. Very many important documents relating to the history of the country and forming a mine of information for the future historian have been published. M. Ch. Moeller has produced the first two parts of the great work written by his father upon the "Study of History." As might be supposed from the position of King Leopold towards the settlement of the Congo, many works upon this portion of equatorial Africa have been published. The novelist Camille Lemonnier has written a book about his travels in Germany, and M. A. Lancaster of the Royal Observatory has published "Four Months in Texas." Pure literature is much cultivated in Belgium by a school of young writers who call themselves "Le Jeune Belgique," and who have taken as their leader M. Lemonnier. The poets have been busy. Flemish literature, which seems daily to grow in favor with the French public in Belgium, is no longer confined within the limits of the novel or of poetry. The poet Pol de Mont and Prof. Aug. Gittée have greatly stimulated the study of folk lore. A most curious posthumous work of the great novelist, Hendrick, Conscience is "History of my Youth." The author relates with the greatest charm how he at last emerged from extreme poverty and became the founder of the literary renaissance of his country after the revolution of 1830. Mme. Courtmans, the veteran novelist, has published four new novels, and M. Reimund two, which have been much praised. The most brilliant work of the past year is the historical epopee of M. Julius de Geyter, "The Emperor Charles V. and the Kingdom of the Netherlands."

There has been no scarcity of publications in France during the past year, although there has not been any thing of any marked brilliancy. The French authors have not failed the public, the public has often failed French authors. Some that are new have gained recognition; some fairly well known have strengthened their claim to an audience. In poetry, by the side of Sully-Prudhomme and Andre Lemoyne, young men like Jean Rameau, Charles Fuster, and Jean Berge have increased their reputations. In fiction, in imaginative literature, in belles-lettres, the acknowledged masters, MM. Zola, Malot, Bourget, de Maupassant, Jules Lemaitre, Theuriet, Pierre Loti, have been busy as usual; Arvède Barine, Maxime du Camp, Emmanuel des Essarts, Paul Janet, and Arthur Arnould have not been idle. Octave Mirbeau and Marcel Prévost have tried their fortune again with more or less success, while Madame Hector Malot has made a highly successful début, and so has the anonymous author of the "Neuvaine de Colette." Among the learned men M. Renan is still the most popular, but the works of MM. Lavissee and Sorel are every day obtaining a wider circle of readers. A noticeable book of the year was Prince Napoleon's reply to M. Taine in defense of the great Emperor. With the writer, intense partisanship and passionate interest have supplied the place of logic, and his attacks upon the detractors have been very severe. It is not surprising that Germany is becoming more and more a subject of serious study by French observers. Many works are being published on this topic by some of the shrewdest men in France. M. Renan's great work on the History of the People of Israel is marked by all the merits and defects of this writer. It shows a great deal of knowledge and acuteness and a talent for writing French prose in which he has no rival in France, but it also shows that M. Renan affects a scepticism akin to contempt and indifference which, if it gained adherents, would be the negation of history. M. Alfred Rambaud has published two works upon the history of French civilization which are of great value. M. Sully-Prudhomme has written a didactic epopee, "Le Bonheur," as an attempt at an idealist reaction. Unfortunately the attempt has not been a success, as the poem is wearisome. "The time is at hand," says M. Jules Lavellois, "when the doctrine known under the name of naturalism will be represented only by the solitary figure of its leader." M. Zola seems to be destined to become the chief mourner for a school of which he was himself the founder, and whose last disciples will have disappeared in his lifetime. The faithful few who still grouped themselves around him separated from him when the scandal caused by "La Terre" found expression. The coldness of the public rendered this schism almost obligatory, and has since confirmed it. M. Zola, carrying to the last extreme a method



which was from the first an exaggeration, has purposely seen and sought to reproduce only the rude and coarse side and, as it were, the animal part of the peasantry. The mild and respectable aspects of rural life, and particularly what is grand about it, have escaped him. M. Zola has rendered his method unendurable by his heaviness of touch, and his habitual readers, applauding the revolt of his disciples, have given him his dismissal. Among his staff who emancipated themselves somewhat early in the day, I am bound to mention in the first rank M. Guy de Maupassant." M. Bourget's "Mensonges," M. Hector Malot's "Conscience," M. André Theuriot's "Amour d'Automne," M. Octave Mirbeau's "Abbé Jules," and Arthur Arnould's "Noces d'Odette" are novels of the year which have been both praised and blamed most liberally. M. Pierre Loti has scored a success with his "Madame Chrysanthème," the Japanese scenes being charming. M. George Ohnet has seen his "Velonté" reach its hundredth edition, a proof that the French people appreciate morality, of which the book is full. An important work is Michelet's Journal, edited by his widow. It extends from 1818 to 1829, and is a book which reveals the vast erudition of the great historian. An amusing book is the journal of Papillon de la Ferté, edited by M. Boyssé. M. Ferté was the superintendent of the theaters of the time of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., and the journal contains many notes about Molé, Lekain, Prévile, Madame Clairon, and Madame Vestris which are funny. A word must be said for M. Jean Richepin's "Césarine," which has been vividly discussed.

In Denmark the Danish Biographical Lexicon is being pushed rapidly, and is becoming more and more valuable with each volume. A novel, "Stuk" (Hollow Splendor), by H. Bang, is a successful attempt to describe the life of the people of Copenhagen of late years, and many allusions are made to sundry unsound speculations which have been floated recently. K. Gjellerup has finally quarreled with realism in poetry. A new novel, "With a Broad Brush," describing artist life a century ago, has been censured as being too broad, although well written.

The unlimited flow of lyrical sentiments in Germany bears a natural relation to the anarchical dislike to law and authority, and the poetic socialism of authors can tolerate the inner bond of common intellectual and artistic views, but no government from without nor compulsion in externals. Poetic anarchy reveals at every Easter a generation of poets of whom six months later but few survive. During the past year Alfred Tormey, Fr. Beck, and Marie Janitschek have appeared and sung fairly well. Since the theories of heredity have demonstrated that an individual is only a product of his forefathers, it is natural that epics and novels should begin with the history of the hero's ancestors. Freytag's "Ahnent" brought into fashion the history of a family continued through a series of generations, but the school of "Youngest Germany" is no longer content with the generations of one family, or even of a nation, but extends the succession to the totality of the human race. The object is by means of lofty flights of idealism, to stem the tide of dull realism which contents itself with reproducing every day life. Instead of common place, ordinary people, or such as are limited to a particular time or age, man in a philosophical sense as representative of a race has been raised to the dignity of an epic hero. The Song of Humanity by Heinrich Hart is an epic of the human race. The introduction describes the creation from a scientific point of view and the first canto contains a love idyl of the stone age. No more has as yet been published. If the author

lives and his audience does not lose its patience the poem will probably be finished in twenty four cantos. Some portions of the work are beautiful but it is terribly long. Max Nordau, the author of "Paradoxes of Civilization," has published his first novel, "Illness of the Century," and he denounces pessimism as the special disease of the age. C. Schwarskopf and H. Heiberg have also attacked this phase of non-belief in their novels. F. Spielhagen has published "Noblesse Oblige," which is considered inferior to his other works. Theodor Sturm, the Nestor of German novelists, is still fresh, as his latest work shows, and P. Heyse has again found a subject in Italy. The individualistic tendency of German character has for centuries contributed to the political weakness of Germany, but it has done great things for German literature. The little German princes who checked the German state set free the German intellect, since what one of them denounced another a few miles away would uphold. The memoirs of Duke Ernst of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha are of great importance as no one was ever more thoroughly behind the scenes. General von Natzmer, who was the late Emperor William's instructor and confidant, has published his memoirs, which are full of interest. The original draft of "Faust" has been discovered among the papers of Fräulein Von Göchhausen, formerly maid of honor to Duchess Amalia of Weimar. Some of the scenes are much more coarse than in the drama as published. Bleibtre in his "History of English Literature" proves himself a warm admirer of Byron and shows great hostility to Disraeli. An important contribution to history is the Fall of the House of Stuart by Onno Klopp. The centenary of Schoppenhauer's birth brought out a number of works upon him, none of which are important.

The death in Russia of V. Garshin took away one of the writers who bid fair to be of the first force. He went through the Balkan War, and his "Four Days of a Wounded Soldier" showed a strength akin to that of Tolstoi. Losing his mind, he was for some time in an asylum, and when he recovered he wrote "The Red Flower," a striking tale of madness, in which the insane man, knowing himself to be insane, makes superhuman efforts to destroy a red poppy, because he thinks it stained with the blood of all who have suffered. Sadness is a marked characteristic of all Russian novels of the past year. Korolenko has published "During the Journey," a story of an exile's life. "Krestovski" has written "The Duties," a story of provincial life. The authoress has been obliged to respect the censor and merely indicate, instead of stating, many points which touch upon political subjects. Mme. Shabelskaya has published a new volume of sketches in "Little Russia," the peasant life of which she knows so well. Count Salias' historical novel of the last century, "The Spaniards of the Don," is full of interest. There is in Russia a special branch of literature created by Gleb Uspenski, which belongs at the same time to fiction and to ethnography in the best sense of the word. In his "A Ticket" and "Figures in Life" he discusses the woman question among the peasantry. There have been many memoirs published during the year, of which Gontcharoff's "In the Mother Country" is the most important. They treat of Russian provincial life. "The History of Thought," by P. Lavroff, has been begun by the publication of the first two sections. It is the life-work of the venerable philosopher and in it his vast erudition shows itself.

The agitation inaugurated in England and America in favor of women's rights spread to Norway, where it produced a profound sensation. In its wake followed an outburst of indignation at public prostitution and the immoral



ality of men. This has brought out a school of writers, who are arguing most cynically for greater liberty in the relations between the sexes. It was then alleged by the *Paris Figaro* that the educated classes in Norway were discussing whether polygamy or monogamy were the better. This is, of course, an exaggeration, but that the fight between the liberals in such matters and the conservatives is going on in lively fashion is true. Arne Garborg and Christian Krohg have written novels in favor of the liberty, while Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson is traveling about the country lecturing to large audiences upon polygamy and monogamy. The effect of the new movement has been to lower the literature in the minds of the people. The author most widely read in Norway is Jonas Lie, who has recently published "*Married Life*," a book in which his charming humor is most effective. Alexander Kielland has made politics the subject of his last book, "*St. Hans Fest*," the satire being directed against the Low Church party. Amalie Skram has published two works which will be popular. Kristofer Janson has found material for his "*Norwegians in America*" in the settlements of his countrymen in the United States. The book is of value. Under the name of "*Library for a Thousand Homes*," a cheap edition of standard works has been issued.

The founding of professorships of Dante at Rome, and by Leo XIII. in the theological seminary, have resulted in much work upon the great poet of Italy. So far, however, the result has been rather barren. An attempt was made nine years ago to have the great work of "*Bruno*" edited, and Professor Fiorentino was chosen. He died, and Imbriani, who succeeded him, has also died. It is not known who will continue the work. The movement towards historical studies in Italy continues, and some noted works have been produced. Perhaps the best of these is the "*Studio Bolognese nelle sue Origini e nei suoi Rapporti colla Scienza anteriore a Imerio*," by L. Chiappelli. It was brought forth by the celebration of the eighth centenary of the Bologna University. Barili, the novelist, has produced one work, "*Il Dantino*," which is poor. Few works of fiction have been published and these are second-rate.

Monsieur C. Zographos, a wealthy gentleman in Greece, has given the Hellenic Philological Society of Constantinople the money to bring out better editions of the ancient writers of his country. The first two installments have been published and they are of considerable importance. M. Semitelos has edited the "*Antigone*" and has suggested in his notes many excellent emendations. The "*Phœnissæ of Euripides*," edited by M. Bernardakis, is the second, and is a distinct contribution to classic literature. Alexander Paspatis has written a work upon the dialects of modern Greece. Two works upon the history of Cephalonia, one by Marino Pignatore, an Italian physician, and the other by J. Loverdos Costis. M. Dimitsas has published a monograph upon Olympias, the mother of Alexander the Great, in which he defends a woman who needs defending. Dr. Th. Sophulis, in his volume upon the "*Ancient Athenian School*," has tried to prove, by the aid of the results of the most recent excavations at the Acropolis, that the sculpture of the pre-Periclean people at Athens is indigenous and not, as is usually supposed, derived from the Islands. In fiction, the ever-increasing demand by the newspapers for novels is met with ease. "*In the Sea*," by D. Coromilas, has become popular, and a collection of tales by Bikelas has been translated into French.

In Holland the crop of novels and novelettes has been large. "*Jonkheer Beemsen*," by Nessuno, is a good psychological study of a blasé nobleman. "*Victor*," by

van Loghem, is weak, the hero being a poor creature, while his friend, the realist, is a monster of egotism. Mrs. van Westhrene's "*Adèle*" is written in a calm and descriptive style. The naturalistic school is represented by "*Eene Liefde*," by L. Van Deysel, a devoted disciple of Zola. "*Eene Koninklyke Misdaad*," by Cath. Alberdingk Thym, created a nine days' wonder and sold well, but is now rapidly vanishing. It purports to be a faithful extract from a diary of a princess whose sad fate is destined to raise a storm of indignation throughout all Europe. Europe is still tranquil. Maurits Smit in his funny "*Dilettanten-Spiegel*" holds up a mirror to amateurs and dilettanti which does not improve the faces seen in it. A fairy tale of Frederick van Eeden contains more poetry than many an epic, although written in prose. "*Kleine Johannes*" lives in fairy-land with a spirit and then follows other guides who bring him to sorrow and finally to death. The Indian colonies of Holland have been the subject of many works during the year. Van Deventer's history of the Dutch in Java is now finished and is of great importance. The historians go on editing registers and documents from out of the way places and so prepare for future work. In pure literature there are two works of note, Prof. Pierson's essays upon the religious and national character of the Jews and Dr. Kuiper's work upon Euripides.

The Archduke Joseph of Austria has written a book upon the language of the Hungarian gypsies. It is a notable contribution to Aryan philology. To twenty years of practical research and study the Archduke has added comparisons with the grammatical forms of cognate and other languages. Other features of the philological literature of Hungary may be found in the Ural-Altaic studies calculated to throw more and needed light upon the origin of the Hungarian language. Whilst the Turco-Tartar origin of the nucleus of the present Magyars can hardly be doubted, the linguistic question is not yet settled, and is eagerly discussed by the two contending parties, namely, by those who attribute to the present Hungarian language a prevailing Turco-Tartar character, and by those who classify it amongst Ugrian or Ugro-Finnic languages. Whilst the former have nearly collected the necessary material in the wide-spread Turkish tongues, the latter are just now busy in scrutinizing divers dialects heretofore insufficiently known. I. Halász has chosen to study the Lapp and B. Munkácsi the Votyak and Vogul languages, for the purpose of which he has just undertaken a journey into the Aral, which he proposes to extend to the banks of the Ob and the Sosva, for the sake of investigation on the spot. Partly to philology and partly to history belongs "*The Origin of the Roumanian Nation and Language*," by M. L. Réthy. It furnishes unmistakable proof that the Roumanians cannot be the offspring of any Roman colony upon the Lower Danube, but that they constitute a conglomeration of Dacians and Thracians, who borrowed from their conquerors some popular Romance language. Prof. Marczali has completed his "*History of Hungary in the time of Joseph II.*" Bela Grünwald has written a fascinating book, "*Old Hungary*," which has created a profound sensation. M. Alexander Varady's "*Dr. Faust*" is perhaps the most important novel of the year, although not as charming as Alexander Baksay's collection of novelettes.

The death in Poland of the veteran novelist J. I. Kraszewski is an event in the literary history of the country. He has for so long held his place in the world of letters that his death leaves a void. Kraszewski's wonderful fertility has been a frequent subject of remark, yet, all that

has been said seems less than the reality. He published during his life no fewer than 600 volumes of novels, poems, dramas, histories, etc. If to this be added his work in newspapers and magazines the volumes would reach 1000, so that he far outstripped even Lope de Vega and the elder Dumas in fecundity. His posthumous works include five new novels, a sort of autobiography, a popular history of Poland, and a translation of five comedies of Plautus. From the oldest to the youngest may be but a step. Of late a new writer, Adam Szymanski, has made his debut with Sketches from the life of Polish exiles in Siberia. He evinces a truly poetical temperament and a distinct originality. A number of humorous tales have been published by Jordan, Junosza, Wilczynski, and Balucki. The tales of Gawalewicz have been very much admired, especially by women. Dygasinski has been studying the peasantry in his *From the Valleys, Fields and Forests*, and has done good work. Madame Sniezko-Zapolska's last novel is superior to her former works. Its heroine is a country maiden who goes to ruin in a great city. The other novelists have taken to writing tales.

The progress of Spain both in science and letters continues unchecked because education and culture are fast spreading and a taste for reading is gradually pervading all classes of society. This is calculated to destroy the old popular literature. Instead of the cheap books or broadsides which formerly decorated the walls of a convent or public building, recounting in stilted prose or quaint verse the almost miraculous deeds of national heroes or patron saints, the stores or booths of peddlers are nowadays stored with short tales or insipid novels of foreign origin, fugitive or amorous poetry, and now and then a tract of rather socialist tendency. In short, the popular romance of Spain is doomed to die. Novel writing keeps pace with the demand. Works from Garcia Nieto, Palacio Valdés, Enrique Ceballos, Emilio de la Cerda, Fortoul, Ramon Ortega, Perez Escrich, Gabriel Moreno and Carlos Maria Ocantos have appeared. "Espinass de una Flor," the second part of "Flor de un Dia" by Angelon has proved more successful than the first part which has already gone through four editions. Juan Valera, the great critic, has written an essay upon novel writing which is delightful. The historical sciences are making rapid advance: libraries are being inspected and archives searched, unpublished documents are daily brought to light, and if the taste for antiquarian lore which is fast developing lasts only a few years more there is every chance of Spain's national history being reconstructed. Valera is continuing Modesto's General History; Balaquer, and Vicent Lafuente are hard at work. Provincial and local histories are always popular studies among the Spanish people and of these there is no lack. Herr Adolph Beer has recently made a most important discovery in the Cathedral of Leon. While cataloguing the manuscripts he came across a copy of the "Historia Ecclesiastica" of Eusebius. Certain erasures led him to suspect that the volume might be a palimpsest, and after months of work he found that it had originally contained an almost complete copy of the "Lex Romana Visigothorum," compiled in 506 by Anian, the Chancellor of Alaric II., King of the Visigoths, and most likely one of those whom the Conquerer caused to be sent into Spain a year before his death. Over the "Lex Romana," so imperfectly erased that most of the text can be restored with little difficulty, there was a Biblia Itala of the end of the sixth or beginning of the seventh century, which competent Biblical scholars have declared to be one of the oldest in Europe. And again, over the Bible, also erased and which unluckily is by no

means complete, Eusebius' "Historia Ecclesiastica" was neatly written in the tenth century. A wonderful discovery.

The best thing in Sweden in a twelvemonth is due to a lady, Madame V. Benedictson, who has been writing for years over the signature of Ernst Ahlgren. It is a rather long novel called "Fra Marianne," and is full of lively sketches of life in South Sweden. August Strindberg has also written a very good novel, "The Inhabitants of Hemsö." The book is full of the usual attacks upon women for which this author is somewhat noted. G. af Geijerstam has written a witty novel called "Pastor Hallén," in which he pictures a young man who has passed his examination for gaining his livelihood and finds he must profess the doctrines of the orthodox church. The critics have highly praised Anna Wahlenberg's "With our Neighbors." A very curious book is "Sensitive Amorosa," by Ola Hanson. It is a collection of love stories without love. The author is by no means wanting in talent, but in this work his mannerisms have reached a climax. Still the book has received high praise and is very popular abroad. In history several of the authors are working hard and turning out much that is valuable. Several histories of literature have been published, the most important being that of Prof. G. Ljunggren.

The English have started once again a reformation of their literature. The news from London is that Vizitelly, a prominent bookseller, who sells about 1,000 copies of Zola weekly, has been committed for trial for selling improper literature. The safeguards of the "Mudie" and the circulating library have been surrounded and routed by the unabridged French translation. The story of the three volume novel and the circulating library is well told by the reckless young literary Irishman, George Moore, in his Confessions of a Young Man. Speaking of the conditions that gave rise to "Mudie," he designates the original demand for reform as the "Villa." Of this peculiar social institution he writes:

"We have the villa well in our mind. The father who goes to the city in the morning, the grown-up girls waiting to be married, the big drawing-room where they play waltz music and talk of dancing parties. But waltzes will not entirely suffice, nor even tennis; the girls must read. Mother cannot keep a censor (it is as much as she can do to keep a cook, housemaid, and page-boy), besides the expense would be enormous, even if nothing but shilling and two-shilling novels were purchased. Out of such circumstances the circulating library was hatched. The villa made known its want, and art fell on its knees. Pressure was put on the publishers, and books were published at 31s. 6d.; the dirty, outside public was got rid of, and the villa paid its yearly subscription, and had nice large handsome books that none but the élite could obtain, and with them a sense of being put on a footing of equality with my Lady This and Lady That, and certainly that nothing would come into the hands of dear Kate and Mary and Maggie that they might not read, and all for two guineas a year. English fiction became pure, and the garlic and assafetida with which Byron, Fielding, and Ben Johnson so liberally seasoned their works, and in spite of which, as critics say, they were geniuses, have disappeared from our literature. Dirty stories were to be heard no more, were no longer procurable. But at this point human nature intervened; poor human nature! when you pinch it in one place it bulges out in another, like a lady's figure.

Human nature has from the earliest time shown a liking for dirty stories; dirty stories have formed a substantial



part of every literature (I employ the words "dirty stories" in the circulating library sense); therefore a taste for dirty stories may be said to be inherent in the human animal. Call it a disease if you will—an incurable disease—which, if it is driven inwards, will break out in an unexpected quarter in a new form and with redoubled virulence. This is exactly what has happened. Actuated by the most laudable motives, Mudie cut off our rations of dirty stories, and for forty years we were apparently the most moral people on the face of the earth. It was confidently asserted that an English woman of sixty would not read what would bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of a maiden of any other nation. But humiliation and sorrow were awaiting Mudie. True it is that we still continued to subscribe to his library, true it is that we still continued to go to church, true it is that we turned our faces away when Mlle. de Maupin or the Assommoir was spoken of; to all appearance we were as good and chaste as even Mudie might wish us; and no doubt he looked back upon his forty years of effort with pride; no doubt he beat his manly breast and said, "I have scorched the evil one out of the villa; the head of the serpent is crushed for evermore;" but lo, suddenly, with all the horror of an earthquake, the slumbrous law courts awoke, and the burning cinders of fornication and the blinding and suffocating smoke of adultery were poured upon and hung over the land. Through the mighty columns of our newspapers the terrible lava rolled unceasing, and in the black stream the villa, with all its beautiful illusions, tumbled and disappeared, an awful and terrifying proof of the futility of human effort, that there is neither bad work nor good work to do, nothing but to await the coming of the Nirvana."

The recent outburst of indignation is over the French translation. Like the drama, the work of fiction gives as its excuse to censorship that it is French, and therefore pardonable. And the amount of stuff that has been thus absorbed by the English people is said to be something enormous. The Pall Mall Gazette, a publication ever on the alert for reform—that does not reform, but that does make a sensation—has been hunting up the facts regarding this latest wave of depravity. It says: Some startling figures were recently published with regard to the great demand in this country for French novels. But if there was so great a sale for them in the original, the demand for translations was likely to be even greater, and, with a view to learning the facts of the case, we applied to Mr. Vizetelly, who has been the pioneer in this branch of the publishing trade. Mr. Vizetelly kindly sent us in reply the following communication:

We publish yearly far more translations from the French and Russian than all the other London publishers put together. The reason why our business came to take this particular direction was this: Mr. Vizetelly, who had formerly been engaged in publishing, gave it up many years ago to connect himself with journalism, and for fifteen years he had been the Paris representative of the Illustrated London News. Soon after returning to England he resumed publishing, and among his earliest ventures were Popular French Novels, comprising only the very best examples of modern French fiction of a perfectly unobjectionable character, by such writers as Daudet, About, Cherbuliez, Henry Gréville, Mérimée, &c., issued in well-printed shilling volumes. The series, however, was a comparative failure. After £1,000 had been spent in advertising, it was brought to an end. Finding that works of a high literary character did not take, we bethought ourselves of the favorite novelist of the Paris concierge,

namely, Gaboriau. With his books we were more fortunate, and in the course of a few years sold some hundreds of thousands of volumes. Before, however, we exhausted this Gaboriau series, we produced several of Du Boisgobey's works in the same bright scarlet covers to which the public had got accustomed. We commenced with *The Old Age of Lecoq, the Detective*, to keep up the connection with Gaboriau, whose *Monsieur Lecoq* was one of the best selling of his books. We advertised both series very largely, with the result that we frequently received single orders from large buyers for from two thousand to five thousand volumes at a time. We soon sold half a million volumes, and have now sold considerably more than a million; and, in spite of the competition of other publishers who had never even heard of Gaboriau's or Du Boisgobey's names till we had made them popular in England, we still sell about two hundred thousand volumes annually. We of course knew of the immense popularity of Zola in France and most European countries, and were aware that there was a tolerably large sale for the wretchedly-translated and mutilated American edition of his works imported into this country. After much hesitation we determined to issue an unabridged translation of *Nana*, suppressing nothing, and merely throwing a slight veil over those passages to which particular exception was likely to be taken. The success of the work, although not rapid, was very complete, and induced us to reproduce the whole of Zola's published novels, and to purchase the English copyrights of all his new ones. For *La Terre*, about which such an outcry has been made, M. Zola's price was £120. Du Boisgobey now gets for his English rights from £60 to £80 per novel, and we paid M. Georges Ohnet, the other day, £60 for *Volonté*, which we shall publish in a week or two under the title of *Will*. To return, however, to the Zola novels. Of these *Nana* sells by far the best. We have given over counting the number of editions printed of it, but the sale up to the present time can have been little short of a hundred thousand. We reckon it a bad week when the sale of our Zola translations falls below a thousand volumes. After Zola, Gaboriau and Du Boisgobey, the French author who sells the best in England is Ohnet. We must have sold quite sixty thousand of his *Ironmaster*, at prices ranging from six shillings to two shillings. Daudet, of whose *Fromont the Younger* and *Risler the Elder*, we could only manage to sell about six thousand copies at a shilling each in the course of ten years (spite of about £100 spent in advertising it) made a sudden leap into popularity with a particular class of readers over here with his *Sappho*. We publish the only uncut edition of it, and have sold about one hundred and seventy thousand in the shilling form. Isolated translations from French authors, spite of all the favorable press notices which they may obtain, very rarely pay their expenses. In the majority of instances they are not produced at the cost of the publisher, but at that of the translator. It is our experience that until you make a French author's name thoroughly well known in this country it is impossible to publish translations of his books at a profit. We have tried one excellent French work after another, but all have proved failures. To make a writer like Cherbuliez popular in England it would be necessary to spend about £500 in advertising his books. This would have to be spread over at least a dozen volumes to give the publisher any chance of recouping himself. Latterly we have taken up such representative French authors as Flaubert, the Brothers Goncourt, Paul Bourget, Guy de Maupassant, &c. Although translations of their works sell slowly, the sale is none the less certain, there



being a good market for them in the United States, where the majority of the translations from French authors are beneath contempt. The Yankee translations of Russian novels are very nearly as bad. Talking of Russian novels, we have published translations of about twenty of these, including works by Tolstoi, Dostoieffsky, Gogol and Ler-montoff. Dostoieffsky's marvelous *Crime and Punishment*, which we started with, was a very great success, and the whole of Tolstoi's works sell well and steadily, especially his *Anna Karenina*. Although translators offer themselves in hundreds, no more than five per cent. of them are at all competent. The competition for this class of employment, especially among women—ladies of title and means even joining in it—is so great that the price for translating a French novel has fallen from about £40 to £20.

This story of English experience is interesting and instructive. It shows that the best mental food was offered first, the worst reserved for the last. Temptation was finally suited to natural depravity. This question of what is proper in literature, fit or unfit for publication, is not altogether English. The problem is our own as well. And it is a much more serious problem than most people imagine. Editors of newspapers and periodicals, writers of books, are naturally anxious to be as clever as possible. Questionable paragraphs are undeniably the best; incendiary articles are always the most interesting. Good books are invariably "bad." This is the general experience. Now, does it pay to be clever and wicked, or puritanical and stupid? Let us see. Mr. Robert Bonner once said a thing which is worth putting on record as the utterance of one of the shrewdest of storypaper proprietors. "When I first bought the *Ledger*," he said, "I pictured to myself an old lady in Westchester county with three daughters, aged about twenty, sixteen and twelve, respectively. Of an evening they come home from a prayer meeting, and not being sleepy, the mother takes up the *Ledger* and reads aloud to the girls. From the first day I got the *Ledger* to the present time there has never appeared one line which that old lady in Westchester county would not like to read to her daughters. I want all the adventure, all the excitement, all the fun, all the interest that I can get, but you must always write for that old lady in Westchester county. If you do, all right. If you don't, I wouldn't publish your work if you paid me a thousand dollars a line." This, from the editor of the most successful story paper in the United States, is a pretty strong argument. Mr. Bonner's paper is read by thousands of what are called the middle-class families of the country, and the fact that his policy has been so enormously successful is good proof of the kind of reading the people want. Yet, when there comes to an editor a well-written and brilliant article which touches either in subject or treatment upon the forbidden, he has a struggle in his own mind. Mental morality, like that of the body, is a great big truth, but in literature, the methods taken to obtain it are often grotesque.

Here is a story in point: the late George T. Lanigan—ah! that one should have to write "late"—told once of an experience with Dr. Holland, the first editor of the *Century*—then *Scribner's Magazine*—and one of the most successful editors, by the way, of this country. Mr. Lanigan, who had the gift of writing most humorous verse, conceived the idea of a young lady at Saratoga, who, after the hop in the evening, retires to her room, puts on a loose wrapper, and makes herself comfortable. As she sits in her chair she thinks over her evening—what this man said, and that one whispered, how this girl was dressed and that one had her hair arranged; her triumphs or her disappointments.

Mr. Lanigan was to write the poem and Mr. F. S. Church was to illustrate it. Filled with the idea, Mr. Lanigan called upon Dr. Holland to arrange for the sale of the work, and the editor listened patiently to his plan. After a short pause, Dr. Holland told his visitor that he liked the idea, but there was one difficulty. "How is it possible," he asked, "for the readers of this magazine to imagine Mr. Church, who I understand is a bachelor, in the young lady's room at such an hour as he would have to be to sketch her? Now, we can get over this difficulty by making the young lady the artist's wife." Mr. Lanigan's sense of humor was too strong for him. "But, doctor," he said, "how is it possible to suppose me in Mrs. Church's bed-room?" Dr. Holland saw the point at once. "Quite true," he said; "I am very much obliged to you for pointing that out. I fear that the poem would not suit *Scribner's*." And that was the end of it. Now, funny as this may be, it is after all, erring on the safe side. In the long run, even as a matter of money, it pays to be in accord with the people; the great majority are believers in purity. It is fortunate for our future as a nation that the sacredness of innocence is so insisted upon by our men and women, even though the methods of guarding this may at times be ludicrous.

The old publishers of New York busied themselves chiefly with educational books, which in this country soon took a distinctive character and form, with reprints of foreign publications and with the work of the few native authors in romance and poetry. Fifty years ago the publishing houses were not as strong as they are to-day, and they were satisfied with smaller editions of books. At the same time if we could transport ourselves back half a century we would find many names which are familiar. The Harpers were in existence then, and Fletcher, the last of the four famous brothers, was just about to make his contract with Secretary of State John C. Spencer, which resulted in the publication of "*Harper's School District Library*." Daniel Appleton had a short time before published his first book, "*Crumbs from the Master's Table*." S. Goodrich was making himself known with the Peter Parley tales, so familiar to the children who now have grown old. George Palmer Putnam was establishing the first branch house in London of an American publisher. A few years later and the young firm of Baker & Scribner got out their first book, "*Napoleon and His Generals*." Solid things they were, those books issued in the old days. The styles of binding, while not, perhaps, appealing to our sense of the artistic, were strong and serviceable and the books were well made. Those were the days of the annuals, the gift books, the tokens; works in which poem, story and essays upon human happiness were placed side by side. One never sees such books nowadays, unless it be in the scrap boxes of the second hand book dealers. They were always illustrated with steel engravings of lackadaisical females sitting on rocks and gazing out to sea, and were considered elegant presents to make when one wished to write upon the fly-leaf "From your admiring friend." With the changing fashions in books as in costume, it is time for these queer keepsakes to reappear.

In those days of the old publishers there were none of the cheap books which are so common now. For although the prices do not sound high as we read them, yet the purchasing power of money has so changed that they were in fact dear. There was no copyright to protect English, or rather, American authors from the English books, but a curious custom or courtesy in the trade enabled publishers to pay the foreign authors, and it is to the credit of

American houses that in many cases these payments were regularly made. If a publisher announced that he was going to reprint a book, the others respected his somewhat shadowy prior right. So far was this the case that the trade looked with anything but favor upon any house which infringed upon the courtesy rights of another in this regard. Such a state of things was, however, too good to last. As the days of mammoth daily papers approached it began to be understood that a book could be sold for ten or fifteen cents providing enough of them were taken. The Lakeside Library was established in Chicago, and its issues of standard novels at very cheap prices became widely known and appreciated. This was followed by the Seaside Library, published by George Munro. The Harpers swung into line with the Franklin Square, and were followed by John Lovell and Co. with Lovell's Library. All of these libraries were based upon the same plan, the republication of foreign works in a very cheap form. The enterprise had two elements of weakness in it, one inherent and the other the result of competition. To take the latter first, there was a good profit in the business for one firm, but as in order to make it pay hundreds of thousands of books had to be sold, the competition divided the market too much. The Lakeside died first. Then the Harpers announced that the Franklin Square was to be published occasionally only. It is understood that Munro has sold his library business to Lovell, leaving the field practically to him. But Mr. Lovell will find that the inherent element of weakness will have an effect upon him; he will not be able to get books to standard. When one remembers that it takes from six months to a year to write a book, and that the libraries were issued weekly or semi-weekly—in some cases daily—it will be seen at once that it was only a question of time when publishers would overtake authors. As these libraries have from the first consisted of works written abroad, upon which there was no copyright, the novels of England have been exhausted. Translations have been made from the French and German until now there are no more good books—that is, books worth reading. Of course they are still being written, but the current supply will not keep the libraries going.

The cheap libraries have given amusement and instruction to thousands, but it is the opinion of the shrewdest men in the trade that they have injured book publishing. After all we are creatures of habit, and we have become accustomed to buying a novel for twenty or twenty-five cents. People are unwilling to pay seventy-five cents or a dollar now. At twenty or twenty-five cents, unless an enormous number of copies are sold, there is not much money for the author, nor, in fact, for any one. Out of the cheap reprint has grown the summer novel, cheaply but tastefully got up, and intended to pass away an idle hour. Some of the hundreds which are published are good, but the majority are beneath contempt. They make one simply weary while reading them, and yet the publication goes on. "Of the making of books there is no end."

A strange thing about writing books is that it is becoming more and more of a business every day. We have not reached in this country the point arrived at in England, but we are fast getting there. A very curious state of things was brought out in this country not long ago by troubles which arose between two publishers. Both were in the habit of reprinting Charlotte M. Braeme's books, and a dispute arose. It was then ascertained that the Charlotte M. Braeme books were the work of a syndicate of young writers in London. It seems that the real Char-

lotte M. Braeme wrote a book which, when published in a weekly paper, proved to be a success. She made a contract for a second, but when it was about half published she died. The proprietor of the paper was in despair, and to get out of the difficulty applied to a young man named James Thompson, who, as the event proved, possessed the pen of a ready writer. He finished Miss Braeme's story so well that her success was greater than ever. It then occurred to Mr. Thompson to write another story by Charlotte M. Braeme, which he did. From that, as orders came in freely, arose the syndicate of three or four persons all writing Charlotte M. Braeme stories. The name is now a most valuable one, and thousands of the books are sold every year. Judging from the number of the posthumous works of "Hugh Conway," and from the letters which his widow has published, the same disgraceful trick is being played with his name and reputation.

The novel is gradually being introduced into the daily papers. It is rather a curious thing that the value of the feuilleton or continued story which has for years been known to the French should not have been recognized by American publishers before. Of course as the papers begin giving continued stories the works of well-known men will be sought for. When, however, the practice becomes general—which it will in time, the system being a good one, and one which readers like—there will not be enough well-known authors to "go around" and there will be a chance for the younger ones. This will be a good thing. No man or woman is a born novelist, there is a trade side to the work which must be learned by a long apprenticeship. It will be well, then, for the writers to have opened to them the great market of the daily papers. Nor will this change, which seems to be rapidly coming, seriously affect the booksellers. A novel which has had a big run in the newspapers will be a very safe book to publish, and its preliminary publication will be of the nature of an advertisement. At least, this has been the experience of the English publishers. The change is coming fast. Already the syndicates are buying short stories and sending them broadcast over the country. From this to the continued novel is but a step, and some papers have taken to it already in their Sunday editions.

A feature of trade in books which has increased greatly of late years is the subscription business. It would be scarcely right to say that no important work is issued except by subscription, but it would not be too much to allege that but few are. This does not apply to works of fiction. Subscription books are such works as encyclopedias, dictionaries, histories, works of travel or memoirs of well-known men. To briefly characterize them they may be put down as solid works of reference. They cost from thirty to sixty per cent. more than they would if sold over the counter in a bookstore, but for some unexplained reason they seem to sell better in despite of the fact. Of course the personal equation of the agent and his efforts to sell must be taken into account. There are publishers who deal in nothing but subscription books and judging from the business they do they find plenty of people to buy their wares. It has been said that in the busy life which Americans lead they do not find time to go to bookstores and examine books for themselves. They are, therefore, willing to buy from agents who bring the works to them and take advantage of a few spare minutes of time. This may or may not be true, but the growth of the subscription book business is a fact which cannot be ignored, and it gives a living to a very large number of persons.



## CHOICE POETRY—SELECTED FROM THE MAGAZINES

*Aubade—Annie C. Ketchum—Harper's*

Awake, m'amie !  
 The dawn is up, and like a red flower blows ;  
 The gray-beard sea  
 Smooths all his wrinkles out, and laughs and glows.  
 Bloom, then, for these and me,  
 Sweet rose.  
 Awake, m'amie !

Arise, m'amie !  
 The field flowers smile on all their butterflies ;  
 The humblebee,  
 A wandering minstrel, sings ; the cricket cries.  
 Smile, then, on these and me,  
 Dear eyes.  
 Arise, m'amie !

Make haste, m'amie !  
 The rude day comes, full gallop. Let us taste  
 With flower and bee  
 The joy of youth and morning. Oh, make haste !  
 No time have these or we  
 To waste.  
 Make haste, m'amie !

*Seaward—Thomas P. Conant—Scribner's*

The sight of ships, the rolling sea,  
 The changing wind to sing for me ;  
 The moon-bound tide, a crimson west,  
 Wherein the royal sun at rest  
 Rides like a golden argosy

With mast-like rays in cloud-sails dressed—  
 A voyager on an endless quest,  
 Whose farewell fills with majesty  
 The sight of ships.

Like prisoner struggling to be free,  
 Out of the mountain land I flee.  
 Again I see the heaving breast  
 Of ocean, where the petrel nest,  
 And there across the sandy lea  
 The sight of ships.

*The Bell-Buoy—Lucy G. Morse—St. Nicholas*

Swing, swing, with thy ponderous tongue !  
 Thy bellmen are billows that long have swung  
 The great iron hammer.  
 Blow on blow from the Bell-buoy rings,  
 And forth on the darkness of midnight flings  
 The hollow, wild clamor.

The sailor listens ; and as he hears  
 He springs to the tiller ;—the tall ship rears,  
 And stands for the ocean.  
 And, long out of sight in the darkness gone,  
 He hears the strong bellmen still ringing on  
 With solemn motion.

Thanks, good bell, for thy strange wild peal !  
 The wife, far off, and the children kneel  
 And pray that the tolling  
 May never fail the brave father who sails,  
 When he feels on his breast the foam of the gales  
 And hears the sea rolling.

*One Day—Cornhill*

Like some old friend from far who visits us  
 Still garrulous  
 Of long-forgotten ways and things of yore  
 We knew before,  
 Some babbler of old times, old jests and song  
 Dazed 'mid a throng

Of younger careless strangers who disdain  
 His boyhood's reign.  
 So from the shadows of the bygone years  
 It reappears,  
 From an unsealed corner of the brain  
 It starts again—  
 The memory of a day as clear and gay  
 As yesterday,  
 And at its bidding adumbrations rise,  
 To dreamy eyes,  
 The splendors of a wide untraveled world  
 Once more unfurled,  
 Thin, far-off mirth, vague sorrow, vanished sights,  
 Love's dead delights,  
 Wonder and hope and joy, the exultant thrill  
 Ineffable ;  
 The fainting echo and the afterglow  
 Of long ago.  
 Then as a lonely outcast who hath come  
 To find his home  
 Changed with changed fortunes, chambers sacred still  
 That others fill ;  
 Whose wild white face to panes uncurtained pressed  
 A space might rest  
 Upon a fireside group, all warmth and glee,  
 Rest and then flee !  
 So swift it came and then so swiftly went,  
 Its brief life spent,  
 Into the dense oblivion of the night  
 It took its flight ;  
 Fled the pale ghost into the wilderness  
 Companionless ;  
 Fell the frail bridge the yawning gulfs that spanned  
 At touch of hand !

*An Evening Song—J. T. B. Wollaston—Quiver*

Sweetly sang the birds one even ;  
 Crimson was the sun, and low,  
 Flushed was all the summer heaven  
 With a glorious afterglow :  
 Softly sighed the wind in whispers,  
 Leaves made answer, soft and light,  
 Nature's choir was saying vespers  
 In the temple of the night.

Why doth sadness hold thee, maiden,  
 With the sunlight on thy breast ?  
 Why with anguish art thou laden ?  
 While all Nature breathes of rest ?  
 "Love is lost," the maiden faltered :  
 "All is dark, and sad am I,"  
 Still the choir sang on, unaltered,  
 Still the anthem filled the sky.

Suddenly her soul responded  
 To the hymn that round her grew ;  
 Anguish from her breast rebounded,  
 Sadness from her bosom flew ;  
 Light upon her soul was shining—  
 Light that falls from Heaven above ;  
 "Cease, oh! cease," she cried, "repining ;  
 Life is crowned with perfect Love."

*To Karnak on the Nile—Joaquin Miller—Independent*

Lorn land of silence, land of awe !  
 Lorn lawless land of Moslem will—  
 The great Law-giver and the law  
 Have gone away together. Still  
 The sun shines on ; still Nilus darkly red  
 Steals on between his awful walls of dead.



And sapphire skies still bend as when  
Proud Karnak's countless columns propt  
The corners of the world; when men  
Kept watch where massive Cheops topt  
Their utmost reach of thought, and sagely drew  
Their star-lit lines along the trackless blue.

But Phthah lies prostrate evermore;  
And Thoth and Neith are gone,  
And huge Osiris hears no more  
Thebes' melodies; nor Mut at On;  
Yet one lone obelisk still lords the spot  
Where Plato sat to learn. But On is not.  
Nor yet has Time encompassed all;  
You trace your finger o'er a name  
That mocks at age within the wall  
Of fearful Karnak. Sword nor flame  
Shall touch what men have journeyed far to touch  
And felt eternity in daring such!

"Juda Melchi Shishak!" Read  
The holy book; read how that he  
With chariot and champing steed  
Invaded fair Judea. See  
The chronicles of treasure; tribute laid  
On "shields of gold which Solomon had made."

*Scars—Mary M. Barnes—Sailors' Magazine*

She sought her dead upon the field,  
Her king of many wars,  
And, finding him, she cried "'Tis he;  
"I know him by his scars."

O record of a soldier's fate,  
Whose light outshines the stars,  
When she who loved him best can say,  
"I know him by his scars."

'Tis thus the Christian knows the King,  
Whose glory nothing mars,  
Gazing at hands and feet and side,  
We know Him by His scars.

Oh! happy we, if serving Him  
'Till Death lets down the bars,  
We merit then from lips Divine,  
"I know thee by thy scars."

*Ivo of Chartres—Helen Gray Cone—Atlantic*

Now may it please my lord, Louis the king,  
Lily of Christ and France! riding his quest,  
I, Bishop Ivo, saw a wondrous thing.

There was no light of sun left in the west,  
And slowly did the moon's new light increase.  
Heaven, without cloud, above the near hill's crest,  
Lay passion-purple in a breathless peace.  
Stars started like still tears, in rapture shed,  
Which without consciousness the lids release.

All steadily, one little sparkle red,  
Afar, drew close. A woman's form grew up  
Out of the dimness, tall, with queen-like head,  
And in one hand was fire; in one, a cup.  
Of aspect grave she was, with eyes upraised,  
As one whose thoughts perpetually did sup  
At the Lord's table.

While the cresset blazed,  
Her I regarded. "Daughter, whither bent,  
And wherefore?" As by speech of man amazed,  
One moment her deep look to me she lent;  
Then, in a voice of hymn-like, solemn fall,  
Calm, as by rote, she spake out her intent:

"I in my cruse bear water, wherewithal  
To quench the flames of Hell; and with my fire  
I Paradise would burn; that hence no small  
Fear shall impel, and no mean hope shall hire  
Men to serve God as they have served of yore;  
But to his will shall set their whole desire,  
For love, love, love alone, forevermore!"

And "love, love, love," rang round her as she passed  
From sight, with mystic murmurs o'er and o'er  
Reverbered from hollow heaven, as from some vast,  
Deep-colored, vaulted, ocean-answering shell.

I, Ivo, had no power to ban or bless,  
But was as one withholden by a spell.  
Forward she fared in lofty loneliness,  
Urged on by an imperious inward stress,  
To waste fair Eden, and to drown fierce Hell.

*The Locked Antlers—Catholic World*

This is the spot where they died,  
With none to observe them  
Save their mute fellows, wide-eyed,  
But helpless to serve them.

Here lie the moldering rags  
Of Passion rude strangled;  
Here lie the skulls of the stags,  
With horns entangled.

Servants of Hatred, and slaves  
To Pride and to Passion,  
Look, you! what terrible graves  
Death loveth to fashion!

*Corn-Flowers—Good Words*

Along the swelling of the upland leas—  
Where, loved of summer suns, the country spreads—  
The ripen'd blades are swaying in the breeze  
That soon will sigh above their sheaved heads;  
And, fair as ever early reapers found them,  
The twining weeds and poppies cling around them.

O Lord, when from this reaping ground I pass,  
And bear my scanty sheaf to offer Thee,  
Of gaudy weeds and clinging blades of grass,  
Too many mid the grain will twined be,  
But Thou—wilt Thou not say, with smile divine,  
"Poor flow'rs—poor weedlings! they were also Mine?"

*The King's Seat—Annie Fields—Century*

Prince Vladimir sat with his knights  
In Kief's banquet hall,  
And boasted of arms and of victories won  
And the joy of the bugle call.

While a figure gray at the gate  
Knocked once and twice and thrice,  
And Vladimir shouted, "No more shall come in  
Neither for love nor for price!"

But a breath of wind blew apart  
The fringe of the pilgrim's cloak,  
And beneath, the lute of the singer was seen  
Before the singer spoke.

"Al, little minstrel," then said  
The great Prince Vladimir,  
"The top of the earthen oven is thine,  
The minstrel's place is here.

"A small and a lowly place,  
For my heroes all have come  
Bloody with wounds and with honors rare  
From Ilya of Murom."

The minstrel climbed to his seat  
On the earthen oven's top  
And tuned his lute and began his song,  
And they would not let him stop.

For he sang of battle and death,  
He sang of victories won,  
Of Diuk and his Indian steed,  
And the tale of Marya the Swan.

And there as he sang, as he sang,  
The hearts of men bowed down,  
And lo! the top of the oven  
Became the monarch's throne.

## GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

The erotic brain of Ella Wheeler Wilcox has evolved three legitimate offspring—Amélie Rives, Laura Libbey, and Laura Daintrey. They have founded a school which may properly be called the fleshly-sensational. The school is not a high-toned nor a lasting one, but the demand for its stuff gives it a certain importance and commands the recognition of the critic. Of the books of the three above-mentioned, Laura Daintrey's *Eros* is easily the best and the worst. The best because it is constructed on the regular lines of—perhaps from—the French, and the worst because its atmosphere is more subtle and lasting. The *Quick or the Dead*, was written in a whirlwind of passion—at a time when the author was hardly to be held responsible. We can imagine her after one of her presumably fervid interviews with her lover, going up to her desk, and, with cheeks burning and eyes aflame, dashing her pen across the paper until far into the night. But *Eros* has no such excuse. The tone of the book is as cold as that of *The Quick or the Dead* was hot. Its deviltry is cool, collected, deliberate, scientific. Miss Daintrey has not as much talent as Mrs. Chanler, but she has more experience of life. She has lived more in the world, has known more men, and has studied them more deeply. The consequence is that where *The Quick or the Dead* was only grotesque and foolish, *Eros* is deeply and shockingly accomplished. Of Miss Middleton's *Lover* it is unnecessary to speak.

By the way, Heron Allen, Amélie Rives and Edgar Saltus seem to have formed themselves into a "Council of Perfection" for purpose of mutual advertisement. Saltus figures as the Manhattan Club cynic in *The Quick or the Dead*; he returns the compliment by a tribute to Mrs. Chanler's good looks and super-impropriety in *Eden*, and now Allen has a verse by the female member of this distinguished trio on the title page of his new book, *Kisses of Fate*. They should open their circle and admit Laura Daintrey and Laura Libbey, and the council would be charmingly and enthusiastically complete.

Miss Hutchinson, the talented and scholarly collaborator of Mr. Stedman in the *Library of American Literature* is a tall, fair-haired, extremely good looking woman who cares little for society and gives her days and evenings to work. She is the book reviewer of the *Tribune*, and with Hazeltine of the *Sun* stands at the head of the New York critics. Her reviews are always just, calm, never over severe or enthusiastic, and her criticism carries weight.

Marion Crawford may be fairly conceded to stand at the head of the young American writers. No one has shown such productiveness combined with such versatility. He has written novels of every clime and each has received the individual stamp of a different cell in his brain. His style could be made finer than that of James were it not that he has so much to say that he has the less time to devote to the manner of its saying. Nevertheless his style is irreplicable. Crawford combines poetry, imagination, intellect and epigrammatic strength in his work, a formidable combination and one to dash the egotism of the average author. He promised us a sequel to his greatest work, *Saraccinesca*, and is said to be at work on it now. It is pleasant to observe that Crawford improves as he grows older, although he came out with such a blaze of glory, that the critics predicted his speedy deterioration. He has not been guilty of a touch of crudeness from the beginning,

and although by no means a genius, he is so far above the average writer that we pray his success may continue.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is summering at Narragansett Pier where she is a favorite, owing to her good nature and readiness to talk to any one who wants to talk to a famous woman. She is writing one or two novels for the papers but she does not care for this sort of literary labor; she prefers to write verse. But it pays better and Mrs. Wilcox likes money with which to buy pretty, new Directoire gowns. She has lately become bitten by the theosophic-esoteric fad and will probably produce a novel of wonders. She is said to have very beautiful red-brown burnished hair, and to have improved in appearance generally.

Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, president of the Nineteenth Century Club since Courtlandt Palmer's death, and a man well known at the New York bar, is one of the recognized thinkers of America. He has written a number of psychological works which rank with those on the other side, and he is a constant contributor to the *Popular Science Monthly*. Frequently he does the book reviewing for that magazine—no easy task. He is the only American who is a member of the Athenaeum Club in London and his name was put up by Huxley and Herbert Spencer. He is in correspondence with both these gentlemen. He has a work under way called *Social Progress*, which is a biting commentary on certain sociological problems of the day.

Mr. George Moore, the author of *Confessions of a Young Man*, is a little on the shady side of thirty. He is tall and slight, and his face has a curious V-shaped look, wide at top and narrow at the bottom. He is an Irishman by birth and a Frenchman by preference. His youth and his money he devoted to art and general literary dissipation in Paris. Returned to London he began writing, and his work, *A Mummer's Wife*, was offered to nearly every publisher in England without success. He then re-wrote it in French, and going to Paris found a publisher there. One of the English publishers had the book translated, and put forth a pirated edition, an action on his part not in the least calculated to please any author, but especially one with Mr. Moore's experience. The *Confessions* were first published in *Time*, where they attracted but little attention. Before printing them in book form they had to be expurgated, for not only was the language somewhat too free in places, but they contained one or two libels. To the surprise of every one the book sold wonderfully well, and, in fact, created something of a sensation, which was all the more remarkable from the way in which it had been received at first. The sale of Moore's books in London has been largely stimulated by his quarrel with "Mudie" of the celebrated circulating library. Mudie threw out Moore's books, on the ground that they were unfit for reading, and Moore retorted with some choice literature regarding Mudie, "the dry nurse of literature." Mr. Moore lives at Brighton, and is writing a book that will be, it is said, a veritable "thorn in the flesh" to Londoners. A digest of the *Confessions* will be found elsewhere.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett is quarreling again with the newspapers regarding the placing of authors. He declares that the literary editors of certain of the critical journals "teem with prejudice" and deliberately work out "private grudges and animadversions." Furthermore, he says: "An absurd anarchy now exists among all newspaper



writers of criticism. I do not mean that every reviewer is unconscientious, but I mean that for one who treats all books with an equal dispassionate and impersonal fairness there are ten that do not. The careful and earnest magazine reviewer has almost wholly disappeared. No standard, no criterion of criticism exists. But even if it did it would be fallible, and 'marked literary success' could only be gauged during the lifetime of the writer who had attained it by the definite amount of recognition, of thrift, of solid acclamation which his efforts had already brought him." This is exactly and perfectly true. Wherefore, therefore, does the wounded bird flutter?

Some clever writer in *Town Topics*, over the signature of "The Reader," touches up the fiction of pessimism with a virile and wholesome pen: "There was a time when youth in literature was sanguine, fiery, hopeful, given to bright prophecies and rosy dreams. Now the fashion has changed—an era of Dismal Jemmyism is upon us. Mr. Saltus gives us the Philosophy of Disenchantment diluted in doses of fiction, and Mr. Heron-Allen the Dead Sea fruit of life in *Kisses of Fate*. For my own part, I freely confess that I like the old fashion best; the more so, as it seems to me that when youth turns its eye on life so gloomily there is a certain affectation about it, and I am not fond of affectations in print. That men die and are devoured of worms, for love, is true, despite the poet's dictum. That men cast themselves away and go to wreck for love is equally the fact. But strong men do not succumb even to the eternally triumphant pessimism of feminine perjury and inconstancy or the accidents of an unfriendly fate. I should be sorry to believe that either Mr. Saltus or Mr. Heron-Allen believed the world to be as dismal a place as he paints it. If they did, we should not have them long at work, diverting us with their audacities and their fantasies. They would share the fate of some of their own heroes, and give some future student of mere human nature a choice of two interesting studies."

There has been a good deal of talk lately about Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the intellectual and erudite author of *Robert Elsmere*. She is a niece of Matthew Arnold and bears a strong resemblance to him. Her expression and conversation are brilliant. She has a fine figure and is extremely graceful. "She lives in Russell square, not far from the British Museum, in a house full of books and flowers and pictures, and she has the good fortune to be the wife of a man whose scholarly tastes and literary achievement must insure the closest sympathy between them of thought and aim." So says Louise Chandler Moulton.

Wilkie Collins has a novel way of writing his books. In his study he has a long row of pigeon-holes. In each of these pigeon-holes he keeps a chapter of the story he has in hand. When he is in one mood he takes down a sympathetic chapter and writes on it, when in a different mood he takes down another, and so on until each is finished. Of course the plot is mapped out in the beginning and each chapter has received its skeleton. Anthony Trollope used to work the same way. This is an excellent method for the mechanical writer to pursue, but would hardly answer for one who has been gifted with the divine spark. Genius knows no law.

Literary success or failure? Sometimes a little incident answers a complicated question—and answers it well. Therefore this from the bright editor of *The Journalist*: "The offices of *The Journalist* are thronged daily with men prominent in the world of letters. Writers for the magazines, for the various syndicates, and correspondents of out-of-town papers can be seen changing ideas with clever

reporters and writers for the daily press. We have often thought of hiding a stenographer behind a screen to take notes of some of these discussions. It would be marvelously interesting reading. Science and art, nature and theology, are drawn on for illustrations to enforce the views of the speakers. One day last week there was a gathering of a dozen men whose names are household words, and the recent death of a prominent journalist whose life had been a signal success led to a discussion on success and failure, and the causes which operated in favor of success, or which led to failure. We do not propose to give a summary of this discussion. Suffice it to say that at the end of an hour the subject was apparently exhausted. As they were about to disperse one of the most brilliant and talented of the party said: 'I move we adjourn and take a drink. I have enough to treat this crowd.' Three or four followed him. As they went out of the room, our office boy, who had been an attentive listener, gave what old-fashioned preachers at the close of their sermons call the application—'Success or failure,' said he—'Ice' water or whisky?"

This calls to mind Mark Twain's joking comment on the subject. Mark is authority, for once he was an expert. In his dry way he upon occasion said: "The temptation to drink among literary men is not the liquor. When a man is dissipated his friends always say, 'Such a brilliant fellow if he would only let liquor alone.' In time the drinker gets credit for talents he never dreamed of possessing, and there are many who try to pluck this brand from the burning. The number of chances offered to a dissipated man to reform and earn a good living are many more than those open to the acceptance of a sober and industrious young fellow. In fact the sober and industrious are supposed to get on any way." And this is not only humorously but tearfully true. The record of literary labor does not show such a splendid premium on industry and sobriety.

For example: In the August number of the *Cosmopolitan* there is an interesting and instructive article by E. R. Cleveland on Literature as a Bread Winner. From it we learn that "James Russell Lowell has a modest patrimony, which has made it possible for him to write poems and essays to his own taste. Although standing at the head of American letters, his brilliant and scholarly work has brought him only a few thousand dollars—far less than he has received from his chair at Harvard, his editorship of the *Atlantic* or his foreign missions. He has never tried to support himself directly by his pen. The very idea would strike him as preposterous. John G. Whittier's poems are known wherever the English language is spoken; but they have never been associated in his mind with any form of bread-winning. He has always led the simplest life, as becomes one of the fraternity of Friends, much of it having been spent on a farm. He has ever been literary from instinct and humanity; what he has gained by his art has seemed merely incidental. George William Curtis inherited a comfortable fortune from his father, and sank it all in his endeavor to save from loss the creditors of Dix, Edwards & Co., the second publishers of Putnam's Monthly, in which firm he was a special partner. Not only that; he assumed a large debt beside, and worked hard, writing and lecturing, for sixteen years, until he had discharged the last cent. His income from his books has been small; he has met his expenses by the salary which he receives, and has received for thirty-five years, from Harper & Brothers. Walt Whitman is a type of the past, a kind of modern Elijah, miraculously fed by ravens. It is said that he has never earned, outside of his government clerkship, five thousand dollars; and he is sixty-nine.

Richard Henry Stoddard has been writing poetry and prose since he reached manhood, and has done a deal of book-making work; but for twenty years he was in the service of the Customs, and latterly has been the reviewer of a daily newspaper. He says if he has not achieved fame he has achieved poverty, though he has not even done this without continuous and exhausting labor.

"Donald G. Mitchell won wide renown as *Ik Marvel*, and his '*Reveries of a Bachelor*,' and '*Dream Life*' particularly, sold largely; but he has never relied on his writings for his physical or mental well-being. He has been, at different periods, editor, lecturer, consul, and for thirty years and more has lived on his farm, which he has celebrated under the name of Edgewood. Recently New Haven has grown out to it, increasing the value of its land greatly, and he has become a Professor of Belleslettres in Yale College. Charles Dudley Warner, like so many literary men, studied law, and afterwards abandoned it for journalism and literature. His choice of literature was adventitious. Having contributed a series of sketches to the *Hartford Courant*, of which he was assistant editor, they met with such favor that he put them between covers. The book, eagerly and widely read, established his reputation as a humorist, and induced him to publish more books. His first is thought by many to be his best; but everything he writes now attracts attention, and is eminently marketable. He is in active demand as a contributor to magazines; but he has an income as a proprietor of the *Courant*—he owns one-third of it—*independent of literature and of his salary as a member of the staff*. Henry James does almost no journalistic work, and he is generally supposed, in consequence, to live by literature. But he has an income, inherited from his father, of about three thousand dollars a year, is a bachelor, and resides abroad, from preference as well as economy.

"Bret Harte possesses genius undeniably, and his work brings the very highest figures. But he cannot sustain himself thereby; probably he could not if he were qualified to earn one hundred dollars a day. Some men are incapable of adapting means to ends, and Harte appears to be one of them. He was Consul at Glasgow, a very lucrative place, for some years. He performed its duties by staying in London, and attending swell entertainments. Since his retirement he still remains in London, having decided to make his home there. He has, as usual, it is said, summoned the credit system to his aid,—a system that flourishes perennially in England in what considers itself the best society. A satiric villain has declared that Bret Harte is avenging the Alabama claims. William D. Howells is practical and perspicuous of vision as well as gifted. He is one of the most prosperous of authors, for as a novelist he is the fashion. At the outset, he was a journalist in Columbus, Ohio; but he has for twenty years eschewed newspapers. Yet he has always had a salary. From the *Ohio State Journal* he went to Venice; returning thence, he was on the staff of the *Nation*. Then he was assistant editor, and next editor, of the *Atlantic*. James R. Osgood wooed him from the magazine, and paid him a salary to write exclusively for his publishing firm. Now he is regularly engaged by the Harpers, and handsomely compensated. He evidently comprehends the importance of a salary, and is sagacious enough to adhere to it through changing circumstances.

"Thomas Bailey Aldrich, editor of *The Atlantic*, is one of the daintiest of poets; his prose exhales an aroma of the polishing instrument. As indemnification, he has super-added to a steady salary the acquisition of a patron, a nov-

elty in this age, and a joy to the client deep and abounding. He knows better than any one can tell him that literature, pure and simple, is allied to want, and all his ideas are the antipodes of want. He has almost always occupied a salaried position. The rare fortune of having found a patron, a rich bachelor, has served him in excellent stead. He has houses built and furnished for him; is taken abroad; has his two boys sent to college; gets every comfort, and most luxuries, without the stroke of a pen, or the need of fawning. The patron, a good fellow, his sincere admirer, his true friend, delights to lavish gifts and favors on the poet. Few authors fare so daintily as Aldrich, whose palate is, probably, too jaded to detect the taste of bitterness which prosaic folk declare to be resident in the bread of dependence. Samuel L. Clemens—Mark Twain—has discovered that whatever profit there may be in books lies not in making, but in publishing them. Consequently, he has for some time been the active partner in a highly enterprising publishing firm, and is credited with positive wealth. His best joke is the one he has played on publishers by turning publisher himself.

"James Parton is ever industrious, and has produced a series of the most readable biographies known to the public. He is wholly methodical, working six or seven hours a day; but his incessant work will not support him and his family in one of the quietest and least expensive towns of New England. He has salaries from the *New York Ledger* and the *Youth's Companion*. John T. Trowbridge boldly chose to starve by literature forty years ago, leaving then a half-settled region in the western part of New York, and coming to the metropolis to test his endurance in that way. He came perilously near starving, and would probably have done so had he not relieved famine by engraving silver pencil-cases for a city manufacturer. He afterward fixed his abode in Boston—then more of a literary center than New York—and mended his fortunes. For thirty-five years he has been a popular story writer; but still he has been obliged to fortify his circumstances with salaried positions. Edmund C. Stedman is an enthusiast about literature, and a most earnest, faithful, conscientious member of the profession, with only moderate financial results.

"William D. Howells seldom gets more than five thousand to six thousand dollars for a novel; Henry James gets less; so does Julian Hawthorne; while others of smaller reputation are compelled to content themselves with from five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars. Julian Hawthorne is finely equipped by nature and training for this art, and has, besides, unusual readiness and versatility. He has said himself that he probably makes more by his pen in a single year than his father made in his whole life; and yet he is reputed to have had a hard, continuous struggle since he adopted literature as a profession, seventeen years ago. Brander Matthews is justified in his occupation because he has a liberal allowance from his father. John Habberton set type in the establishment of the Harpers and went into their counting room. Then he undertook business on his own account, and accomplished bankruptcy in a few months. His next step was writing; but he was prudent enough to secure a salary, and he has managed to retain one. Edgar Fawcett is one of the few who claim to support themselves by manuscript-making, and, without any salaried place, to keep wholly free from financial obligations. John Hay was on the staff of the *Tribune* when he published "*Pike County Ballads*" and "*Castilian Days*." And when he wrote for the magazines he was in diplomatic service abroad. He wedded a rich wife. Moncure D. Conway has means



enough to enable him to decline work that is distasteful, which is Eden for members of his profession.

There was a pleasant article on Anna Katherine Green in a recent number of *The Writer*. In these days when an author's friends conspire to make a fool of her it is doubly agreeable to read a judicious and sensible, yet enthusiastic, little gossip like that of Miss Mary Hatch. She gives us this charming description of Miss Green, to begin with: "A tall graceful girl dressed in gray, with red berries in her hat came forward to greet us. She gave me a quick searching glance which seemed to say, 'You are young, very young indeed,' and immediately appeared to forget my existence . . . . In appearance she is rather striking than beautiful. Under a brow of almost masculine depth and power her dark blue eyes express every emotion, while her mouth, which alone is beautiful, bespeaks sensitive delicacy and poetic feeling. Her form is elegant, being tall and willowy, but her crowning glory is her dark brown hair, which, unbound, sweeps just to the floor when she stands erect." We are told that Miss Green (now Mrs. Rohlfs) wrote tales and verses when she was eleven, and from that time on until her first published effort—her "Ode to Grant,"—never doubted her ultimate success, in spite of the fact that her MSS. came back with "clock like regularity." She indulged in a burst of true girlish enthusiasm over the acceptance of her verses but took the fate of the Leavenworth Case more coolly although it was "accepted under the most favorable conditions by the first publisher I took it to." She goes on to say, "I hope it will be a reasonable success, if only to pave the way for my poems." This is the keynote of her literary labors. She cares nothing for her prose works save that the fame they give her may command recognition for her poems.

"Here is a paragraph which our young writers would do well to ponder over. 'I write from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. I have cut five hundred lines.' These sentences which I find in her letters evince uncommon labor and elaboration at an age when most young writers would have been trying to rush into print with all their crudities about them. She continued to write poetry—fiery, passionate verse, that thrilled the heart of public and critic and at last won recognition as such poetry must. . . . Hers is no half-formed genius. She can do many things, and do them well. She has great dramatic and elocutionary powers, and can improvise and act with Corinne-like facility. She sings with exquisite sweetness and feeling; she paints with the hand of an artist. . . . Her finest poems are *The Defense of the Bride*, *The Tower of Bouverie*, *The Tragedy of Sedan* and *Paul Isham*. Of these, *Harper's Magazine* says, 'The ballads and narrative poems which form the greater part of this collection are vigorous productions whose barrenness of redundant words and epithets are in strong contrast with the garrulity of most female writers.' Miss Hatch goes on to say that some chapters of *The Leavenworth Case* were re-written as many as twelve times. 'The ways of authorship are hard,' says Mrs. Rohlfs, 'education is so widely diffused that the number of writers is legion. You have to fight—not one day but a lifetime—to keep abreast of the crowd. Only a special talent, or a certain knack of putting old things in a new way, will insure one immunity from the conflict. Such work to live requires unlimited attention to details. There must be a great end, and every word must lead up to it. There is a climax that comes suddenly, but the steps that lead up to the climax must be each well and clearly defined.' The writer concludes her article by telling us that Mrs. Rohlfs' songs have been set to music and her novels dramatized; 'but in con-

templating her career, so inspiring and instructive, one is chiefly impressed by the three great factors of her success: genius, perseverance, and hard work."

The next authoress to be talked about is Madame Selina Dolaro—she has completed a novel, *Bella Demonia*. It is now in the hands of the professional readers and is said to be good. The madame is not a neophyte. She is experienced; the possessor of many rare secrets, and a rich treasure of gossip. *Town Topics* says of her: "A very few years ago Madame Dolaro was the reigning queen in London Bohemia, and the ornament of a set filled by the Marlborough House set. With commendable discretion she has never allowed any of her esoteric information to get into print, but in this novel, which deals with the romantic episodes of the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-8, the leading characters appear to elucidate incidents in the lives of Colonel Valentine Baker, Fanny Lear (Hattie Blackford), and certain members of the Russian royal family, easily interpreted by the cognoscenti, and likely to throw light on certain circumstances that have exercised historians.

In reply to an interviewer of the *Mail and Express*, Mr. Alexander E. Sweet, of Texas Siftings, who writes twelve columns of funny things weekly for his paper, said: "Unlike other alleged humorists, I cannot recall my first downward step. I began going downward from my cradle, I believe. The propensity to write funny things was contemporaneous with my first successful struggle with the alphabet, and has accompanied me through life, bringing with it all the misfortunes which have blighted my career and made me the pensive creature you behold. In 1870 I was the leader of the San Antonio, Texas, bar, which consisted at that time of myself and another fellow. My promising career at the bar ended in favor of a protracted season at the free-lunch counter. How do I build my jokes? I think my jokes build themselves. They even get into my business correspondence. Of the different styles of humorous writing, the brief paragraph is the most difficult. A column of such paragraphs daily would put any man under the sod in twelve months, whereas humorous sketches, especially if they are in a series, are the easiest work a professional humorist can find to do. I can write a couple of columns of sketches without any great mental wear and tear, but a half column of paragraphs makes me long to be a popular preacher." Mr. Sweet is, in appearance, a typical New Jersey "hay-seed," with his loose, rough-looking clothes, heavy movements, full, uncultured beard and rich complexion. One would judge he knew more about crops than human nature. In conversation he says funny things that deserve places in print, with a countenance marked by ineffable solemnity.

Editor Gregory of *Judge* speaking to the same subject—humor and wit—said: "I was among the pioneer paragraphers. Paragraphing, as it is now done, was originated by Lewis, then of the *Detroit Free Press*, and was quickly taken up by Bob Burdette, of the *Burlington Hawkeye*; Williams, of the *Norristown Herald*, myself and others. It is now a feature, more or less pleasing, of every leading newspaper. How do I build my jokes? I read the daily newspapers, select the most notable happenings, and make a note on as many of them as will admit of it. I do little sketch writing now, confining my efforts almost exclusively to pointed paragraphs." Mr. H. C. Bunner has been writing humorous matter since boyhood. His humor, like Mr. Sweet's, flashes spontaneously. It is very different in character, however. Mr. Bunner makes no efforts in the line of boisterous fun or dialectic humor. He is now figuring as a humorist of the Frank Stockton school. Mr. Greg-

ory looks like Judge Randolph B. Martine. The young men about the Judge office would be startled if they saw him smile. He would be an ornament to the judicial bench—in appearance Mr. Bunner looks like a college professor. He wears glasses and an air of profound reflection.

Opie P. Read, the editor of *The Arkansas Traveler*,—which has been moved from Little Rock, Arkansas, to Chicago,—is described by a correspondent as physically a giant, being six feet three inches tall and heavily built. He wears a broad-brimmed, black slouch hat, which rests on his head in whatever position it happens to strike. In fact he is slouchy in the general make-up of his dress. He is crowned with a great mass of black hair, and he carries an immense meerschaum pipe which he smokes, almost incessantly, everywhere. In his office, at home, on the street, at his club, that pipe is ever with him. But he has a heart larger in proportion than he is himself and is as tender and gentle as a child. Read is about thirty-six years old, being born at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1852, but from his infancy until he was twelve or fourteen years old he was brought up on a plantation near Gallatin, Tennessee. His father was an ideal planter of that region and a real country gentleman, withal. Opie was not fond of the farm and persuaded his father to allow him to go into a printing office, where he learned type-setting. He worked for a little while in the Franklin (Kentucky) Patriot office, and in six months was the editor of the paper. He then attended a Tennessee college, which is now extinct, and paid his tuition by setting type on the college magazine. Read revels in negro dialect the patois of the "po' white," and the "clodhopper" of Kentucky and Tennessee.

One of the enthusiastic English literary workers is Mr. William Andrews, president of the Hull Literary Club. Practical and painstaking he has permeated English literature through and through. He is a knight of the pen, and has labored successfully in many literary fields, gaining a reputation on both sides of the Atlantic, in the leading English and American magazines. Amongst his volumes may be named "Historic Yorkshire," "Modern Yorkshire Poets," "Historic Romance," "History of the Dunmow Flitch," "Curious Epitaphs," "Punishments in the Olden Time," "Famous Frosts and Frost Fairs," and the "Book of Oddities." The newspaper press has been enriched by him with numerous serials. His papers on social life are of great interest. He has just issued a magazine entitled *North Country Poets*. He is a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, a man of great enterprise, a splendid type of the professional literary specialist.

Regarding a new book by a New York woman, the *World* says: "This new book of Mrs. Dodd's might be entitled 'The Story of an American Kiss,' since the tale hinges upon our peculiar national form of that caress, which is in this country the unknown quantity in the algebra of love. In reality the book is called 'Glorinda,' is a story of life in Kentucky, and though the work of a Northern woman, the very first of the new and numerous Southern books to picture forth the typical Southern girl, the girl whose characteristics are seen in exaggerated form in Mrs. James Brown Potter and Mrs. Amélie Rives Chanler, but who, while equally unconventional, passionate and untamed, allows life to lead her into more secluded paths. It is a new figure in fiction, and a most interesting one. Mrs. Dodd makes in this book her first venture in fiction, though she is already widely known as the author of 'Cathedral Days' and a very noted article on 'The French Political Leaders,' which was translated and copied throughout France. She is a society woman who

writes for pleasure rather than gain, and is at the head of a rather noted Salon here, where society and the artistic and literary profession mingle. She learned the "Salon art" during her long residence in France, and there also under the tutelage of the great Parisian ladies acquired the fine art of conversation which, added to a brilliant and subtle native wit, has made her a noted figure in social life here. Her drawing-rooms are full of rare carvings and old hangings picked up on the other side, and in them are to be found the most distinguished French visitors to this country. In person Mrs. Dodd is strongly featured, with a Dresden china complexion, the most beautiful feet and hands imaginable, and always perfectly gowned by noted French modistes.

Lawrence Oliphant, who was recently in America, is lying at Malvern, England, at a hydropathic establishment suffering from a brain trouble which renders him little better than a lunatic. It was only upon the announcement of his illness that many of his friends learned that he had recently married again, the bride being Miss Rosamund Dale Owen, granddaughter of the well-known Socialist. Mrs. Oliphant, whose father is a Spiritualist, takes after her grandfather, and has often lectured before Socialist societies in London on the Colony of New Harmony, Robert Owen's attempt at a Utopian colony in America. This on the authority of the *N. Y. Sun*.

The *New York Sun* says: "There is a great deal of talk about a new authoress, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, who has written a wierd, powerful and uncouth story entitled 'What Dreams May Come.' The heroine lives in an ancient castle in Wales, but the scenes are mainly in London and Paris. It is a supernatural story, dealing with the transmigration of souls. Mrs. Atherton has attained a great deal of social fame in San Francisco and Washington. She is connected by marriage or blood with many prominent people in Washington political life. She is a blonde, tall, graceful, handsome and a remarkably brilliant and polished talker."

The *Tribune* has news that: "Mr. H. D. Traill, author of the 'New Imaginary Conversations,' and a fine satirist, is likely to succeed Mr. Greenwood on 'The St. James Gazette' if that journal remains in the hands of the German." Mr. Steinkopf—not quite a settled point. There has been trouble, too, at 'The Pall Mall,' and the question whether Mr. Stead is to remain is still undecided. He will probably do so. He knows how to make an evening journal interesting."

I am sorry to hear that Mr. Walter Besant is suffering from "writers' cramp," an affection of the muscles of the hand and arm which makes the act of writing at first painful and difficult, and afterward impossible. As one essential feature in the treatment is abstention from writing, I can only hope, for the sake of Mr. Besant's innumerable admirers, that the distinguished novelist is not one of those authors who only find inspiration flow freely from the point of the pen. M. Alexandre Dumas will pass a month in the neighborhood of Luzerne.—*London Truth*.

Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree), the gifted Tennessee writer of fiction, is thus pen-pictured. A small woman; so lame she can scarcely cross the floor unaided. Slight yet square in figure. A small white face, with the withered whiteness of one whose health has always been delicate. Pale neutral brown hair and eyes and a formal primness of manner like that of a shy, clever woman who has lived much in retirement.



## CONCERNING CELEBRITIES—AT HOME AND ABROAD

*Mr. Lowell's Address at the Authors' Dinner*

Following is the address of James Russell Lowell on "Literature," lately delivered before the Society of Authors, in London:

I confess that I rise under a certain oppression. There was a time when I went to make an after-dinner speech with a light heart, and when on my way to the dinner I could think over my exordium in my cab, and trust to the spur of the moment for the rest of my speech. But I find as I grow older a certain aphasia overtakes me, a certain inability to find the right word precisely when I want it; and I find also that my flank becomes less sensitive to the exhilarating influences of that spur to which I have just alluded. I had pretty well made up my mind not to make any more after-dinner speeches. I had made up my mind that I had made quite enough of them for a wise man to speak, and probably more than it was profitable for other wise men to listen to. I confess that it was with some reluctance that I consented to speak at all to-night. I had been bethinking me of the old proverb of the pitcher and well which is mentioned, as you remember, in the proverb; and it was not altogether a consolation to me to think that that pitcher, which goes once too often to the well, belongs to the class which is taxed by another proverb with too great length of ears. But I could not resist. I certainly felt that it was my duty not to refuse myself to an occasion like this—an occasion which deliberately emphasizes, as well as expresses, that good feeling between our two countries which, I think, every good man in both of them is desirous to deepen and to increase. If I look back to anything in my life with satisfaction, it is to the fact that I myself have, in some degree, contributed—and I hope I may believe the saying to be true—to this good feeling. You alluded, Mr. Chairman, to a date which gave me, I must confess, what we call on the other side of the water "a rather large contract." I am to reply. I am to answer to literature, and I must confess that a person like myself, who first appeared in print fifty years ago, would hardly wish to be answerable for all his own literature, not to speak of the literature of other people. But your allusion to sixty years ago reminded me of something which struck me as I looked down these tables. Sixty years ago the two authors you mentioned, Irving and Cooper, were the only two American authors of whom anything was known in Europe, and the knowledge of them in Europe was mainly confined to England. It is true that Bryant's "Water Fowl" had already begun its flight in immortal air, but these were the only two American authors that could be said to be known in England. And what is even more remarkable, they were the only American authors at that time—there were and had been others known to us at home—who were capable of earning their bread by their pens. Another singular change is suggested to me as I look down these tables, and that is the singular contrast they afford between the time when Johnson wrote his famous lines about those ills that assail the life of the scholar, and by the scholar he meant the author:

Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.

And I confess when I remember that verse it strikes me as a singular contrast that I should meet with a body of authors who were able to offer a dinner instead of begging one; that I have sat here and seen "forty feeding like one," when 100 years ago the one fed like forty when they had the chance. You have alluded, also, Mr. Chairman, in terms which I shall not qualify, to my own merits. You

have made me feel a little as if I were a ghost revisiting the pale glimpses of the moon and reading with considerable wonder my own epitaph. But you have done me more than justice in attributing so much to me with regard to international copyright. You are quite right in alluding to Mr. Putnam, who, I think, wrote the best pamphlet that has been written on the subject, and there were others you did not name who also deserved far more than I do for the labor they have expended and the zeal they have shown on behalf of international copyright, particularly the secretaries of our international society—Mr. Lothrop and Mr. G. W. Green. And since I could not very well avoid touching upon the subject of international copyright, I must say that all American authors, without exception, have been in favor of it on the moral ground, on the ground of simple justice to English authors. But there were a great many local, topical considerations, as our ancestors used to call them, that we were obliged to take into account, and which, perhaps, you do not feel as keenly here as we did. But I think we may say that the almost unanimous conclusion of American authors latterly has been that we should be thankful to get any bill that recognized the principle of international copyright; being confident that its practical application would so recommend it to the American people that we should get afterwards, if not every amendment of it that we desire, at least every one that is humanly possible. I think that perhaps a little injustice has been done to our side of the question. I think a little more heat has been imported into it than was altogether wise. I am not so sure that our American publishers were so much more wicked than their English brethren would have been if they had had the chance. I cannot, I confess, accept with patience any imputation that implies that there is anything in our climate or in our form of government that tends to produce a lower standard of morality than in other countries. The fact is that it has been partly due to a certain—may I speak of our ancestors as having been qualified by a certain dullness? I mean no disrespect, but I think it is due to the stupidity of our ancestors in making a distinction between literary property and other property. That has been at the root of the whole evil. I, of course, understand, as everybody understands, that all property is the creature of municipal law. But you must remember that it is the conquest of civilization that when property passes beyond the boundaries of that municipium it is still sacred. It is not even yet sacred in all respects and conditions. Literature, the property in an idea, has been something that it is very difficult for the average man to comprehend. It is not difficult for the average man to comprehend that there may be property in a form which genius or talent gives to an idea. He can see it. It is visible and palpable, this property in an idea when it is exemplified in a machine, but it is hardly so apprehensible when it is subtly interfused in literature. Books have always been looked on somewhat as *feræ naturæ*, and if you have ever preserved pheasants you know that when they fly over your neighbor's boundaries he may take a shot at them. I remember that something more than thirty years ago Longfellow, my friend and neighbor, asked me to come and eat a game pie with him. Longfellow's books had been sold in England by the tens of thousands, and that game pie—and you will observe the felicity of its being a game pie, *feræ naturæ* always you see—was the only honorarium he had ever received from this country for reprinting his

works. I cannot help feeling as I stand here that there is something especially—I might almost use a cant word and say monumentally—interesting in a meeting like this. It is the first time that English and American authors, so far as I know, have come together in any numbers, I was going to say to fraternize when I remembered that I ought perhaps to add to “sororize.” We, of course, have no desire, no sensible man in England or America has any desire, to enforce this fraternization at the point of the bayonet. Let us go on criticising each other; it is good for both of us. We Americans have been sometimes charged with being a little too sensitive, but perhaps a little indulgence may be due to those who always have their faults told to them, and the reference to whose virtues perhaps is sometimes conveyed in a foot-note in small print. I think that both countries have a sufficiently good opinion of themselves to have a fairly good opinion of each other. They can afford it; and if difficulties arise between the two countries, as they unhappily may—and when you alluded just now to what De Tocqueville said in 1828 you must remember that it was only thirteen years after our war—you must remember how long it has been to get in the thin end of the wedge of international copyright; you must remember it took our diplomacy nearly 100 years to enforce its generous principle of the alienable allegiance, and that the greater part of the bitterness which De Tocqueville found in 1828 was due to the impressment of American seamen, of whom something like 1,500 were serving on board English ships when at last they were delivered. These things should be remembered, not with resentment, but for enlightenment. But whatever difficulties occurred between the two countries, and there may be difficulties that are serious, I do not think there will be any which good sense and good feeling cannot settle. I think I have been told often enough to remember that my countrymen are apt to think that they are in the right, that they are always in the right; that they are apt to look at their side of the question only. Now, this conduces certainly to peace of mind and imperturbability of judgment, whatever other merits it may have. I am sure I do not know where we got it. Do you? I also sympathize most heartily with what has been said by the Chairman with regard to the increasing love for England among my countrymen. I find on inquiry that they stop longer and in greater numbers every year in the old home, and feel more deeply its manifold charms. They also are beginning to feel that London is the center of the races that speak English, very much in the sense that Rome was the center of the ancient world. And I confess that I never think of London, which I also confess that I love, without thinking of that palace which David built, sitting in hearing of a hundred streams—streams of thought, of intelligence, of activity. And one other thing about London, if I may be allowed to refer to myself, impresses me beyond any other sound I have ever heard, and that is the low, unceasing roar that one hears always in the air. It is not a mere accident like the tempest or the cataract, but it is impressive because it always indicates human will and impulse and conscious movement, and I confess that when I hear it I almost feel that I were listening to the roaring loom of time. A few words more. I will only say this, that we, as well as you, have inherited a common trust in the noble language which, in its subtle compositiveness, is perhaps the most admirable instrument of human thought and human feeling and cunning ever unconsciously devised by man. We have also inherited certain traditions, political and moral, and in doing our duty towards these it seems to me that we shall find quite enough occupation for our united thought and feeling.

*Senator Evarts' Humor—Eli Perkins' Syndicate Letter*

Hon. William M. Evarts, writes Eli Perkins, is the only man except Chauncey Depew who can be witty and not lose his dignity. Mr. Evarts sat at our table at the States yesterday. Among other things I asked the great lawyer about some of the witticisms which have been attributed to him. “The best thing the newspapers said I perpetrated,” replied Mr. Evarts, “I wasn’t guilty of at all.” “What was that?” I asked. “It happened when I was Secretary of State. Every morning the state department elevator came up full of applicants for foreign missions. One morning, when the applicants for missions was extremely large, Catlin, the Commercial Advertiser humorist, remarked: ‘That is the largest collection for foreign missions you’ve had yet.’ The newspapers attributed the saying to me, but Catlin was the real criminal.” “After that you sent poor Catlin out of the country, didn’t you?” “Oh, no, I rewarded him by making him Consul at Glasgow—and afterwards promoted him.” Speaking of Mr. Evarts’ farm up at Windsor I told him I understood that he raised a large quantity of pigs for the express purpose of sending barrels of pig pork to his friends. “Yes, I am guilty of that,” said Mr. Evarts. “I’ve been sending Bancroft pig pork for years, and if his ‘History of America’ is successful it will be largely due to my pen.” A few years ago Mr. Evarts sent his usual barrel of pickled pig pork to Bancroft with this letter:

“DEAR BANCROFT—I am very glad to send you two products of my pen to-day—a barrel of pickled pig pork and my Eulogy on Chief Justice Chase.  
Yours,  
EVARTS.”

Chauncey Depew says: “Evarts once sent a donkey up to his Windsor farm in Vermont. A week afterwards he received the following letter from his little grandchild:

“DEAR GRANDPA—The little donkey is very gentle, but he makes a big noise nights. He is very lonesome. I guess he misses you. I hope you will come up soon; then he won’t be so lonesome. MINNIE.”

Evarts says when the Baptists came to Rhode Island they praised God and fell on their knees, then they fell on the aborigines. When I asked the ex-Secretary about the settlement of Rhode Island he said: “Yes, the Dutch settled Rhode Island; then the Yankees settled the Dutch.”

*Booth and the Lord's Prayer—The Millenarian*

A friend tells us an anecdote of Booth, the tragedian, which we do not recollect having seen in print. Booth and several friends had been invited to dine with an old gentleman in Baltimore, of distinguished kindness, urbanity and piety. The host, though disapproving of theaters and theater-going, had heard so much of Booth’s remarkable powers, that curiosity to see the man, had, in this instance, overcome all scruples and prejudices. After the entertainment was over, lamps lighted, and the company re-seated in the drawing room, some one requested Booth as a particular favor, and one which all present would doubtless appreciate, to read aloud the Lord’s Prayer. Booth expressed his willingness to do this, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him. Booth rose slowly and reverently from his chair. It was wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance. He became deathly pale, and his eyes, turned tremblingly upward, were wet with tears. And yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt. It became absolutely painful, till, at last the spell was broken as if by an electric shock, as his rich-toned voice, from white lips, syllabled forth: “Our father, who art in heaven,” etc., with a pathos and solemnity that thrilled all hearers. He finished. The silence continued. Not a voice was heard or a muscle moved in his rapt audience, till from a remote corner of the room a subdued



sob was heard, and the old gentleman, their host, stepped forward, with streaming eyes and tottering frame and seized Booth by the hand. "Sir," said he, in broken accents, "you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man; and every day from my boyhood to the present time I thought I had repeated the Lord's prayer; but I have never heard it—never!" "You are right," replied Booth; "to read that prayer as it should be read has caused me the severest study and labor for thirty years; and I am far from being satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production."

*First Reading of Sheridan's Ride—N. Y. Evening Sun*

When the war broke out Cincinnati was the literary and artistic center of the West, and was the home of a semi-Bohemian association known as "The Sketch Club." At each regular session a subject was chosen by vote for illustration by its artists, and at its next meeting the drawing would be shown. There were twenty or thirty clever pencilers and painters in the club, of whom Thomas Buchanan Read and Beard, the animal painter of this city, were the foremost. These drawings were often very meritorious, and were exhibited to the public in Wiswell's windows on West Fourth street. Read was a poet as well as a painter, as every schoolboy who has recited or read *Drifting* well knows. Shortly after the battle of Winchester, when everybody was wild over "Little Phil's" great victory, Harper's Weekly illustrated his ride with a frontispiece depicting him seated on a black charger, which with foam-flecked nostrils was bearing him like the wind to Winchester town. The picture was a striking one, and among the first who saw it in Cincinnati was Read, who had his attention called to it by Grandpa Hawley, who keeps the leading periodical store of the Queen City. Read bought the paper, and the more he looked at the picture the more enthusiastic he became, and he exclaimed, "Just imagine Sheridan twenty miles away and coming like that!" Sheridan twenty miles away kept running in his head, and he went to his room full of it. In less than an hour he had written *Sheridan's Ride*. He read its rough draft to a number of members of the Sketch Club. One of them exclaimed: "Get Jim Murdoch to read that at the benefit at Pike's to-night." The suggestion was adopted unanimously. James E. Murdoch was at the time the foremost light comedian of the American stage, and the most scholarly member it possessed. He was an ardent Union man and had wholly abandoned his profession in order that he might wholly devote his time and his talents to furthering its interests. He read only for sanitary fairs and other societies whose aims were the helping of the Union cause, and the benefit that night was in aid of the great sanitary fair then in progress in Fifth Street Market space in Cincinnati. As soon as he read Read's lines, he became fairly raptured by them, and so enthusiastic was he that he seemed to commit them to memory without effort. That night Pike's Opera House was packed from outer door to pit rim, and from orchestra door to the wall of the gallery, with one of the finest audiences that had ever assembled in it. Murdoch seemed inspired as he delivered the lines, and *Sheridan's Ride* was immortalized. The audience became fairly frenzied with enthusiasm, and next morning every paper in town published the poem. It was one of the great and spontaneous literary hits of the war.

*Patronizing Mark Twain—The Arkansas Traveler*

Some time ago while Mark Twain was taking a reminiscent float down the Mississippi River, the boat on which he had embarked was compelled one night to "tie up" at Flay's Point, a village in Louisiana. The humorist had gone to bed, and had just sunk into a doze when there

came a sharp rap at the door of his stateroom. Twain opened the door. A squint-eyed fellow, wearing a check shirt and rawhide boots, stepped into the room. "Is this Mark Twain?" "Yes, I am known by that name." "Well, sir, I have some mighty important business with you." "Please state it." "Kain't do it here, but ef you'll come with me you'll soon find out." "I don't care to go anywhere to-night—except to bed," Twain replied. "But I tell you this is important—something that should be attended to at once. You just come with me for a few minutes, and I'll be dinged if you'll ever regret it." "I don't care to meet any one." "You won't have to meet any one but me. You may have had a trick played on you, but I tell you this is to your advantage. It won't take you ten minutes. The only reason I want you to go with me is that I may prove my good faith." He continued with such strong importunity that Twain finally consented to go with him. The humorist was conducted through a muddy street and down a dark alley to a small wooden building. His conductor unlocked a door, entered a room and lighted a smoky lamp. "Come right in an' set down." The humorist looked around and discovered that he was in a printing office, fitted up with a hand press and a few "cases" of type. "Set down." Twain seated himself on a box. His conductor added: "You are now, sir, within the portals of the Weekly Progress, a paper that circulates extensively throughout the county, and of which I am the editor. I wanted to bring you here to show you, as convincin' proof of my standin', the tools and appliances of my honorable profession. I could, on the boat, have given the information that I intended to deliver, but, sir, without these here surroundin's of sincerity you mout have thought me a fraud. Now, this is what I want to tell you, Mr. Twain. I have hearn of you, and I want to say that anything you write that you want printed, w'y you send it to J. Casper McIntosh and I'll be blamed if I don't print it for you. Yes, I will," he added, meeting the humorist's stare of amazement. "Yes, I'll be dinged if I don't. You jest go ahead now and write out a lot of your fool things, and I'll be hanged if I don't publish 'em, I don't care a blame what folks say. Don't be snatched, Mr. Twain, fur I am a-tellin' of the truth. I'll publish your articles. Wall, ef you must go, good-night. When you get down thar to the corner of the fence turn to the right and travel lively if you don't want'er get dog bit."

*Edison's First Phonograph—Providence Journal*

A gentleman recently repeated to me an account given him by Mr. Thomas A. Edison of the making of the first phonograph. It has not, so far as I know, been in print, and is interesting, as showing the inventor's methods of working. Busily engaged on innumerable things, Mr. Edison carried in his mind for a long time the idea of the phonograph, turning it over and over, and from time to time jotting down sketches and memoranda concerning its construction. At length he said to an old German machinist, who made models for him, that he wanted a machine constructed in a certain manner, but of the use of it he gave no hint. Now and then as the work went on, without seeing the model, Mr. Edison ordered certain changes, which, of course, were duly made. Finally the German was told to bring the machine for examination; Mr. Edison fitted into it the sheet of tinfoil, and turning the crank spoke into the funnel the somewhat familiar verse about Mary and her little lamb. The German regarded him as if he thought he had gone mad; but when Mr. Edison reversed the motion and the phonograph pipingly repeated his stanza, the old man threw up his hands and exclaimed in the utmost astonishment: "Mein Gott, it talks!"

## THE CHARMING CONFESSIONS OF A LITERARY SCAMP\*

"My soul, so far as I understand it, has very kindly taken color and form from the many various modes of life that self-will and an impetuous temperament have forced me to indulge in. Therefore I may say that I am free from original qualities, defects, tastes, etc. What I have I acquire, or, to speak more exactly, chance bestowed, and still bestows, upon me. I came into the world apparently with a nature like a smooth sheet of wax, bearing no impress, but capable of receiving any; of being molded into all shapes. Nor am I exaggerating when I say I think that I might equally have been a Pharaoh, an ostler, an archbishop, and that in the fulfillment of the duties of each a certain measure of success would have been mine. I have felt the goad of many impulses, I have hunted many a trail; when one scent failed another was taken up, and pursued with the pertinacity of an instinct, rather than the fervor of a reasoned conviction. Sometimes, it is true, there came moments of weariness, of despondency, but they were not enduring: a word spoken, a book read, or yielding to the attraction of environment, I was soon off in another direction, forgetful of past failures. Intricate, indeed, was the labyrinth of my desires; all lights were followed with the same ardor, all cries were eagerly responded to: they came from the right, they came from the left, from every side. But one cry was more persistent, and as the years passed I learned to follow it with increasing vigor, and my strayings grew fewer and the way wider. I was eleven years old when I first heard and obeyed this cry, or, shall I say, echo-augury? Scene: A great family coach, drawn by two powerful country horses, lumbers along a narrow Irish road. The ever recurrent signs—long ranges of blue mountains, the streak of bog, the rotting cabin, the flock of plover rising from the desolate water. Inside the coach there are two children. They are smart, with new jackets and neckties; their faces are pale with sleep, and the rolling of the coach makes them feel a little sick. It is seven o'clock in the morning. Opposite the children are their parents, and they are talking of a novel the world is reading. Did Lady Audley murder her husband? Lady Audley! What a beautiful name; and she, who is a slender, pale, fairy-like woman, killed her husband. Such thoughts flash through the boy's mind; his imagination is stirred and quickened, and he begs for an explanation. The coach lumbers along, it arrives at its destination, and Lady Audley is forgotten in the delight of tearing down fruit trees and killing a cat. But when we returned home I took the first opportunity of stealing the novel in question. I read it eagerly, passionately, vehemently. I read its successor, and its successor. I read until I came to a book called *The Doctor's Wife*—a lady who loved Shelley and Byron. There was magic, there was revelation in the name, and Shelley became my soul's divinity. Why did I love Shelley? Why was I not attracted to Byron? I cannot say. Shelley! Oh, that crystal name, and his poetry also crystalline. I must see it, I must know him. Escaping from the school-room, I ransacked the library, and at last my ardor was rewarded. The book—a small pocket edition in red boards, no doubt long out of print—opened at the Sensitive Plant. Was I disappointed? I think I had expected to understand

better; but I had no difficulty in assuming that I was satisfied and delighted. And henceforth the little volume never left my pocket, and I read the dazzling stanzas by the shores of a pale green Irish lake, comprehending little, and loving a great deal. Byron, too, was often with me, and these poets were the ripening influence of years otherwise merely nervous and boisterous. And my poets were taken to school, because it pleased me to read 'Queen Mab' and 'Cain,' amid the priests and ignorance of a hateful Roman Catholic college. And there my poets saved me from intellectual savagery; for I was incapable at that time of learning anything. What determined and incorrigible idleness! I used to gaze fondly on a book, holding my head between my hands, and allowing my thoughts to wander far into dreams and thin imaginings. Neither Latin, nor Greek, nor French, nor History, nor English composition could I learn, unless, indeed, my curiosity or personal interest was excited,—then I made rapid strides in that branch of knowledge to which my attention was directed. A mind hitherto dark seemed suddenly to grow clear, and it remained clear and bright enough so long as passion was in me; but as it died, so the mind clouded, and recoiled to its original obtuseness. Couldn't, with 'wouldn't,' was in my case curiously involved; nor have I in this respect ever been able to correct my natural temperament. I have always remained powerless to do anything unless moved by a powerful desire. The natural end to such school-days as mine was expulsion. I was expelled when I was sixteen, for idleness and general worthlessness." \* \* \*

After a curious boyhood, a delirium with books and a wild mental dance with English literature, the young man becomes possessed with the sudden idea that he must go to France.

"France! The word rang in my ears and gleamed in my eyes. France! All my senses sprang from sleep like a crew when the man on the look-out cries, Land ahead! Instantly I knew I should, that I must, go to France, that I would live there, that I would become as a Frenchman. I knew not when, nor how, but I knew I should go to France. Then my father died, and I suddenly found myself heir to considerable property—some three or four thousand a year; and then I knew that I was free to enjoy life as I pleased; no further trammels, no further need of being a soldier, of being anything but myself; eighteen, with life and France before me! At last the day came, and with several trunks and boxes full of clothes, books, and pictures, I started, accompanied by an English valet, for Paris and Art. \* \* \*

The portion of the book devoted to the young man's life in Paris and France is a delight and a wonder. The reader is swept over the subject with the rush and the recklessness of the wind. One is brought face to face with pictures beyond the ordinary sight and ken. Art, Music, and the Drama, high and low life—everything in broken but delightful bits. Philosophy and dissipation stroll together hand in hand. French literature is picked up and the wonderful gamut run with an indescribable touch, and in a manner the very essence of abandon. The reader will be fascinated. If not empty-headed the reader will also learn. We give but a few queer paragraphs.

\* Random and rambling readings From George Moore's *Confessions of a Young Man*—English Edition.



"A year passed; a year of art and dissipation—one part art, two parts dissipation. We mounted and descended at pleasure the rounds of society's ladder. One evening we would spend at Constant's, Rue de la Gaîté, in the company of thieves and housebreakers; on the following evening we were dining with a duchess or a princess in the Champs Elysées. And we prided ourselves vastly on our versatility in using with equal facility the language of the 'fence's' parlor, and that of the literary salon; on being able to appear as much at home in one as in the other. Delighted at our prowess, we often whispered, 'The princess, I swear, would not believe her eyes if she saw us now;' and then in terrible slang we shouted a benediction on some 'crib' that was going to be broken into that evening. And we thought there was something very thrilling in leaving the Rue de la Gaîté, returning home to dress, and presenting our spotless selves to the *élite*. And we succeeded very well, as indeed all young men do who waltz perfectly and avoid making love to the wrong woman. \* \* \*

"I still read and spoke of Shelley with a rapture of joy,—he was still my soul. But this craft, fashioned of mother o' pearl, with starlight at the helm and moonbeams for sails, suddenly ran on a reef and went down, not out of sight, but out of the agitation of actual life. The reef was Gautier; I read Mlle. de Maupin. The reaction was as violent as it was sudden. I was weary of spiritual passion, and this great exaltation of the body above the soul at once conquered and led me captive; this plain scorn of a world as exemplified in lacerated saints and a crucified Redeemer opened up to me illimitable prospects of fresh beliefs, and therefore new joys in things and new revolts against all that had come to form part and parcel of the commonality of mankind. Till now I had not even remotely suspected that a deification of flesh and fleshly desire was possible; Shelley's teaching had been, while accepting the body, to dream of the soul as a star, and so preserve our ideal; but now suddenly I saw, with delightful clearness and with intoxicating conviction, that by looking without shame and accepting with love the flesh, I might raise it to as high a place and within as divine a light as ever the soul had been set in. The ages were as an aureole, and I stood as if enchanted before the noble nakedness of the elder gods: not in the infamous nudity that sex has preserved in this modern world, but the clean pagan nude,—a love of life and beauty, the broad fair breast of a boy, the long flanks, the head thrown back; the bold, fearless gaze of Venus is lovelier than the lowered glance of the Virgin, and I cried with my master that the blood that flowed upon Mount Calvary '*ne m'a jamais baigné dans ses flots*.' \* \* \*

"I am a sensualist in literature. I may see perfectly well that this or that book is a work of genius, but if it doesn't 'fetch me,' it doesn't concern me, and I forget its very existence. What leaves me cold to-day will madden me to-morrow. With me literature is a question of sense, intellectual sense if you will, but sense all the same, and ruled by the same caprices—those of the flesh! Now we enter on very subtle distinctions. No doubt that there is the brain-judgment and the sense-judgment of a work of art. And it will be noticed that these two forces of discrimination exist sometimes almost independently of each other, in rare and radiant instances confounded and blended in one immense and unique love. Who has not been, unless perhaps some dusty old pedant, thrilled and driven to pleasure by the action of a book that penetrates to and speaks to you of your most present and most intimate emotions. This is of course pure sensualism. But to take a less marked stage: Why should Marlowe enchant me?

Why should he delight and awake enthusiasm in me, while Shakespeare leaves me cold? The mind that can understand one can understand the other, but there are affinities in literature corresponding to, and very analogous to, sexual affinities—the same unreasoned attractions, the same pleasures, the same lassitudes. Those we have loved most we are most indifferent to. Shelley, Gautier, Zola, Flaubert, Goncourt! How I have loved you all; and now I could not, would not, read you again. How womanly, how capricious; but even a capricious woman is constant, if not faithful to her *amant de cœur*. And so with me; of those I have loved deeply there is but one that still may thrill me with the old passion, with the first ecstasy—it is Balzac. Upon that rock I built my church, and his great and valid talent saved me often from destruction, saved me from the shoaling waters of new æstheticisms, the putrid mud of naturalism, and the faint and sickly surf of the symbolists. Thinking of him, I could not forget that it is the spirit and not the flesh that is eternal; that, as it was thought that in the first instance gave man speech, so to the end it shall still be thought that shall make speech beautiful and rememberable. The grandeur and sublimity of Balzac's thoughts seem to me to rise to the loftiest heights, and his range is limitless; there is no passion he has not touched, and what is more marvelous, he has given to each in art a place equivalent to the place it occupies in nature; his intense and penetrating sympathy for human life and all that concerns it enabled him to surround the humblest subjects with awe and crown them with the light of tragedy." \* \* \*

Broken in fortune, but still strong in adventure, the young man eventually returned to London to devote himself to literature and a literary life.

"It is said that young men of genius come to London with great poems and dramas in their pockets and find every door closed against them. Chatterton's death perpetuated this legend. But when I, Edward Dayne, came to London in search of literary adventure, I found a ready welcome. Possibly I should not have been accorded any welcome had I been anything but an ordinary person. Let this be waived. I was as covered with 'fads' as a distinguished foreigner with stars. Naturalism I wore round my neck, Romanticism was pinned over the heart, Symbolism I carried like a toy revolver in my waistcoat pocket, to be used on an emergency. I do not judge whether I was charlatan or genius, I merely state that I found all—actors, managers, editors, publishers, docile and ready to listen to me. The world may be wicked, cruel, and stupid, but it is patient; on this point I will not be gainsaid, it is patient; I know what I am talking about; I maintain that it is patient. If it were not, what would have happened? I should have been murdered in cold blood by the editors. \* \* \*

"French wit was in my brain, French sentiment was in my heart; of the English soul I knew nothing, and I could not remember old sympathies, it was like seeking forgotten words, and if I were writing a short story, I had to return in thought to Montmartre or the Champs Elysées for my characters. That I should have forgotten so much in ten years seems incredible, and it will be deemed impossible by many, but that is because few are aware of how little they know of the details of life, even of their own, and are incapable of appreciating the influence of their past upon their present. The visible world is visible only to a few, the moral world is a closed book to nearly all. I was full

of France, and France had to be got rid of, or pushed out of sight before I could understand England; I was like a snake striving to slough its skin. Handicapped as I was with dangerous ideas, and an impossible style, defeat was inevitable. My English was rotten with French idiom; it was like an ill-built wall overpowered by huge masses of ivy; the weak foundations had given way beneath the weight of the parasite. Therefore before long the leading journal that had printed two poems and some seven or eight critical articles, ceased to send me books for review, and I fell back upon obscure society papers. Fortunately it was not incumbent on me to live by my pen; so I talked, and watched, and waited till I grew akin to those around me, and my thoughts blended with, and took root in, my environment. I wrote a play or two, I translated a French opera, which had a run of six nights, I dramatized a novel, I wrote short stories, and I read a good deal of contemporary fiction. \* \* \*

"The first book that came under my hand was *A Portrait of a Lady*, by Henry James. Each scene is developed with complete foresight and certainty of touch. What Mr. James wants to do he does. I will admit that an artist may be great and limited; by one word he may light up an abyss of soul; but there must be this one magical and unique word. Shakespeare gives us the word; Balzac, sometimes, after pages of vain striving, gives us the word; Turgeneff gives it with miraculous certainty; but Henry James, no; a hundred times he flutters about it; his whole book is one long flutter near to the one magical and unique word, but the word is not spoken; and for want of the word his characters are never resolved out of the haze of nebulae. I have read nothing of Henry James' that did not suggest the scholar; but why should a scholar limit himself to empty and endless sentimentalities? I will not taunt him with any of the old taunts—why does he not write complicated stories? Why does he not complete his stories? Let all this be waived. I will ask him only why he always avoids decisive action? Why does a woman never say, 'I will'? Why does a woman never leave the house with her lover? Why does a man never kill a man? Why does a man never kill himself? Why is nothing ever accomplished? In real life, murder, adultery, and suicide are of common occurrence; but Mr. James' people live in a calm, sad, and very polite twilight of volition. Suicide or adultery has happened before the story begins. Suicide or adultery happens some years hence, when the characters have left the stage, but bang in front of the reader nothing happens. One, two, or even three determining actions are not antagonistic to character-drawing: the practice of Balzac, and Flaubert, and Thackeray prove that. Is Mr. James of the same mind as the poet Verlaine—

La nuance, pas la couleur,  
Seulement la nuance,

Tout le reste est littérature.

"In connection with Henry James I had often heard the name of W. D. Howells. I bought some three or four of his novels. I found them pretty, very pretty, but nothing more,—a sort of Ashby Sterry done into very neat prose. He is vulgar; as refined as Henry James; he is more domestic; girls with white dresses and virginal looks, languid mammas, mild witticisms, here, there, and everywhere; a couple of young men, one a little cynical, the other a little overshadowed by his love; a strong, bearded man of fifty in the background; in a word, a Tom Robertson comedy faintly spiced with American. Henry

James went to France and read Turgeneff. W. D. Howells stayed at home and read Henry James. Henry James' mind is of a higher cast and temper; I have no doubt at one time of his life Henry James said, I will write the moral history of America, as Turgeneff wrote the moral history of Russia—he borrowed at first hand, understanding what he was borrowing. W. D. Howells borrowed at second hand, and without understanding what he was borrowing. Altogether Mr. James' instincts are more scholarly. \* \* \*

"I will state frankly that Mr. R. L. Stevenson never wrote a line that failed to delight me; but he never wrote a book. You arrive at a strangely just estimate of a writer's worth by the mere question: 'What is he the author of?' for every writer whose work is destined to live is the author of one book that outshines the other, and, in popular imagination, epitomizes his talent and position. What is Shakespeare the author of? What is Milton the author of? What is Fielding the author of? What is Byron the author of? What is Carlyle the author of? What is Thackeray the author of? What is Zola the author of? What is Mr. Swinburne the author of? Mr. Stevenson is the author of shall I say, *Treasure Island*, or what? I think of Mr. Stevenson as a consumptive youth weaving garlands of sad flowers with pale, weak hands, or leaning to a large plate-glass window, and scratching thereon exquisite profiles with a diamond pencil. I do not care to speak of great ideas, for I am unable to see how an idea can exist, at all events can be great out of language; an allusion to Mr. Stevenson's verbal expression will perhaps make my meaning clear. His periods are fresh and bright, rhythmical in sound, and perfect realizations of their sense; in reading you often think that never before was such definiteness united to such poetry of expression; every page and every sentence rings of its individuality. Mr. Stevenson's style is ever smart, well-dressed, shall I say, like a young man walking in the Burlington Arcade? Yes, I will say so, but, I will add, the most gentlemanly young man that ever walked in the Burlington. Mr. Stevenson is competent to understand any thought that might be presented to him, but if he were to use it, it would instantly become neat, sharp, ornamental, light, and graceful; and it would lose all its original richness and harmony. It is not Mr. Stevenson's brain that prevents him from being a thinker, but his style. Another thing that strikes me in thinking of Stevenson (I pass over his direct indebtedness to Edgar Poe, and his constant appropriation of his methods), is the unsuitableness of the special characteristics of his talent to the age he lives in. He wastes in his limitations, and his talent is vented in prettiness of style. In speaking of Mr. Henry James, I said that, although he had conceded much to the foolish, false, and hypocritical taste of the time, the concessions he made had in little or nothing impaired his talent. The very opposite seems to me the case with Mr. Stevenson. For if any man living in this end of the century needed freedom of expression for the distinct development of his genius, that man is R. L. Stevenson. He who runs may read, and he with any knowledge of literature will, before I have written the words, have imagined Mr. Stevenson writing in the age of Elizabeth or Anne.

\* \* \* But to the devil with literature, I am sick of it; who the deuce cares if Gustave Kahn writes well or badly. Yesterday I met a chappie whose views of life coincide with mine. 'A ripping good dinner,' he says; 'get a skinful of champagne inside you, go to bed when it is light, and get up when you are rested.' This seems to me as concise as it is admirable; indeed there is little to add to it; 'a skinful of champagne' implies everything." \* \* \*



Here is a picture of literary Bohemianism in London :

"Fortunately for my life and my sanity, my interests were, about this time, attracted into other ways—ways that led into London life, and were suitable for me to tread. In a restaurant where low-necked dresses and evening clothes crushed with loud exclamations, where there was ever an odor of cigarette and brandy and soda, I was introduced to a Jew of whom I had heard much, a man who had newspapers and race horses. The bright witty glances of his brown eyes at once prejudiced me in his favor, and it was not long before I knew that I had found another friend. His house was what was wanted, for it was so trenchant in character, so different to all I knew of, that I was forced to accept it, without likening it to any French memory and thereby weakening the impression. It was a house of champagne, late hours, and evening clothes, of literature and art, of passionate discussions. So this house was not so alien to me as all else I had seen in London; and perhaps the cosmopolitanism of this charming Jew, his Hellenism, in fact, was a sort of plank whereon I might pass and enter again into English life. I found in Curzon street another 'Nouvelle Athènes,' a Bohemianism of titles that went back to the Conquest, a Bohemianism of the ten sovereigns always jingling in the trousers pocket, of scrupulous cleanliness, of hansom cabs, of ladies' pet names; of triumphant champagne, of debts, gaslight, supper-parties, morning light, coaching; a fabulous Bohemianism; a Bohemianism of eternal hardupishness and eternal squandering of money,—money that rose at no discoverable well-head and flowed into a sea of boudoirs and restaurants, a sort of whirlpool of sovereigns in which we were caught, and sent eddying through music halls, bright shoulders, tresses of hair, and slang; and I joined in the adorable game of Bohemianism that was played round and about Piccadilly Circus, with Curzon street for a magnificent rallying point. After dinner a general 'clear' was made in the direction of halls and theaters, a few friends would drop in about twelve, and continue their drinking till three or four; but Saturday night was gala night—at half-past eleven the lords drove up in their hansoms, then a genius or two would arrive, and supper and singing went merrily until the chimney-sweeps began to go by, and we took chairs and bottles into the street and entered into discussion with the policeman."

This is a portion of the last reckless chapter :

"And now, hypocritical reader, I will answer the questions which have been agitating you this long while, which you have asked at every stage of this long narrative of a sinful life. Shake not your head, lift not your finger; you can deceive me in nothing. I know the baseness and unworthiness of your soul as I know the baseness and unworthiness of my own. This is a magical tête-à-tête such a one as will never happen in your life again; therefore I say let us put off all customary disguise, let us be frank. You have been asking, exquisitely hypocritical reader, why you have been forced to read this record of sinful life: in your hypocrisy you have said over and over again, What good purpose can it serve for a man to tell us of his unworthiness? You sighed, O hypocritical friend, and you threw the book on the wicker table, where such things lie, and you murmured something about leaving the world a little better than you found it, and you went down to dinner and lost consciousness of the world in the animal enjoyment of your stomach. I hold out my hand to you, I embrace you, you are my brother, and I say, undeceive yourself, you will leave the world no better than you found

it. The pig that is being slaughtered as I write this line will leave the world better than it found it, but you will leave only a carcass fit for nothing but the grave. Look back upon your life, examine it, probe it, weigh it, philosophize on it, and then say, if you dare, that it has not been a very futile and foolish affair. Soldier, robber, priest, atheist, courtesan, virgin, I care not what you are, if you have not brought children into the world to suffer, your life has been as vain and as harmless as mine has been. I hold out my hand to you, we are brothers; but in my heart of hearts I think myself a cut above you, because I do not believe in leaving the world better than I found it; and you, exquisitely hypocritical reader, think that you are a cut above me because you say you would leave the world better than you found it. The one eternal and immutable delight of life is to think, for one reason or another, that we are better than our neighbors. This is why I wrote this book, and this is why it is affording you so much pleasure, O my friend, my brother, because it helps you to the belief that you are not so bad after all. Now to resume. The knell of my thirtieth year has sounded; in three or four years my youth will be as a faint haze on the sea, an illusive recollection; so now while standing on the last verge of the hill, I will look back on the valley I lingered in. Do I regret? I neither repent nor do I regret; and a fool and a weakling I should be if I did. I know the worth and the rarity of more than fifteen years of systematic enjoyment. Nature provided me with as perfect a digestive apparatus, mental and physical, as she ever turned out of her workshop; my stomach and brain are set in the most perfect equipoise possible to conceive, and up and down they went and still go with measured movement, absorbing and assimilating all that is poured into them without friction or stoppage. This book is a record of my mental digestions; but it would take another series of confessions to tell of the dinners I have eaten, the champagne I have drunk! and the suppers! seven dozen of oysters, pâté-de-foie-gras, heaps of truffles, salad, and then a walk home in the early morning, a few philosophical reflections, then sleep, quiet and gentle sleep. \* \* \*

"I have had the rarest and most delightful friends. Ah, how I have loved my friends; the rarest wits of my generation were my boon companions; everything conspired to enable me to gratify my body and my brain; and do you think this would have been so if I had been a good man? If you do you are a fool, good intentions and bald greed go to the wall, but subtle selfishness with a dash of unscrupulousness pulls more plums out of life's pie than the seven deadly virtues. If you are a good man you want a bad one to convert; if you are a bad man you want a bad one to go out on the spree with. And you, my dear, my exquisite reader, place your hand upon your heart, tell the truth, remember this is a magical tête-à-tête which will happen never again in your life, admit that you feel just a little interested in my wickedness, admit that if you ever thought you would like to know me that it is because I know a good deal that you probably don't; admit that your mouth waters when you think of rich and various pleasures that fell to my share in happy, delightful Paris; admit that if this book had been an account of the pious books I had read, the churches I had been to, that you would not have bought it or borrowed it."

Franklin: The sound of your hammer at five in the morning or at nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard table or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day.

## IN A MINOR KEY—SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

*Before the Great White Throne—Unidentified*

"Who speaks for this man?" From the great white Throne;

Veiled in its roseate clouds, the Presence issued forth:  
Before it stood a parted soul alone,

And rolling East and West, and South and North,

The mighty accents summoned quick and dead:

"Who speaks for this man, ere his doom be said?"

Shivering he listened, for his earthly life

Had passed in dull, unnoted calm away;

He brought no glory to his daily strife,

No wreath of fame, or genius' fiery ray;

Weak, lone, ungifted, quiet and obscure,

Born in the shadow, dying 'mid the poor.

Lo, from the solemn concourse hushed and dim,

The widow's prayer, the orphan's blessing rose;

The struggling told of trouble shared by him,

The lonely of cheered hours and softened woes;

And like the chorus spoke the crushed and sad,

He gave us all he could and what he had.

And little words of loving kindness said,

And tender thoughts, and help in time of need,

Sprang up, like leaves by soft spring showers fed

In some waste corner sown by chance-flung seed;

In grateful wonder heard the modest soul,

Such trifles gathered to so blest a whole.

O ye, by circumstance strong fetters bound,

That store so little, and the hand so frail,

Do but the best you can for all around;

Let sympathy be true, nor courage fail;

Winning among your neighbors, poor and weak,

Some witness at your trial hour to speak.

*The Dream of Life—George D. Prentice*

'Twas but a bubble—yet 'twas bright;

And gayly danced along the stream

Of life's wild torrent in the light

Of sunbeams sparkling—like a dream

Of heaven's own bliss for loveliness—

For fleetness like a passing thought;

And even of such dreams as these

The tissue of my life is wrought.

For I have dreamed of pleasure when

The sun of young existence smiled

Upon my wayward path, and then

Her promised sweets my heart beguiled,

But when I came those sweets to sip,

They turned to gall upon my lip.

And I have dreamed of friendship, too;

For Friendship I had thought was made

To be man's solace in the shade,

And glad him in the light; and so,

I fondly thought to find a friend

Whose soul with mine would sweetly blend,

And, as two placid streams unite

And roll their waters in one bright

And tranquil current to the sea,

So might our happy spirits be

Borne onward to eternity;

But he betrayed me, and with pain

I woke—to sleep and dream again.

And then I dreamed of Love; and all

The clustered visions of the past

Seemed airy nothings to that last

Bright dream. It threw a magical

Enchantment o'er existence—cast

A glory on my path so bright

I seemed to breathe and feel its light;

But now that blissful dream is o'er,

And I have waked, to dream no more.

Beyond the farthest glimmering star

That twinkles in the arch above,

There is a world of truth and love  
Which earth's vile passions never mar.

Oh, could I snatch the eagle's plumes,

And soar to that bright world away,

Which God's own holy light illumines

With glories of eternal day!

How gladly every lingering tie

That binds me down to earth I'd sever,

And leave, for that blest home on high,

This hollow-hearted world for ever.

*The Stirrup Cup—Sidney Lanier*

Death, thou art a cordial old and rare,

Look, how compounded, with what care!

Time got his wrinkles reaping thee

Sweet herbs from all antiquity.

David to thy tillage went,

Keats and Gotama excellent,

Omar Khayyam and Chaucer bright,

And Shakespeare for a king's delight.

These were to sweeten thee with song;

The blood of heroes made thee strong;

What heroes! Ah, for shame, for shame!

The worthiest died without a name.

Then, Time, let not a drop be spilt;

Hand me the cup when'er thou wilt;

If death such dear distilment be,

I'll drink it down right smilingly.

*The Gifts of the Fates—Paul Hermes—Atlantic*

When I was born, the Fates inscrutable,

Who do the will of Providence in men,

Came where I slept and brought their awful gifts.

First leaned the Eldest over me, and said,

"This seed, my child, Desire-of-Truth is called.

I plant it in thee; with thy growth 't will grow,

And sweet and bitter shall its harvests be,—

Bitter, and sweet, and fleeting. It will bear

The plenteous apples of fecund Philosophy,

Red-cheeked and fair, but tainted at the core;

And from it thou shalt pluck the grapes of Art,

Which of themselves can never slake thy thirst;

And all the fruits of Science spring from it,—

Eat them thou shalt, with hunger unappeased,

But ever must thou wait the coming crop

To satisfy thy wants. This is my gift."

She paused, and sowed the seeming-tiny seed.

The second Sister, with the mien of one

Who mocks, pretending friendship, smiled, and said,

"Let my boon, little godson, make thee great!

Let it incite thee to excel, to soar

And sing above thy fellows!" And she blew

Ambition's orient bubble in my brain.

Then the third Sister, in whose haggard face

The wreck of beauty swam the waves of age,

Came to the cradle, looked at me, and stopped,

As one who bears irrevocable news

Delays a while to tell them. When she spoke,

A lover's pity trembled in her words:

"Life's youngest hope! my benison to thee!

Pilgrim and waif, too soon the knowledge comes

That Earth is vast and lonely. For thy mate

A Woman's Image in thine inmost soul

Indelibly I cut; nor Time, nor thou,

May blot it out or mar. It is thy lot

To wander through the world and seek a face

To match thy soul's presentment. By decree,

These eyes shall haunt thee when thou fathomest

The dark or purple eyes of half a race

Of women; and distinctly from these lips,

Though Folly lure thee, and though Circe tempt,

A voice shall speak,—*My Lover, come away,—*



Till thou shalt turn and listen. Books and throngs,  
The stress of circumstance, and pride of power,  
And the strong urge of emulous desire  
To trample evil for another's good,—  
These shall detain thee, but they may not keep.

"Thy baffled yearning haply may create  
In casual friend the semblance of thy Love,—  
A pitiful illusion! Sad, like it  
The shadowy counterpart thy restless mind  
May conjure from his hopes, and designate  
To be in fancy worshiped for the true,—  
This lifeless changeling shall thy passion scorn.  
Oft thou shalt feel, but vaguely guess the cause,  
Amid the heat of spectral merriment,  
Cold, sudden pangs, as for a world bereaved;  
Tears shalt thou shed, that thine estate, the Earth,  
Is but a film ensphering emptiness,  
Which lately seemed an empire, boundless, bright,  
Where Hope may mate him with heroic deeds,  
And splendid Enterprise may kindle Will  
To glory, as the sunrise kindles ocean.  
Nay, even in thy triumphs thou shalt grieve,  
And sigh the cheapness of success that lifts  
You nothing nearer her. Yet evermore,  
Above the victory, beyond despair,  
Her smile shall teach reproof, encouragement.

"At night, beneath the solemn stars and moon,  
Thou shalt have inklings that thy Lady lives;  
In forests dim, across the sea's repose,  
By vales of noon, near ever-youthful brooks,  
Contented lakes, and islands slumberous,  
And on the mountains which outspread their slopes  
To hoard the golden bounty of the sun,  
Thy heart shall cry, *She lives!* The birds shall sing  
Their hints of her; the flowers murmur, *Haste,*  
*But now our Sister passed;* thou shalt believe  
The poets are her prophets; thou shalt start  
To hear her voice when violin or flute  
Wafts notes ineffable on Music's tide;  
And when dead Beauty looketh down on thee  
From out the fading Past, as angels shine  
Upon believers, through the Future's veil,  
Thou shalt exclaim, *'Tis she!* *The painter saw*  
*Or dreamed my Love! I may not rest! On! On!*

"This, darling, is the destiny I grave  
Upon thine inmost soul. Thy quest shall be  
The pattern of this Image. Thou shalt search  
Through all the dark and open ways of life,  
Retreat, repose, despair prohibited;  
And often shalt thou think of Death itself  
As of a stream upon whose farther bank  
This Form, elusive, beautiful, and dear,  
Thou shalt pursue no more."

She softly kissed  
My lips, and then departed with her mates.  
The babe slept on, unconscious of his doom.

*Who Shall Go First?—The Presbyterian*  
Who shall go first to the shadowy land,

My love or I?  
Whose will it be in grief to stand  
And press the cold, unanswering hand,  
Wipe from the brow the dew of death,  
And catch the softly fluttering breath,  
Breathe the loved name, nor hear reply,  
In anguish watch the glazing eye:  
His or mine?

Which shall bend over the wounded sod,  
My love or I?  
Commending the precious soul to God,  
Till the doleful fall of the muffled clod  
Startles the mind to a consciousness  
Of its bitter anguish and life-distress,

Dropping the pall o'er the love-lit past  
With a mournful murmur, "The last—the last,"  
My love or I?

Which shall return to the desolate home,  
My love or I?  
And list for a step that shall never come,  
And hark for a voice that must still be dumb,  
While the half-stunned senses wander back  
To the cheerless life and thorny track,  
Where the silent room and the vacant chair,  
Have memories sweet and hard to bear:  
My love or I?

Ah! then, perchance to that mourner there!  
My love or I?  
Wrestling with anguish and deep despair,  
An angel shall come through the gates of prayer,  
And the burning eyes shall cease to weep,  
And the sobs melt down in a sea of sleep,  
While fancy, freed from the chains of day,  
Through the shadowy dreamland floats away:  
My love or I?

And then, methinks, on that boundary land,  
My love or I!  
The mourned and the mourner together shall stand,  
Or walk by those rivers of shining sand,  
Till the dreamer, awakened at dawn of day,  
Finds the stone of his sepulcher rolled away,  
And over the cold, dull waste of death,  
The warm, bright sunlight of holy faith,  
My love and I!

*The Knock at the Door—Unidentified*

Knock! Knock!  
You cannot come in;  
The door is brass  
And the bolt is sin.  
Stand on the threshold, trembling and cold,  
Beautiful angel, with hair of gold!  
Maud, come hither and sit on my knee;  
I'll kiss thy lips, and thou'lt kiss me.  
Beatrice, thou of the milk-white hands,  
Fondle my long hair's electric strands.  
Blanche, no pouting, I vow I will rest  
My head if I like, in that dove-like breast.  
Knock! Knock!  
You cannot come in;  
The door is brass  
And the bolt is sin.  
You are not meet for this company bold,  
Heavenly angel, with hair of gold!  
Pile the wood up in the chimney wide,  
Till the flame leaps high like the devil's pride.  
In silver tankards simmer the wine,  
Spice it with cinnamon fresh and fine;  
And we'll bask and drink, and drink and bask,  
While ever there lasts a log or a flask!

Knock! Knock!  
You cannot come in;  
The door is brass  
And the bolt is sin.  
Rollick and riot you must not behold,  
White-robed angel, with hair of gold,  
The wine is bitter, the blaze is dim;  
What horrible chill creeps o'er each limb?  
I scarce can see as I gaze abroad.  
Where are ye, Beatrice, Blanche, and Maud?  
Ah, Heaven! Come kiss me—some fire—some light!  
Speak, lemans, or else I shall perish with fright!

Knock! Knock!  
How did you come in?  
The door was brass,  
And the bolt was sin.  
Where are your white robes, your hair of gold?  
Angel of Death, your touch is cold!

## VANITY FAIR—FADS, FOIBLES AND FASHIONS

*Gold-Plated Freckles—Baltimore News*

That was an acute young woman, who, finding herself well freckled after a day's outing and no cosmetic near, touched each with a camels'-hair pencil dipped in gold lye and the finest gold powder. The effect was piquant, aided by a dust of gold powder on the front hair. Of course she did not apply it with a polka-dotted effect, but so lightly the gilded gleam was only caught in certain light. A lotion of chloride of lime, made very weak and dried on the face in the sun for five minutes and washed off with lemon juice, followed by glycerine, will usually banish freckles. If they don't go at the first application they will with sufficient repetition. Or you may touch the freckles with javelle water, taking great care it does not touch the eyes, lips or the inside of the nose, and after a few minutes washing off with lemon or vinegar. When I say that javelle water, used by laundresses, will bleach the hair, it is distinctly not with a view of recommending it, as it will undoubtedly kill the hair and injure the brain in time, as all hair bleaches and golden dyes do. The Italian wash for the neck may be one of the secrets of beauty tried by the Venetian society of ladies. They evidently did not stand for delicate applications, for they bleached their hair with soap lye and whitened their dainty necks with this searching preparation, which is a good thing for cleansing carpets: "Take a quart of oxgall, two ounces alum, two ounces sugar candy, two drachms camphor, beat them and mix with the gall. Keep it six weeks in the sun, dilute and put some powder of pearl in it and wash with it." Wheat flour mingled with honey and vinegar was applied as a paste to the face when red and erysipelatous. Barley water, with bitter almonds beaten in it, lemon juice and wine was a cooling and softening face lotion. Camphor gum, the size of a goose egg, was infused in a pint of water a month, and a tablespoonful of this in three of milk was a wash prized for coarse faces. Wrinkles are the dread of court beauties, and many are the recipes to avert them, though it is always "to cleanse the skin and brighten the complexion." One balsamic water said to remove wrinkles is barley water strained through cloth, with a few drops of Balm of Gilead in it, allowed to stand several hours, with frequent shaking till it dissolves and the water grows milky. "If used only once in twenty-four hours it takes away wrinkles and gives the skin a surprising luster." Washing the face in acid buttermilk is a country cosmetic, still in favor for sunburn, freckles and scaly skin. The juice pressed from cucumbers is altogether preferable, and, though of old repute, is a fashionable London preparation. The juice of milkweed also is a proprietary lotion for the face, sold by the modish cosmetic artists abroad. These vegetable lotions being gummy, protecting and deterrent, refine the skin, and, unlike spirituous washes, do not bring out the hair on the cheeks of ambitious beauty.

*The Century's Ideal—George Moore's "Confessions"*

Each century has its special ideal, the ideal of the nineteenth is a young man. The seventeenth century is only woman—see the tapestries, the delightful goddesses who have discarded their hoops and heels to appear in still more delightful nakedness, the noble woods, the tall castles, with the hunters looking round; no servile archæology chills the fancy, it is but a delightful whim; and this treatment of antiquity is the highest proof of the genius of the seventeenth century. See the Fragonards—the ladies in high-peaked bodices, their little ankles showing

amid the snow of the petticoats. Up they go; you can almost hear their light false voices into the summer of the leaves, where Loves are garlanded even as of roses. Masks and arrows are everywhere, all the machinery of light and gracious days. In the Watteaus the note is more pensive; there is satin and sunset, plausible gestures and reluctance—false reluctance; the guitar is tinkling, and exquisite are the notes in the languid evening; and there is the Pierrot, that marvelous white animal, sensual and witty and glad, the soul of the century—ankles and epigrams everywhere, for love was not then sentimental, it was false and a little cruel; see the furniture and the polished floor, and the tapestries with whose delicate tints and decorations the high hair blends, the footstool and the heel and the calf of the leg that is withdrawn, showing in the shadows of the lace; look at the satin of the bodices, the fan outspread, the wigs so adorably false, the knee-breeches, the buckles on the shoes, how false; adorable little comedy, adorably mendacious; and how sweet it is to feast on these sweet lies, it is a divine delight to us, wearied with the hideous sincerity of newspapers. Then it was the man who knelt at the woman's feet, it was the man who pleaded and the woman who acceded; but in our century the place of the man is changed, it is he who holds the fan, it is he who is besought; and if one were to dream of continuing the tradition of Watteau and Fragonard in the nineteenth century, he would have to take note of and meditate deeply and profoundly on this, as he sought to formulate and synthesize the erotic spirit of our age. \* \* \*

The position of a young man in the nineteenth century is the most enviable that has ever fallen to the lot of any human creature. He is the rare bird, and is fêted, flattered, adored. The sweetest words are addressed to him, the most loving looks are poured upon him. The young man can do no wrong. Every house is open to him, and the best of everything is laid before him; girls dispute the right to serve him; they come to him with cake and wine, they sit circlewise and listen to him, and when one is fortunate to get him alone she will hang round his neck, she will propose to him, and will take his refusal kindly and without resentment. They will not let him stoop to tie up his shoe lace, but will rush and simultaneously claim the right to attend on him. To represent in a novel a girl proposing marriage to a man would be deemed unnatural, but nothing is more common; there are few young men who have not received at least a dozen offers, nay, more; it is characteristic, it has become instinctive for girls to choose, and they prefer men not to make love to them; and every young man who knows his business avoids making advances, knowing well that it will only put the girl off. In a society so constituted, what a delightful opening there is for a young man. He would have to waltz perfectly, play tennis fairly, the latest novel would suffice for literary attainments; billiards, shooting, and hunting, would not come in amiss, for he must not be considered a useless being by men; not that women are much influenced by the opinion of men in their choice of favorites, but the reflex action of the heart, although not so marked as that of the stomach, exists and must be kept in view, besides a man who would succeed with women, must succeed with men; the real Lovelace is loved by all. Like gravitation, love draws all things. Our young man would have to be five feet eleven, or six feet, broad shoulders, light brown hair, deep eyes, soft and suggestive,



broad shoulders, a thin neck, long delicate hands, a high instep. His nose should be straight, his face oval and small, he must be clean about the hips, and his movements must be naturally caressing. He comes into the ball-room, his shoulders well back, he stretches his hand to the hostess, he looks at her earnestly (it is characteristic of him to think of the hostess first, he is in her house, the house is well-furnished, and is suggestive of excellent meats and wines). He can read through the slim woman whose black hair, a-glitter with diamonds, contrasts with her white satin; an old man is talking to her, she dances with him, and she refused a young man a moment before. This is a bad sign; our Lovelace knows it; there is a stout woman of thirty-five, who is looking at him, red satin bodice, doubtful taste. He looks away; a little blonde woman fixes her eyes on him, she looks as innocent as a child; instinctively our Lovelace turns to his host. "Who is that little blonde woman over there, the right hand corner?" he asks. "Ah, that is Lady —." "Will you introduce me?" "Certainly." Lovelace has made up his mind. Then there is a young oldish girl, richly dressed; "I hear her people have a nice house in a hunting country, I will dance with her, and take the mother into supper, and, if I can get a moment, will have a pleasant talk with the father in the evening." In manner Lovelace is facile and easy; he never says no, it is always yes, ask him what you will; but he only does what he has made up his mind it is his advantage to do. Apparently he is an embodiment of all that is unselfish, for he knows that after he has helped himself, it is advisable to help some one else, and thereby make a friend who, on a future occasion, will be useful to him. Put a violinist into a room filled with violins, and he will try every one. Lovelace will put each woman aside so quietly that she is often not aware that she has been put aside. Her life is broken; she is content that it should be broken. The real genius for love lies not in getting into, but getting out of love.

*Husband and Wife—The Woman's Magazine*

The fretful partner is like an incurable disease, and should be run off to the hospital for incurables just as soon as the case has become chronic. Fretfulness clogs the wheels of the whole domestic machine and dampens the genial atmosphere that belongs to the home; clouds the sunshine that should warm and brighten it. It is an intolerable evil; and, if it cannot be abated by mild methods, it should be indicted as a nuisance. The extravagant partner never counts the cost of anything that is desired, but plunges headlong into all sorts of foolish purchases. He is a veritable Toodles. The penurious partner goes as reprehensively in the opposite direction, and his parsimony makes the other half of the firm miserable. The lazy partner seeks to throw the entire cares of the breadgetting upon the other, and yet expects to fare as well. Happily we have no domestic firms in this country in which the weaker partner is degraded by the slavish labor imposed upon her, as it is in some countries, where a woman is seen doing or assisting in the work of an animal—a beast of burden—while the noble husband performs some easier task. It is well that public opinion would not tolerate such a barbarous spectacle here. There are cases, no doubt, where the wife suffers enough of indignity and neglect without that. Of course all of these domestic firms cannot be wealthy ones, but all can and should be equal to the division of the profits that accrue from their joint efforts to keep up the reputation and promote the prosperity of the concern. The average woman, among the class of people who depend upon employment for their being, does full as much work of her own kind, as the man; and, as a rule,

does it with less grumbling. She spends less out of the general fund for beer and tobacco, and yet receives less dividends than he does. Such partnerships are glaringly inequitable, and, though sanctioned by custom, should not exist. Man—must I say it?—is an egotistic animal, and though he have a true, devoted and hard-working partner in his wife, almost invariably speaks of "my farm" and "my house," even if his gentle partner has contributed largely toward acquiring it. In many of these domestic partnerships the woman makes far the longer days, working, perhaps, till bedtime, while the other smokes his pipe and reads his newspaper, and yet he hugs himself with the idiotic delusion that he is supporting this weary creature, who does a hundred things that never enter his obtuse brain. In his conceit it is only he who toils, while those frailer hands and more thoughtful head are doing far more than he to build up this domestic establishment.

*A Viennese Godiva on a Wager—N. Y. Mercury*

Two desperate rivals for supremacy in that half of the world where to be notorious is to reign, agreed upon a heavy wager—betting was just then very "fashionable" in fast female Viennese circles—the purport of which was as follows: Fraulein R. bet Frau Von D. that she would not attend a particular masked ball at the Sophien Saal, arrayed in a full length domino, and nothing else. Any addition to the costume—excepting, of course, shoes and a mask—was to result in the fraulein claiming the stakes. Secrecy was stipulated on both sides, *cela va sans dire*. Frau von D. fulfilled the conditions and won the wager; but whether her fair enemy betrayed her to a chosen few, or whether a too hasty movement furnished revelation to some keen eye, certain it is that she had not been five minutes in the room before groups of men attached themselves to her footsteps, and crowded round her wherever she went. Half frightened out of her life—for an exposure might have cost her her liberty, the Austrian police not being given to joking on such matters—she broke through the inquisitive throng and fled upstairs into the galleries. In the corner of the most remote hiding place she could discover she was found by the attendants of the hall after all the guests had departed; and by the expenditure of a few florins—she had her purse in the pocket of her domino—she managed to get away scot free, but tearful and repentant.

*Beauty in Brazil—Correspondence Chicago Mail*

Bahia is a city of 117,000 population, and to an American, especially a young American, it seems that about 100,000 of that number is composed of pretty girls, *senoritas* of wonderful physical charms and an agreeable lack of mental incisiveness and assertative opinionism. Assertative opinionism doesn't seem to fadge, as it were, with the climatic influences which surround and enwrap one upon landing in Bahia. The very air, added to the half old world, half barbaric civilization, is particularly conducive to a spirit of do-nothingism, think-nothingism. Spanish is a lazy language, the tropics exercise a surprisingly lazy influence, and one has every example and inducement to abandon his northern spirit of rush and hustle and to relapse into that state of *dolce far niente* so dear to the Spanish American heart. The climate is made for love, laziness and cigarette smoking. In spite of the enervating influences so prevalent lots of business is transacted in Bahia, mostly after the Philadelphia plan of conservative slowness, sureness and consequent safety. Big Spanish houses are beginning to employ an army of young Americans to transact their business, and these same young fellows generally are enterprising and of the "get there" class. Many boys of excellent family and antecedents have matrimonial "snaps" open to them which would make the heart of a

real Italian count throb wildly in an ecstasy of joy. The *senoritas*, daughters of wealthy, influential often noble parents, are anxious, collectively and individually, to seize upon these transplanted sons of freedom, rush them before a priest and get them for their own property forever and aye. The *senoritas* are as beautiful as *houris* in youth, and can love like a house afire. Their figures are universally models for brunette *Venuses*, and their feet are arched like rainbows and Cinderella in size. Their glorious eyes can set any well constituted man's blood going like a respiration pump at a glance, and their ruby lips are, as many of the boys can practically prove, equally perfect in action for kissing or cigarette smoking. They have money—many of them lots of it—and they stand ready and willing with all their worldly goods to endow almost any young American of whose affections they can become undisputed mistress. Red hair and freckles are not counted as obstacles in the matrimonial market. In fact, at first acquaintance *senorita* is an angel, a *Venus*, and a muse all rolled into one. But—for there is a but, and a hydra-headed one—the obverse of this pleasing picture comes under observation after a longer acquaintance. *Senorita*, first of all, is ignorant—as ignorant as sin. She is passionate, and passion in the tropics means a jealousy which is insanity when thoroughly aroused. She is unscrupulously barbaric, and has a temper compared to which, when once aroused, a cyclone is a gentle zephyr. *Senorita's* beauty is as fleeting as fog, as evanescent as a sunbeam, a thing of the present solely, which has no place in the future—that is, in that future which stretches beyond the age of thirty years. At sixteen she is a picture, at twenty a dream of Oriental loveliness, a *hasheesh* inspiration to stir men's souls to any deed; at twenty-five she is slightly *passé*; at thirty she is a hag, obese, yellow, sharp-voiced, possibly addicted to drink, and certainly addicted to the pipe and cigarette.

*Browns, Blondes and Brunettes—Buffalo News*

In the course of fifteen minutes' walk on Broadway the other day I counted 200 women, young and old, with hair ranging from a medium brown to the darkest shades which all but artists call black. Only 13 women were passed who were of the pronounced blonde order. Three of these were of the reddish classes, and the hair of two had apparently been bleached. At the theater, the same evening, of 50 women within easy range, six had fair skins, blue eyes and light hair. They sat surrounded by a bevy of dark women, who gave its prevailing tone to the complexion of the house. Interest in the results observed led me next morning to a public school. One class of eighty girls had eight blondes to seventy-two average browns and brunettes. Another of 65 had 16 fair-haired pupils to 55 standard brown heads and darker. In a third class the proportions were 7 light to 50 muddy and dark. The statement may be hazarded that not above eight or ten per cent. of New York women are blondes. In the big dry-goods stores one is waited on by sales-girls with brown bangs, and brown, black, hazel or gray eyes. There is a clerk in one establishment who is celebrated among half of the shopping population for her wonderful, babyish hair, the type commanding by its rarity instant attention. Go anywhere where pretty girls congregate and you meet tall, striking-looking figures with dark hair and big, dark eyes. Is the blonde type disappearing, and if so, why? Among men the proportion of blonds seems to be a trifle larger than among women. In both sexes, however, in spite of the strong infusion of Teutonic blood, the dark complexion dominates. If you don't believe it, make observations when you go into a public place and see.

*Blackmail as a Fine Art—Correspondence Chicago Herald*

Gotham is to-day paying tribute to a vast legion of women who live upon the folly, the egotism and the innate brutality of men. Police Inspector Williams, who is beyond all question the best authority upon the subject, estimates their number at 20,000. Ex-Supt. Walling goes even higher, and puts the figure 10,000 beyond. The methods employed by these women display a bewildering novelty and ingenuity. Some are practically blackmail, but blackmail so delicate and artistic as not to come within the law. Of those who work this vein the most ingenious is a siren about twenty-eight years of age, medium sized, handsomely proportioned, elegantly dressed, with a brilliant brunette face that would command notice and admiration everywhere. When "at work" she would leave her home at 9.30 or 10 A. M., and take some thoroughfare frequented by the merchants, bankers and wealthy men in general. For dudes, actors and professional "mashers" she had no eye. But a portly, well-clothed man, whose mien and demeanor suggested a prosperous *paterfamilias*, received her smile and bow the moment he looked at her in half-recognition. Twice in three times the bait took and the victim made her acquaintance. From now on it was clear sailing. She would use all her powers of conversation to fascinate her new friend and was seldom unsuccessful. Money was never mentioned. In reply to the queries he would naturally make she always gave the same story. She was a widow, well-born, well-educated, enjoying life and pleasure, and having—thanks to her dear dead husband's love and forethought—a limited income of \$1,000 a year, just enough to support her in comfort. The story reassured the admirer, who in his heart had feared that his new *inamorata* was anything but what she said. With him she for the next week lunched, attended *matinées* and drove through the park and on the boulevard. In the mean time she wormed from him his home and office address, the names of his wife and children and a hundred details in regard to his private life. When this was accomplished her next move was to send a begging letter, in which she stated that her remittances were delayed by litigation or cut off by reason of some corporation skipping its dividend, and wound up by a very neat and affectionate request for a loan of a sum of money, anywhere from \$100 to \$500, according to the pecuniary responsibility of her prey. Once in three times this would bring a financial return. Twice it would not. Then came the master stroke. With a course pen and the blackest of ink she would write a fervent love letter upon heavy white paper, inclose it in the thinnest and most transparent steamer envelope and mail it to him at his own house. It always began, "My Own Darling" or "My Dearest and Sweetest Love," and ended, "Hoping to lay your dear tired head again upon my breast, Your Little Love, May." There was not a single unkind word in the letter. There was a vast amount of passionate love and a very distant reference to the number of dollars wanted. A near-sighted man could read the compromising epistle through the envelope. Much more readily could a jealous wife or an inquisitive sister or daughter. The luckless man received the missive at the breakfast table. He recognized the handwriting, read a dozen words through the envelope, and then went into a cold perspiration. While in most cases the relationship between the man and woman had been innocent, the letter bore all the indicia of guilt, and in a divorce court would have been proof presumptive against the husband. Its effect was terrific and instantaneous. He lost his appetite for breakfast, and left immediately for his office or for the house of his correspondent. Nine times in ten the money was forthcoming, and



in many instances large sums were paid to compromise the matter and induce secrecy. So far as is known she began her career in this line of business on Thirteenth street, transferred it to Johnson street, Brooklyn, near Miner's Brooklyn Theater, and then went to Twenty-sixth street, near Broadway. In all three places she had magnificent rooms, kept a two-horse coupé and wore clothes, diamonds and jewelry worth \$2,000 at least. Her first departure from New York was induced by Inspector, then Captain, Alexander S. Williams; from Brooklyn by Police Capt. James Campbell, of the First Precinct, and her last in New York by Howe & Hummel, the great criminal lawyers. In all these cases the would-be victim, instead of being scared, waxed wroth and made confession to the police or to his counsel. The woman now resides near Central Park, but does not seem as prosperous as before.

*Distance Covered by a Waltz—Chicago American*

Mr. Edward Scott, in his *Dancing and Dancers*, makes the following estimate of the distance actually waltzed over in an evening by a belle of the ball room: "Do you, 'my fair and fragile reader,' think you would go six times around a moderate-sized ball room, say, making a circuit of eighty yards during a waltz? Yes, at least, even allowing for rest. That, then, is four hundred and eighty yards, if you went in a straight line. But you are turning neatly all the time, say on an average once in each yard of onward progress, and the circumference of a circle is rather more than three times its diameter, which will bring each waltz to over three-quarters of a mile, or, at least fourteen miles for eighteen waltzes."

*A Monte Cristo Fête—Correspondence Chicago Tribune*

Never, not even in the most brilliant days of the Empire, has Paris seen a more splendid fête than M. Cernuschi's fancy dress ball. It was an assemblage of the most brilliant people in the cosmopolitan society of Paris, in the most splendid private mansion in the world. I will not here enter upon a description of M. Cernuschi's house, in the Avenue Velasquez. It has long been famed as one of the great sights of the city. People speak of its marble stairway and its bronze gallery as they do of the Taj Mahal, or the Sistine frescoes. Not the least interesting feature of it all, moreover, is the fact that M. Cernuschi has made a will giving it all, at his death, to the city of Paris. The value of this gift, I suppose, cannot be less than \$4,000,000. It is comparable only with the Duc d'Aumale's gift of Chantilly. I need only say as to the size of the mansion that a thousand invitations were sent out, by actual count more than two thousand guests were present, and yet nowhere and at no time was there any crowding. M. Cernuschi was clad in a Japanese costume, and so were the dozen bachelor friends who assisted him in receiving the guests, and as they stood together at the top of the great marble staircase they presented such a scene of picturesque magnificence as is not to be described, nor even to be imagined, save in the dreams of one who has been reading "The Count of Monte Cristo." It was intended originally that dancing should be begun by Mlle. Jeanne Hugo, granddaughter of the poet, and some thirty other young ladies selected for their beauty. But Mlle. Jeanne Hugo was too ill, and this plan was abandoned. But the scene in the great bronze gallery was just as brilliant as it could be. Such costumes were never seen before, and the value of the jewels worn was to be reckoned by millions of dollars. A conspicuous figure was Mme. Gauthereau, the noted Creole beauty. She was dressed as Cupid, and of course her raiment was exceedingly scanty. But she was literally incrustated with gold and gems. The abbreviated skirts of her

costume were actually made of pure gold, spun and woven into gauze so delicate that it was not much heavier than silk. Another much-admired costume was that of the famous beauty, Mme. Bernardaki. She was a Diana. Her bodice was of blue velvet and her skirt of white satin, and every stitch in the seam of these was marked by a diamond or a sapphire. Hanging over her shoulders was a panther's skin, and her hair was powdered, not with diamond dust, but with diamonds and sapphires as big as peas, all held in place by a network of gold thread. She had on her person more than \$250,000 worth of precious stones. Mlle. Marie Van Zandt, the American singer, was esteemed one of the most beautiful ladies present. The daughter of M. Carolus Duran was charming in a Japanese dress. Her father was attired as a Hindoo Rajah, and not, as one might have expected, as Velasquez. Mme. Pasta, the actress, wore a set of real imperial Russian sables, one of less than a dozen sets in the world owned by persons outside of royalty. She had also a marvelous coronet of pearls and diamonds said to be worth more than \$100,000.

*Parisian Ladies' Fads—New York Star*

The personal effects of Marie Regnault, the murdered mistress of Pranzini, have been sold at public auction at the Hotel Drouot. There was a terrible crowd, including many ladies of fashion and aristocratic rank. All the effects of the dead woman were sold, including her clothing, and almost fabulous prices were paid. For example, a pair of blue silk corsets brought \$37. A trashy novel which she was reading just before she was killed brought \$25; the publisher's price of it is 75 cents. The blue silk stockings which she had on when she was killed were purchased by a Russian countess for \$43. A basin in which Pranzini was said to have washed the blood from his hands after the murder brought \$15. A chiffonier, on which are to be seen the marks of his bloody fingers, brought \$85. A heavy coat of waterproof transparent varnish has been put over the finger marks to prevent them from being obliterated. A pair of common silk garters brought \$5 each. One lady, a rich banker's wife, paid \$32 for a pink silk under-vest, considerably worn, and at once stripped off the half dozen buttons and sold them for \$2 apiece. A tooth-brush brought \$4 and a shoe-buttoner \$3, though neither cost over 50 cents new. A wife of a deputy wears a brooch containing a tiny gallows noose made of Pranzini's hair, and another lady, a duchess, has set in a ring one of the handsome teeth for which the murderer was famous. She bribed the executioner to knock it out of his jaw for her as soon as he was dead. As is well known the corpse of Pranzini was completely skinned, and the tanned hide made up into pocket-books, card cases and other souvenirs.

*An Idea for Dull Gatherings—The Golden Rule*

The following hint comes to us from a Presbyterian church in Evanston. Each person present was provided with a card on which were printed a dozen numbered lines. These lines were filled out with the corresponding names, and each person was expected to talk for five minutes with every one whose name was written on his card. At the expiration of five minutes a bell was struck, and each person sought out his next "partner," whose name was written on his card. We understand that this plan worked admirably; wall-flowers were eliminated, every person, however bashful, received even attention, the timid were brought out, cliques were broken up, and all went home happy and good-natured, and voting that church sociables are not necessarily dull. This plan was originated for a young people's sociable, but we do not see why it would not apply just as well to any social gathering.

## CHAPTERS FROM THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM

## Shadows from Child-Life :

The full African moon poured down its light from the blue sky into the wide, lonely plain. The dry, sandy earth, with its coating of stunted "karroo" bushes a few inches high, the low hills that skirted the plain, the milk-bushes with their long finger-like leaves, all were touched by a weird and an almost oppressive beauty as they lay in the white light.

In one spot only was the solemn monotony of the plain broken. Near the center a small solitary "kopje" rose. Alone it lay there, a heap of round ironstones piled one upon another, as over some giant's grave. Here and there a few tufts of grass or small succulent plants had sprung up among its stones, and on the very summit a clump of prickly-pears lifted their thorny arms, and reflected, as from mirrors, the moonlight on their broad fleshy leaves. At the foot of the "kopje" lay the homestead. First, the stone-walled "sheep kraals" and Kaffir huts; beyond them the dwelling-house—a square red-brick building with thatched roof. Even on its bare red walls, and the wooden ladder that led up to the loft, the moonlight cast a kind of dreamy beauty, and quite etherealized the low brick wall that ran before the house, and which enclosed a bare patch of sand and two straggling sunflowers.

Sleep ruled everywhere, and the homestead was not less quiet than the solitary plain.

In the farm-house, on her great wooden bedstead, Tant' Sannie, the Boer-woman, rolled heavily in her sleep.

She had gone to bed, as she always did, in her clothes, and the night was warm and the room close, and she dreamed bad dreams. Not of the ghosts and devils that so haunted her waking thoughts; not of her second husband, the consumptive Englishman, whose grave lay away beyond the ostrich-camps, nor of her first, the young Boer; but only of the sheep's trotters she had eaten for supper that night. She dreamed that one stuck fast in her throat, and she rolled her huge form, and snorted horribly.

In the next room, where the maid had forgotten to close the shutter, the white moonlight fell in in a flood, and made it light as day. There were two small beds against the wall. In one lay a yellow-haired child, with a low forehead and a face of freckles; but the loving moonlight hid defects here as elsewhere, and showed only the innocent face of a child in its first sweet sleep.

The figure in the companion bed belonged of right to the moonlight, for it was of quite elfin-like beauty. The child had dropped her cover on the floor, and the moonlight looked in at the naked little limbs.

Only in one of the outbuildings that jutted from the wagon-house there was some one who was not asleep. The room was dark; door and shutter were closed; not a ray of light entered anywhere. The German overseer, to whom the room belonged, lay sleeping soundly on his bed in the corner, his great arms folded, and his bushy gray and black beard rising and falling on his breast. But one in the room was not asleep. Two large eyes looked about in the darkness, and two small hands were smoothing the patchwork quilt. The boy, who slept on a box under the window, had just awakened from his first sleep. He drew the quilt up to his chin, so that little peered above it but a great head of silky black curls and the two black eyes. He stared about in the darkness. Nothing was visible, not even the outline of one worm-eaten rafter, nor of the deal table, on which lay the Bible from which his father had

read before they went to bed. There was something very impressive to the child in the complete darkness.

At the head of his father's bed hung a great silver hunting watch. It ticked loudly. The boy listened to it, and began mechanically to count. Tick—tick—tick! one, two, three, four! He lost count presently, and only listened. Tick—tick—tick—tick!

It never waited; it went on inexorably; and every time it ticked *a man died*! He raised himself a little on his elbow and listened. He wished it would leave off.

How many times had it ticked since he came to lie down? A thousand times, a million times, perhaps.

He tried to count again, and sat up to listen better.

"Dying, dying!" said the watch; "dying, dying, dying!"

He heard it distinctly. Where were they going to, all those people?

He lay down quickly and pulled the cover up over his head; but presently the silky curls reappeared.

"Dying, dying!" said the watch; "dying, dying, dying!"

He thought of the words his father had read that evening—"For wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat."

"Many, many, many!" said the watch.

"Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

"Few, few, few!" said the watch.

The boy lay with his eyes wide open. He saw before him a long stream of people, a great dark multitude, that moved in one direction; then they came to the dark edge of the world, and went over. He saw them passing on before him, and there was nothing that could stop them. He thought of how that stream had rolled on through all the long ages of the past—how the old Greeks and Romans had gone over; the countless millions of China and India, they were going over now. Since he had come to bed, how many had gone!

And the watch said, "Eternity, eternity, eternity!"

"Stop them! stop them!" cried the child.

And all the while the watch kept ticking on; just like God's will, that never changes or alters.

Great beads of perspiration stood on the boy's forehead. He climbed out of bed and lay with his face turned to the mud floor.

"Oh, God, God! save them," he cried in agony. "Only some; only a few! Only for each moment I am praying here one!" He folded his little hands upon his head. "God! God! save them!" He groveled on the floor.

Oh, the long, long ages of the past, in which they had gone over! Oh, the long, long future, in which they would pass away! Oh, God! the long, long, long eternity, which has no end!

The child wept, and crept closer to the ground.

## The Sacrifice :

The farm by daylight was not as the farm by moonlight. The plain was a weary flat of loose red sand, sparsely covered by dry karroo bushes, that cracked beneath the tread like tinder, and showed the red earth everywhere. Here and there a milk-bush lifted its pale-colored rods, and in every direction the ants and beetles ran about in the blazing sand. The red walls of the farmhouse, the zinc roofs of the outbuildings, the stone walls of the "kraals," all reflected the fierce sunlight, till the eye ached.

The Boer-woman, seen by daylight, was even less lovely



than when, in bed, she rolled and dreamed. She sat on a chair in the great front room, with her feet on a wooden stool, and wiped her flat face with the corner of her apron, and drank coffee, and in Cape Dutch swore that the beloved weather was damned. Less lovely, too, by daylight was the dead Englishman's child, her little step-daughter, upon whose freckles and low, wrinkled forehead the sunlight had no mercy.

The overseer, seen by daylight, was a huge German, wearing a shabby suit, and with a childish habit of rubbing his hands and nodding his head prodigiously when pleased at anything. He stood out at the kraals in the blazing sun, explaining to two Kaffir boys the approaching end of the world. The boys, as they cut the cakes of dung, winked at each other, and worked as slowly as they possibly could.

Away beyond the "kopje," Waldo, his son, herded the ewes and lambs—a small and dusty herd—powdered all over from head to foot with red sand, wearing a ragged coat and shoes of undressed leather, through whose holes the toes looked out. His hat was too large, and had sunk down to his eyes, concealing completely the silky black curls. It was a curious small figure. His flock gave him little trouble. It was too hot for them to move far; they gathered round every little milk-bush as though they hoped to find shade, and stood there motionless in clumps. He himself crept under a shelving rock that lay at the foot of the "kopje," stretched himself on his stomach, and waved his dilapidated little shoes in the air.

Soon, from the blue bag where he kept his dinner, he produced a fragment of slate, an arithmetic, and a pencil. Proceeding to put down a sum with solemn and earnest demeanor, he began to add it up aloud: "Six and two is eight—and four is twelve—and two is fourteen—and four is eighteen." Here he paused. "And four is eighteen—and—four—is—eighteen." The last was very much drawled. Slowly the pencil slipped from his fingers, and the slate followed it into the sand. For a while he lay motionless, then began muttering to himself, folded his little arms, laid his head down upon them, and might have been asleep, but for a muttering sound that from time to time proceeded from him. A curious old ewe came to sniff at him; but it was long before he raised his head. When he did, he looked at the far-off hills.

"Ye shall receive—*shall, shall, shall,*" he muttered.

He sat up then. Slowly the dullness and heaviness melted from his face; it became radiant. Mid-day had come now, and the sun's rays were poured down vertically; the earth throbbed before the eye.

The boy stood up quickly, and cleared a small space from the bushes which covered it. Looking carefully, he found twelve small stones of somewhat the same size; kneeling down, he arranged them carefully on the cleared space in a square pile, in shape like an altar. Then he walked to the bag where his dinner was kept; in it was a mutton chop and a large slice of brown bread. The boy took them out and turned the bread over in his hand, deeply considering it. Finally he threw it away and walked to the altar with the meat, and laid it down on the stones. Close by in the red sand he knelt down. Sure, never since the beginning of the world was there so ragged and so small a priest. He took off his great hat and placed it solemnly on the ground, then closed his eyes and folded his hands. He prayed aloud.

"Oh God, my Father, I have made Thee a sacrifice. I have only twopence, so I cannot buy a lamb. If the lambs were mine I would give Thee one; but now I have only this meat; it is my dinner-meat. Please, my Father, send fire down from heaven to burn it. Thou hast said,

Whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou cast into the sea, nothing doubting, it shall be done. I ask for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen."

He knelt down with his face upon the ground, and he folded his hands upon his curls. The fierce sun poured down its heat upon his head and upon his altar. When he looked up he knew what he should see—the glory of God! For fear his very heart stood still, his breath came heavily; he was half suffocated. He dared not look up. Then at last he raised himself. Above him was the quiet blue sky, about him the red earth; there were the clumps of silent ewes and his altar—that was all.

He looked up—nothing broke the intense stillness of the blue overhead. He looked round in astonishment, then he bowed again, and this time longer than before.

When he raised himself the second time all was unaltered. Only the sun had melted the fat of the little mutton-chop, and it ran down upon the stones.

Then, the third time he bowed himself. When at last he looked up, some ants had come to the meat on the altar. He stood up and drove them away. Then he put his hat on his hot curls, and sat in the shade. He clasped his hands about his knees. He sat to watch what would come to pass. The glory of the Lord God Almighty! He knew he should see it.

"My dear God is trying me," he said; and he sat there through the fierce heat of the afternoon. Still he watched and waited when the sun began to slope; and when it neared the horizon and the sheep began to cast long shadows across the karroo, he still sat there. He hoped when the first rays touched the hills till the sun dipped behind them and was gone. Then he called his ewes together, and broke down the altar, and threw the meat far, far away into the field.

He walked home behind his flock. His heart was heavy. He reasoned so: "God cannot lie. I had faith. No fire came. I am like Cain. I am not His. He will not hear my prayer. God hates me."

The boy's heart was heavy. When he reached the "kraal" gate the two girls met him.

"Come," said the yellow-haired Em, "let us play 'coop.' There is still time before it gets quite dark. You, Waldo, go and hide on the 'kopje'; Lyndall and I will shut eyes here, and we will not look."

The girls hid their faces in the stone wall of the sheep-kraal, and the boy clambered half way up the "kopje." He crouched down between two stones and gave the call. Just then the milk-herd came walking out of the cow-kraal with two pails. He was an ill-looking Kaffir.

"Ah!" thought the boy, "perhaps he will die to-night, and go to hell! I must pray for him, I must pray!"

Then he thought—"Where am I going to?" and he prayed desperately.

"Ah! this is not right at all," little Em said, peeping between the stones, and finding him in a very curious posture. "What *are* you doing, Waldo? It is not the play, you know. You should run out when we come to the white stone. Ah, you do not play nicely."

"I—I will play nicely now," said the boy, coming out and standing sheepishly before them; "I—I only forgot; I will play now."

"He has been to sleep," said freckled Em.

"No," said beautiful little Lyndall, looking curiously at him; "he has been crying."

She never made a mistake.

Falling into bad company is like falling into a river—no danger of either if you avoid the shore.

## THE FUNERAL OF A FAMOUS FREE-THINKER\*

Funeral services were conducted over the body of Courtlandt Palmer, the famous free thinker and late president of the Nineteenth Century Club, at his late residence, 117 East Twenty-first street, and upon their conclusion his body was removed to Fresh Pond, Long Island, and in the crematorium there reduced to ashes. The ceremony was simple. Macgrane Cox, in accordance with an expressed wish of Mr. Palmer, sang the "Evening Star" song from "Tannhäuser," at the conclusion of which Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, who had been asked by Mr. Palmer before his death to deliver the funeral address, took up a position on the staircase leading from the main hallway and said :

"MY FRIENDS: A thinker of pure thoughts, a speaker of brave words, a doer of generous deeds, has reached the silent haven that all the dead have reached and where the voyage of every life must end, and we, his friends, who even now are hastening after him, are met to do the last kind acts that man may do for man ; to tell his virtues and to lay with tenderness and tears his ashes in the sacred place of rest and peace. Some one has said that in the open hands of death we find only what they gave away. Let us believe that pure thoughts, brave words, and generous deeds can never die. Let us believe that they bear fruit and add forever to the well-being of the human race. Let us believe that a noble, self-sacrificing life increases the moral welfare of man and gives assurances that the future will be grander than the past. In the monotony of subservience, and the multitude of blind followers, nothing is more inspiring than a free and independent man. One who gives and asks reasons ; one who demands freedom and gives what he demands ; one who refuses to be slave or master ; one who preserves the intellectual side of life from brute force. Such a man was Courtlandt Palmer, to whom we pay a tribute of respect and love. He was an honest man. He gave the rights he claimed. This was the foundation on which he built. To think for himself ; to give his thought to others—this was to him not only a privilege, and not only a right, but a duty and a joy. He believed in self-preservation, in personal independence—that is to say, in manhood. He preserved the realm of mind from the invasion of brute force, and protected the children of the brain from the Herod of authority. He investigated for himself the question and the probabilities of life. Majorities were nothing for him. No error could be old enough, plausible enough, or profitable enough to bribe his judgment or keep his conscience still. He knew that next to finding truth, the greatest joy is honest search. He believed in intellectual sublimity, in the free exchange of thought, in good mental manners, in the amenities of the soul, in the chivalry of discussion, and insisted that those who speak should hear ; that those who question should answer ; that they should strive not for victory over others, but for the discovery of truth, and that truth when found should be welcomed by every human soul. He knew truth has no fear of investigation. He knew that truth loves the day, and that its enemies are prejudice, ignorance, bigotry, hypocrisy, fear, darkness, and intolerance ; that candor, honesty, love, and light are its trusty friends. He believed in the morality of the soul, that consequences determine the qualities of action, and that whatever a man sows that he must also reap. In the positive philosophy of Auguste Comte he found the framework of his creed. The clouds

had fallen from his life. He saw that the old faiths were but phases in the growth of man ; that out from the darkness, out from the depths the human race had struggled toward the ever-glowing light. He felt that the living are indebted to the noble dead, and that it was but his duty that he should pay it by preserving to the extent of his power, by adding to the knowledge of the world and by giving better than he had received. This was the religion of duty per se. He believed in the destruction of the hurtful, and was a wearer of the torch and a shedder of light to the world. His was a religion without mystery, a religion understood by the head and approved by the heart ; a religion that appealed to the reason with a definite end in view, which taught each man to be noble enough to live for all men. This is the gospel of man. This is the gospel of this world ; this is the religion of humanity. This is a philosophy that contemplates not with scorn, but with pity and with admiration. He denied the supernatural. For him there was but one religion—the religion of pure thought, of noble words, and honest deeds. History was his prophet, reason his guide, duty his Deity, and happiness the end. He did not believe in religion and science, but the religion of science. He believed that wisdom glorified by love was the saviour of our race. He lived and labored for his fellow-man. He sided with the weak and poor against the strong and the rich. He welcomed light, his face was ever toward the East. According to his light he lived. The world was his country ; to do good his religion. There is no language to express a nobler creed than this ; nothing can be grander, more comprehensive, or perfect. This was the creed that glorified his life and made his death sublime. He was afraid to do wrong, and for that reason he was not afraid to die. He saw that the end was near and knew that his work was done. He stood within the deepening twilight knowing that for the last time the world was fading from the light, and that there could never be again within his eyes the trembling luster of another dawn. He knew that the end had come, but light was in his heart. What words can justly pay a tribute to the man who lived to his ideal, who spoke his honest thought ? By the grave of man stands the angel of sorrow. A heart breaks, a man dies, a leaf falls in the far forest, a babe is born, and the world sweeps on. No one can tell which is better, life with its crowns, its glories and its shadows, its trials and changes, its crowds and tears, its wreaths and thorns, its successes, glories and Golgothas, or death with its peace, its rest, its calm and placid brow, where is written no memory, no fear of grief or pain. Farewell, dear friend. The world is better for your life, the world is better for your death. Farewell ! We loved you living and we love you now."

In proportion as men are real coin, and not counterfeit, they scorn to enjoy credit for what they have not. "Paint me," said Cromwell, "wrinkles and all." Even on canvas the great hero despised falsehood.

The house of Voltaire, the celebrated French infidel, who declared that Christianity would pass out of existence before the end of a hundred years, is now used by the Geneva Bible Society as a repository for Bibles. The British Bible Society's house in Earl street, Blackfriars, stands where, in 1378, the Council forbid Wycliffe circulating portions of Holy Scriptures, and where he uttered the words, "The truth shall prevail;" and the Religious Tract Society's premises are where Bibles were publicly burned.

\*From a report in New York Times.



## THE SONNET—A CLUSTER OF BRILLIANTS

*A Prayer—William R. Hamilton*

O brooding Spirit of Wisdom and of Love!  
 Whose mighty wings even now o'ershadow me,  
 Absorb me in thine own immensity,  
 And raise me far my finite self above!  
 Purge vanity away, and the weak care  
 That name or fame of me may widely spread,  
 And the deep wish keep burning in their stead  
 Thy blissful influence afar to bear,  
 Or see it borne! Let no desire of ease,  
 No lack of courage, faith or love, delay  
 Mine own steps on that high thought-paven way  
 In which my soul her clear communion sees;  
 Yet with an equal joy let me behold  
 Thy chariot o'er that way by others rolled!

*Love—Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

If thou must love me let it be for naught  
 Except for love's sake only. Do not say  
 "I love her for her smile . . . her look . . . her way  
 Of speaking gently, . . . for a trick of thought  
 That falls in well with mine, and certes brought  
 A sense of pleasant ease on such a day;"—  
 For these things in themselves, beloved, may  
 Be changed, or change for thee,—and love so wrought,  
 May be unwrought so. Neither love me for  
 Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,—  
 A creature might forget to weep who bore  
 Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!  
 But love me for love's sake, that evermore  
 Thou mayest love on through love's eternity.

*Down the Gorge—David Skaats Foster*

Before me, standing at the craggy head  
 Of a great gorge, the wildest, loveliest scene  
 Of nature lies; far down in the ravine,  
 Choked with great hemlocks, and the yellow and red  
 Of birch and maple, like a silver thread,  
 A small stream winds and widens to the sheen  
 Of a blue lake, that glassy and serene  
 With distance, at the gorge's mouth is spread;  
 Marked with white farm-house and tree-tufted hill,  
 For miles beyond, fields ploughed and green extend,  
 Even to the horizon's edge, until,  
 Like pleasant thought that in a dream doth end,  
 The vista, grown more faint and soft and still,  
 Its hues, at length, with heaven's pale gray doth blend.

*The Saddest Hour—Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

The saddest hour of anguish and of loss  
 Is not that season of supreme despair  
 When we can find no least light anywhere  
 To gild the dread black shadow of the cross.  
 Not in that luxury of sorrow when  
 We sup on salt of tears, and drink the gall  
 Of memories of days beyond recall—  
 Of lost delights that cannot come again.  
 But when with eyes that are no longer wet,  
 We look out on the great, wide world of men,  
 And, smiling, lean toward a bright to-morrow,  
 Then backward shrink, with sudden keen regret,  
 To find that we are learning to forget:  
 Ah! then we face the saddest hour of sorrow.

*So Daintily I Love You—A. G. Bierce*

"Did I believe the angels soon would call  
 You, my beloved, to the other shore,  
 And I should never see you any more,  
 I love you so I know that I should fall  
 Into dejection utterly, and all  
 Love's pretty pageantry, wherein we bore  
 Twin banners bravely in the tumult's fore,  
 Would seem but shadows idling on a wall;  
 So daintily I love you that my love  
 Endures no rumor of the winter's breath,  
 And only blossoms, for it thinks the sky  
 Forever gracious, and the stars above  
 Forever friendly. E'en the thought of death  
 Were frost in which its roses all would die."

*The First Kiss—Theodore Watts*

If only in dreams may man be fully blest,  
 Is heav'n a dream? Is she I claspt a dream?—  
 Or stood she here even now where dew-drops gleam  
 And miles of furze shine golden down the West?  
 I seem to clasp her still—still on my breast  
 Her bosom beats—I see the blue eyes beam:—  
 I think she kissed these lips, for now they seem  
 Scarce mine; so hallow'd of the lips they press'd  
 Yon thicket's breath—can that be eglantine?  
 Those birds—can they be morning's choristers?  
 Can this be earth? Can these be banks of furze?  
 Like burning bushes fired by God they shine!  
 I seem to know them, though this body of mine  
 Passed into spirit at the touch of hers!

*Our Red Letter Days—Frances R. Havergal*

My alpine staff recalls each shining height,  
 Each pass of grandeur with rejoicing gained,  
 Carved with a lengthening record, self-explained,  
 Of mountain-memories, sublime and bright.  
 No valley-life but hath some mountain days,  
 Bright summits in the retrospective view,  
 And toil-won passes to glad prospects new,  
 Fair sun-lit memories of joy and praise.  
 Here then inscribe them,—each "red-letter day!"  
 Forget not all the sunshine of the way  
 By which the Lord hath led thee; answered prayers  
 And joys unasked, strange blessings, lifted cares,  
 Grand promise-echoes! Thus each page shall be  
 A record of God's love and faithfulness to thee!

*August Noonday—Henry Tyrrell*

The murmurings of earth are quieted;  
 The woods are still, the streamlets voiceless glide,  
 A mist lies languid on the mountain side,  
 Where all the hot and panting clouds have fled  
 From heaven's infinitude. The lily's head  
 Droops 'neath the ardent gaze of summer-tide,  
 And in the cooling shadows seeks to hide  
 The sleepy flowers of the garden-bed.  
 The air is tranced, and Nature lies a-dreaming;  
 Even the ripples on the lake that move  
 At scarce a breath now are becalmed. Above,  
 Around, beneath, is but the drowsy seeming  
 Of smoky skies and dim red sunlight streaming.  
 All is at rest. Why sleepest thou, O Love?

## THE UNUSUAL—GHOSTLY SUPERSTITIOUS AND QUEER

*Spirit Telegraphy—From the New Orleans Picayune*

In a previous issue some rudimentary observations were presented on the subject of hypnotism. It was there suggested that the power possessed by one individual to influence and subdue the will of others, as is done when the hypnotic state or mesmeric sleep is induced by one person upon the consciousness of another, is not due to material conditions, but is a distinctively spiritual act. The ancient hermitic philosophers, such as Pythagoras, and after him Plato, taught that man is spiritual as well as material. That his spiritual nature in all respects corresponds to his physical, in the fact of the possession of a spiritual attribute for each physical quality. So, for instance, as each individual has a physical odor which is inhaled from his material body by which his dog is enabled to distinguish him from all other persons and to track his footsteps in the midst of a multitude, so also does there emanate from the spirit of each individual an aura, a spiritual odor which is peculiar, personal and characteristic to each. This is a doctrine not out of harmony with the declaration of the Apostle who taught that man had a natural body and a spiritual body. This scriptural aura or emanation was denominated by the philosophers the "astral" or stellar light, because it was supposed to be luminous and visible to the spiritual sight in a corresponding relation with the sight of the heavenly bodies which is visible to the physical sight. Thus, it appears, that there is to each individual a material body, which is visible and tangible to the physical senses, and at the same time every individual possesses a spiritual body, which is discoverable by the spiritual perceptions. By these means it is taught that persons may know each other spiritually. When an individual emits a spiritual odor or aura this may make an agreeable impression on the spiritual perceptions of another, or the effect may be, on the other hand, unpleasing and repulsive. People with no actual knowledge of each other may be inspired with love or hate at the very first meeting because of the impressions made upon the spiritual perceptions. We call this "intuition," or jumping at conclusions without the intervention of reason or knowledge; but it is really the logical results of spiritual recognition. Souls may thus telegraph to each other and exchange intelligence before the physical senses can perform the function of perceptive investigation and the reason take cognizance of any facts presented. If the spiritual faculties be able to communicate intelligence without material contact of persons, they have power to transmit information to the greatest distances and without regard to distance. When the electric telegraph was first invented it was supposed to be necessary to have two wires to complete the circuit. One wire was to convey the current to its destination, the other to bring it back to the point of departure. Now one wire only is required, the return of the current being effected through space or through the body of the earth. The time will come when it will be possible to project an electric impulse without the use of any wire. It is just this which the spirit is capable of doing. It can project an impression into the mind of an individual on the other side of the globe, or it can summon that person into its own presence. We force people to think of us—that is, we project our personality into their consciousness. They operate in the same manner on us. How often, without suggestion or apparent reason, people far distant appear suddenly in our mental presence. The image may be of one who commands love and sym-

pathy or of one who only excites loathing and hate. The strongest will and the most intense spirituality will always impress weaker and inferior natures. Whether this power is exerted for good or evil makes no difference; the power exists, and unfortunately is often used for the worst purposes, but it is entirely out of the reach of those who are mentally weak or morally cowards. Strong spirits may wrestle with each other, but the weaker must succumb. Those which submit to be deluded by the juggling arts of mountebanks and pretenders are feeble to a pitiable degree or depraved to a point of the lowest degradation.

*Reformation in Ghosts—The Philadelphia Press*

"He who would arrive at fairy land must face the phantoms."

It is curious to observe what a remarkable change in ghosts has been effected by modern science. The reader of current literature is well aware that they have not been exterminated, for imaginative writers find the employment of supernatural machinery as effective as ever. Even the matter-of-fact journalist knows the value of a ghost, and the members of the Psychical Society have a double portion of the old belief. The ghost of the nineteenth century is, however, very different from those of an earlier date. He has left off almost all of his old fantastic tricks, and taken on a polish suitable to his time. In the most recently published volume of ghost stories the most important apparition, and the one which will probably seem the most real to nine-tenths of the readers, is the soul of the young gentleman afflicted with the early English cult, which is tied to earth by a yearning for bric-à-brac. It hovers over the remaining cups of a set of blue china which the youth had been unable to complete before his death. In another story the obliging spirit of a lover quit his body during sleep, in order to remove the anxiety of a fair but fretting widow, who fears he has been drowned. These are fair examples of the kind of ghost story which receives the most general credence. One exhibits the ghostly tendency to linger around the scenes of pursuits which have become a passion. The other is an exaggerated example of a telepathy. One feature of the new ghost is his singular indifference to the fate of his bones. He never seems to care whether they are left to bleach on the mountain side, cast into the sea, burned or buried. Yet that used to be his chief solicitude. D'Israeli, in the second series of his "Curiosities of Literature," describes this trait with his usual care and exactitude. He says: "Bodies, corrupted in their graves, have arisen, particularly the murdered; for murderers are apt to bury their victims in a slight and hasty manner. Their salts, exhaled in vapor by means of their fermentations, have arranged themselves on the surface of the earth and formed those phantoms which at night have often terrified the passing spectator, as authentic history witnesses. They have opened the grave of the phantom and discovered the bleeding corpse beneath; hence it is astonishing how many ghosts may be seen at night after the recent battle standing over their corpses." A field of the dead, dotted with sentinel specters, is an idea on which the imagination may run riot. Some peculiarities of the ancient ghosts were highly useful and convenient. The obliging specter of the miser was often unable to wing its way to Hades until it disclosed to some one the hiding-place of his hoard. On some of the Pacific islands the ghosts or dead buccaneers watched patiently for years till some one came to remove the buried treasure. Then, what a



number of secret cabinets have been unlocked, important papers found, hidden deeds laid bare, and crime detected by the aid of ghosts! These offices they have ceased to perform. The phantom has also become much less revengeful. Of old, murdered men could not sleep in their graves until they had instigated somebody to revenge. This was distinctly inconvenient, for the spirits had no discretion. They thought nothing of choosing the most peaceable-minded men to execute their bloody behests, and it was very awkward for a quiet man to be placed in the dilemma of being either exposed to the reproaches of a respected ghost or of committing a crime quite opposed to his usual habits. It was probably the injustice of the case that brought Sir Thomas Browne to the conclusion that "these apparitions and ghosts of departed persons are not the wandering souls of men, but the unquiet walks of devils, prompting and suggesting us into mischief, blood and villainy; instilling and stealing our hearts that the blessed spirits are not at rest in their graves, but wander solicitous of the affairs of the world." If this be so, it is comforting to reflect that in our time the emissaries of Satan have other employment than that of parading about under the mask of dead men revived. It is a belief of long standing that good or evil spirits may enter into a corpse. The lines in the *Ancient Mariner* are familiar—

Start not, thou wedding guest!  
'Twas not the souls of these dead men  
That to their corpses came again,  
But a troop of spirits blest.

No wonder that those who shared Sir Thomas Browne's belief carefully avoided after night-fall cemeteries, churches, charnel-houses and other dormitories of the dead, where imps of hell, clothed in the fleshly habiliments of men, held nocturnal revelry. Burns seems to have thought that, while the devils danced, the dead men held the candle:

Coffins stood round like open presses,  
That show'd the dead in their last dresses;  
And by some devilish contrail slight,  
Each in his cauld hand held a light.

Another marked difference between the old ghost and the wraith of to-day is that the latter is voiceless. The earlier gibbered and moaned. In bare, lonely woods, in haunted church and castle they shrieked and screamed. We have heard of ghosts that moaned and sang; a few have played musical instruments. In the black plantation at the top of the hill, where Bella Brown killed her baby and then hanged herself, you might hear—so the peasants used to say—on windy nights, when the rotten boughs were hurled down, and the dead leaves sent flying like hounds in full cry, first the cry of the phantom child, then the lullaby of its phantom mother. No one would go there after dark, not even Will, the poacher, who, though he was reputed to fear neither man nor devil, cautiously skirted the wood at a safe distance, with his limping dog cowering at his heels. All those wild, turbulent, restless spirits are laid forever. Such wraiths as do appear merely look in as they are passing—to put the fact in a familiar way—to let us know they are going. The best authenticated stories are those of spirits which, while far away from home, are compelled at short notice to quit for ghost-land. Instead of going direct, one will sometimes call round by the house of a dear friend, a lover or a brother, enter the room in some mysterious manner, thicken out of mist into a resemblance to the familiar form, then with a long mournful gaze pass out again to pursue the mystic journey. This gentle, harmless shadow is all that remains of the stern, sleepless, vindictive ghost who could never be quiet till his secrets were told or he had had his revenge or burial, but who now

is interred in that grave-yard of romance where lie the fauns and satyrs, and brownies, elves and fairies, the witches and warlocks, the hobgoblins and fiends, who made the air round our forefathers thick with fear and mystery.

*The Dramatic Fetish for Luck—N. Y. World*

Georgia Cayvan, who has been playing "The Wife" at the Lyceum all the season and who went to San Francisco the other night with Frohman's company, is another actress who believes in superstition. She carries an odd sort of fetish about with her which she believes in with all her might and attributes "The Wife's" success to her having worn it every night of the long run. It is a voodoo charm given her in New Orleans when she was playing "May Blossom" there four years ago by an old mulatto who kept the rooms where she boarded. It is a tiny, red-silk bag, filled with the chopped hair of a black dog, a pinch of salt, the dried eyes of a lizard and the nails of a wildcat, which combination is the most powerful charm known to voodooism, and will not only bring you luck if worn around the neck, but if placed under the door-sill of your enemy's house will cause him to waste away and pine to death. All actors and actresses have some sort of fetish for luck. Bernhardt's belt of medals she wears whenever the costume will permit, and when it doesn't she wears it underneath and even sleeps in it. Napoleon III. gave it to her, and he had it of Abdallah Bey. Terry has a mysterious little bottle, sealed with a leaden seal. No one knows what it contains, but she carries it always in her pocket. Mary Anderson wears a string of pearls around her neck most of the time, and when the costume necessitates its removal she wraps it about her wrist.

*Strange Faces in the Dark—St. James's Gazette*

Some months ago there appeared in one of the monthly reviews a paper on "The Visions of Sane Persons" contributed by Mr. Galton. In this article that distinguished writer brought forward some cases which he seemed to think remarkable, of persons who when they were in the dark saw strange apparitions. Not that these persons imagined that what filled their vision existed anywhere out of it. But these phantoms had all the appearance of external objects, and were certainly not produced by any effort of memory or imagination, but quite involuntarily. One lady told how she used to see in this way, from time to time, showers of red roses, which presently turned into a flight of golden speckles or spangles; the roses being presented to her vision as distinctly as real flowers in broad day might be. (And not only so, but the lady says she used to smell their perfume too; but there's nothing like that in my own experience.) And there were stories of faces seen in the dark in like manner: not pictures in the memory, but seemingly standing off upon the air for the eye to gaze upon, and coming and going as with a will and purpose of their own. What struck me most about all this when I read it was that Mr. Galton should think it strange enough to lay before the world as a curiosity. For all my life I had myself been familiar with phantoms of this kind, and, without much thought about the matter, had assumed that many if not most other people were equally at home with them. The golden spangles I too used to see when I was a child; only instead of turning into showers of roses, in my vision they were transformed into flocks of sheep running rapidly down hill, as in a distant landscape. When the sheep got to the bottom of the hill they faded into the darkness; and then the tiny bright yellow spangles appeared at the top again, to be again transformed. There was not much interest in that, however; though I dare say, since Mr. Galton thinks so, that as a visual illusion it was curious. But as to the faces that appear to my

vision in the dark, that is another matter. After having been haunted by them in a civil, quiet way for many years, I still find them very interesting indeed. These faces are never seen except when the eyelids are closed, and they have always an apparent distance of four or five feet. Though they seem living enough, and not mere pictures or reflections, they look through the darkness as if traced in chalk on a black ground. Color sometimes they have, but the color is very faint. Nothing more than a face is ever seen; and except for a fraction of a moment, perhaps, not all the face at one time. Occasionally some very strange, or striking, or what is called original face meets our view and excites our wonder. Now my faces in the dark are all of that character. As I look at them—for there they are, plain to be looked at—and ask myself who was ever like that? I find no answer except in a fancied resemblance to some historical or mythological personage. Possibly, Blake's visions were some such faces as these, presented to his eyes in broad daylight; I am inclined to think it may have been so, because his wonderful and dreadful drawing, "The Ghost of a Flea," is precisely such a transcript as I could have made by the score, had I possessed the artist's skill and his memory for transcription. My faces in the dark are much more often of men than of women; they are rarely quite agreeable, but they are all extremely interesting (when they can be endured), because they look like the fleeting embodiments of some passion or some mood of the mind; usually not the best of moods. There are some very noble faces among these apparitions—I rather mean, expressive of a great nobility; but I have never seen amongst them the mask of pity, or love, or of any tender emotion. Grief the most despairing, scorn, pride, hatred, greed, cunning inquiry, envious or triumphant mockery—if Blake really did see these faces in daylight or in darkness he must have had more than his imagination to draw upon when he depicted the passions.

*Burn Your Nail Parings—The St. Louis Globe*

The curious Jewish tradition reports that Adam was entirely clothed in a hard, horny skin, and only lost it and became subject to evil spirits on losing Paradise. The nails are the remnants of this dress, and whoever cuts them off, and throws the cuttings away, does himself an injury. An old Persian chronicle says that Eve also possessed this dress, and the nails were left to remind them of Paradise. The tradition that it is wrong to throw the nail parings or cuttings away is ancient and wide-spread. The old Persian Vendidad asserts that the power of the wicked Devas is increased when they are cast away, and prescribes their burning with certain rites and ceremonies. Another old work says that they must not be cut off without a prayer, or else they become a part of the devil's armor. The ancient Edda of the Scandinavians tells of a great ship, Naglfar, which will appear at the last day. It is made of dead men's nails, and parings should not be thrown away, nor should any one die with unpared nails, "for he who dies so supplies material toward the building of that vessel, which gods and men will wish were finished as late as possible." It is still a point of belief in Iceland that the nails must be cut in three pieces, or the devil will make a ship of them. A legend reports that his satanic majesty, in order to injure man, obtains permission to use the cuttings from the nails when they are left whole. The Jewish Talmud of Babylon forbids the Jews to leave nail parings on the ground for fear of the consequences to women passing over them. They should be burned or hidden away. Another old work says: "He who burns the parings of the nails is a pious man; he who buries them is equally so; but he who casts them on the ground is an impious man." Many Jews still

carefully burn or bury these cuttings. They are taken, enclosed between two small bits of wood, and consumed. The reason alleged is that the body should be burned or buried, and that nail parings, being left above ground, the soul of the possessor will wander abroad after his death. In Norway they are burned, or else one will have to gather the pieces in an awful hurry on the last, the judgment day.

*Somnambulism—Rev. Dr. Buckley in Century*

Somnambulism, in its simplest form, is seen when persons talk in their sleep. They are plainly asleep and dreaming; yet the connection, ordinarily broken, between the physical organs and the images passing through the mind is retained or resumed, in whole or in part. It is very common for children to talk more or less in their sleep; also many persons who do not usually do so are liable to mutter if they have over-eaten, or are feverish or otherwise ill. Slight movements are very frequent. Many who do not fancy that they have ever exhibited the germs of somnambulism, groan, cry out, whisper, move the hand, or foot, or head, plainly in connection with ideas passing through the mind. From these incipient manifestations of no importance, somnambulism reaches frightful intensity and almost inconceivable complications. Somnambulists in this country have recently perpetrated murders, have even killed their own children; they have carried furniture out of houses, wound up clocks, ignited conflagrations. A carpenter not long since arose in the night, went into his shop, and began to file a saw; but the noise of the operation awoke him. The extraordinary feats of somnambulists in ascending to the roofs of houses, threading dangerous places, and doing many other things which they could not have done while awake have often been described, and in many cases made the subject of close investigation. Formerly it was believed by many that if they were not awakened they would in process of time return to their beds, and that there would not be any danger of serious accident happening to them. This has long been proved false. Many have fallen out of windows and been killed; and though some have skirted the brink of danger safely, the number of accidents to sleeping persons is great. Essays have been written by somnambulists. A young lady, troubled and anxious about a prize for which she was to compete, involving the writing of an essay, arose from her bed in sleep and wrote a paper upon a subject upon which she had not intended to write when awake; and this essay secured for her the prize. The same person, later in life, while asleep selected an obnoxious paper from among several documents, put it in a cup, and set fire to it. She was entirely unaware of the transaction in the morning. Intellectual work has sometimes been done in ordinary dreams not attended by somnambulism. The composition of the "Kubla Khan" by Coleridge while asleep, and of the "Devil's Sonata," by Tartini, are paralleled in a small way frequently. Public speakers often dream out discourses; and there is a clergyman now residing in the western part of New York State who, many years ago, dreamed that he preached a powerful sermon upon a certain topic, and delivered that identical discourse the following Sunday with great effect.

A sculptor once showed a visitor his studio. It was full of gods. One was very curious. The face was concealed by being covered with hair, and there were wings to each foot. "What is its name?" said the spectator. "Opportunity," was the reply. "Why is his face hidden?" "Because men seldom know him when he comes to them." "Why has he wings upon his feet?" "Because he is soon gone, and once gone he cannot be overtaken."



## HIS LAST MARRIAGE FEE—A LOVE STORY\*

Some years ago, when marriage licenses had to be paid for, the Marylanders and Virginians rode across the narrow frontier in the valley and were married for nothing in Pennsylvania. Of course, they gave something to the preacher for his trouble. The consequence was that all the preachers on the Maryland side of the line became as lean as geese, and the preachers across the line in Pennsylvania grew as fat as turkey gobblers. But there was one preacher near Waynesboro' who did not grow fat. Garrick Howton, who did the largest business, became leaner and leaner the faster he married people. He was too mean, the people said, to enjoy life like a good Methodist itinerant or a rubicund priest. No chicken coops were agitated at his approach. No little pigs squealed and got under their anxious mammas when Garrick leaned over the sty and surveyed them.

Nobody knew just what sect or church Garrick belonged to there where everybody was his own theologian.

He called his church The Zionskites and was the only one of it—the bishop indeed—except his son, Weasley Howton, whom he called "the deacon."

The church building did not exist, though branches of The Zionskite body were said to be "further west" by both the bishop and the deacon.

Inquisitive people hinted that there never would have been as many as two Zionskites except for the fat marriage fees which were to be had along Mason and Dixon's line; and that Bishop Garrick Howton only ordained his son Weasley into the priesthood reluctantly that he might occasionally take some recreation himself and not miss any runaway couples which should arrive between midnight and morning.

All people far or near understood that the Howtons would marry anybody, the delivery of the certificate being conditional on the payment of the fee; and pains were taken to impress strangers that in The Zionskites discipline the certificate was a part of the ceremony itself.

A story was started and grew that old Howton married children for the sake of his fees.

This story came up from sorrowing and broken-hearted parents in Virginia and from the rich manors and hamlets of Frederick in Maryland. The Pennsylvanians never verified these reports because it was none of their business.

That was the golden age, when the people of every State did to the people of every other State just what they pleased, and the boundary line made outrage justice or simplicity criminal.

Nobody crossed the line to call Bishop Howton to account. All licensed clergyman could marry; the bishop had a license signed by the deacon, his son, and the son had a license signed by the bishop of "The Zionskite Purified Order, Garrick Howton, First Templefungus."

If any preacher of a large church dared to inquire into the subject he was told that there had been a "laying on of hands," and this sent him to the right-about, to be followed by the cruel insinuation that his sole motive in questioning "liberty of conscience" had been envy and covetousness of Bishop Howton's marriage fees.

Still, that idea of marrying children to designing men had a bad sound. It gave a superstitious name to Bishop Howton's "parsonage." The runaway slaves from the old slave States knew and avoided that house, for they remembered how little Missy This or That had been spirited away

by a reckless cousin or a designing overseer and made a wife in her early teens by "dat bad ole Bishop Howton."

"If we could only get at him!" was muttered in many a proud, awed, humiliated homestead along the Shenandoah or the Monocacy.

But they could not get at him for the same reason he could not get at them nor interfere with their privileges and abuses. We had no common country; we were inviolable States secure in our own venerable violations.

As time advanced Bishop Howton became a widower, and his mind was set on marrying again.

It may have been the example of marrying children under age, torn from their parents by their own disobedient impulses or the powerful sinister influence of man, or it may have been the childish beauty of Eunice Howton, his distant relative, which doomed her to become the bishop's wife when she should be old enough to receive his orders and not bring the laws of Pennsylvania down upon his head. The bishop bided his time.

Eunice was hardly fifteen, a slender, gray-eyed blonde, whose feet, touch the ground as they would, turned into lines of grace, and music seemed to be playing as she walked or moved, to such harmonies did she bend; while in the action of her head upon her delicate neck and even in the motion of her lips there appeared to be violin music whistled by her spirit as the upland zephyrs played upon it and her heart desired to dance.

The country people said that this was because her mother had been an actress and a dancer.

Somewhere back in the undiscerned past and vagueness of a larger world it was said that Bishop Howton had been a show manager and that his orphan cousin had married a French dancer who was in his strolling company.

This cousin had been left to Garrick, who had kept him down and nearly starved him, repressing his spirits by an avarice and superstition which lay across each other, and finally retired Garrick from the show business a complete failure, while his ward, set free by matrimony, made a nice little fortune keeping a dancing academy with his wife.

When the parents died, something of the husband's inherited tenets caused him to repent, though he had never done anything bad, and in the weakness of dying he gave his child to his relative to be her trustee and the trustee of a respectable little fortune.

The poor dancing teacher thought the word "bishop" covered a regenerate heart.

The bishop was merely a capitalist in marriage fees.

This is considered reasonable humility.

Some of the schoolboys called him Old Yoke-fi-noki, because he yoked so many couples.

What education he had picked up avarice and illiterate associations had chased out of his head; like an old country Dutchman, he could spell joists for his barn joyce and talk about the breechman on his horse when he meant breeching.

As time advanced Garrick grew deeply in love with Eunice, and forgot to give spiritual restraint to his son.

"At seventeen sharp," old Garrick Howton often repeated to himself, looking at Eunice with the threefold passions of love, avarice and superstition.

Often when an old man falls in love it seems to him like holiness, when it is only foolishness.

In that way Garrick threw himself back into his natural state before he became an avaricious scoundrel, or a self-frightened hypocrite. He got to believing in the religion

\* George Alfred Townsend, in the Baltimore Home Journal.

he practiced upon. He feared night solitude and ghosts. He believed that his monstrous passion was a sacrifice on his part for the sake of securing Eunice's soul.

"I should be the devil's prize without her," mused Garrick Howton. "The children I have tied in wedlocks of despair, the unformed souls I have manacled to selfish fiends, the headstrong schoolgirls I have made the legal slaves of hideous skinflints, and who have in a few months awaked to everlasting repentance and horror, would troop into my lonely home amongst these mountains and drive me crazy with their curses. I should go mad! But Eunice, Eunice, she will guard my door and warm my heart and bring other angels like her from Heaven to my relief and comfort."

It was plain that the hypocritical old bishop was becoming slightly hysterical.

Weasley Howton had been notified by his father that he must go West and establish his own congregation of the peculiar Zionskites.

He was sent to the garret to study discipline and thoroughly contemplate the Scriptures.

One day Eunice stole up into the garret, while the bishop was marrying a one-eyed man of sixty to a mountain maid of eighteen, and she met a different scene there from the penance and prayer she had expected.

Weasley was rigged out in a suit of theatrical clothes taken from Eunice's parents' trunks, and was executing a wild and fantastic jig.

The bishop had told Eunice that in the said trunks was the devil's wardrobe. The young people locked the door and examined the wardrobe thoroughly.

What places are garrets for rain and love! How it drops upon the roof! How it goes pit-a-pat in the heart! How the heart is raining suddenly through the eyes and the roof is beating with the palpitations of the wind!

Old men seldom go to garrets. Bad old men like Garrick Howton never do.

Next week Weasley Howton was to start for Indiana, and be an apostle on the Wabash.

His trunk was packed and his ticket for the stage was to be paid for over the great National road from Hagers-town to the far West.

"Fifty dollars fare!" exclaimed the bishop, as he walked his upper porch; "what a sum of money! But the next week it shall be made up out of Eunice's fortune, which will then be mine, with her fadeless beauty, till death do us part. The rascal!"

As he looked, there came a cloud of dust up the Leitchsburg road from the south, where somebody was driving hard—somebody in a desperate hurry.

"It looks like a runaway couple," exclaimed Garrick Howton, reaching for his eye-glasses. But the shade of the North mountains, where the sun was going down, put a belt of blackness upon the landscape, like the moon's total eclipse. When the sound of the wheels came to the door and Garrick heard a knock, he descended and found a strange man in the parlor, which had no lights.

"Sare," the stranger said, "I have ze honair to say zat I am in loave. But ze lady is too leetle; she have not ze grand age. It will be all ze same; because she loaves me and her fathair have so much shame he nevair will say nothing. I give you fifty dollaire to make me her husband at once, sare!"

"Fifty dollars!" the bishop's avaricious heart responded. "It is Weasley's whole fare. The good demon must have sent this man here."

Then the business piety returning, the bishop spoke aloud and most unctuously:

"What are the names of the parties? Marriage, my brother, the Apostle says, is honorable in all—Hebrews xiii. 4. I see not that it may not be honorable in thee."

"Ze names are on certificates we have filled. Ze fee I pay you is extraordinaire, monsieur. For ze fifty dollaire we make two demands: *Au premiere*, zat you marry ze bride veiled! *Au second*, zat you sign two certificates for us, to protect ze lady and *moi meme*."

"The age of the bride?" asked Garrick Howton.

"What mattair zat? You have made ze wife at fourteen, many a time. My bride is sixteen, saire. Come, ze money! Here is ze money."

He felt the bankbill in his hand and it dried up his compunctions of heart; he felt a quill put in his fingers and the stranger, with something like a fusee, made a flame that contained brimstone and seemed yellow and blue.

"Eternally be mine, as zis papair you sign," the strange man exclaimed—"I mean ze lady child, ze lady, *parbleu*."

The voice had a deep sepulchral tone in it, and by the foreboding flame, Garrick saw a person whose forehead was all in patches, with French mustaches under his nose and blackened eyebrows drawn nearly through the temples to the edge of a colorless, inky wig.

"You must give me some name," spoke the bishop, as he signed, "although I cannot read by such a light."

"I am ze Marquis Bellsbulb."

"Bring in the lady!"

Low laughter seemed to be circling around the apartment as the uniting words were said by the bishop's faltering and frightened tongue.

Loud laughter broke from the carriage windows as the scoundrel drove away.

"Here, Weasley! Eunice! Lights! Lights!" exclaimed old Garrick Howton. "I have got my last marriage fee."

No voice replied; the dark mountains through the windows showed bridal wreaths of stars upon their forbidding brows, like the awful presence of the marquis who had but now departed with childhood's purity in his false black eyes and wig.

The bishop took fire and lighted a candle. He saw a paper lying upon the floor with his signature to it. He read with horror that he acknowledged the sale of his soul to Beelzebub for a thousand years.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, "Satan has dropped the contract he entrapped me to sign. To the fire—to the fire with it!"

A voice seemed to sound from the garret on the wailing of the wind.

"You signed two such certificates. You have married Eunice to the devil."

"Father," cried Weasley Howton next morning, "Eunice is not to be found. Will you forgive her if she has married—if she has married me?"

Bishop Howton lay on the floor dead.

Franklin: Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time; for that is the stuff life is made of.

Bishop Horne: Cheerfulness is the daughter of employment, and I have known a man to come home in high spirits from a funeral, merely because he had the exclusive and uninterrupted management of it.

"I want to tell you a secret," said William Wirt to his daughter. "The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. This is the spirit that gives to your time of life its sweetest charms. It constitutes the sum total of all the witchcraft of woman. Let the world see that your first care is for yourself, and you will spread the solitude of the upas tree around you."



## FOR BODILY REFRESHMENT—GROSS BUT MATERIAL

*Ode to an Oyster—(After Walt Whitman)*

DICHLAMYDEOUS dainty, bivalvular beauty,  
 Conchiferous creature, to prove thee is duty!  
 Stranger from Chincoteague, saliferous stranger,  
 Art thou, when swallowed, an epizoon ranger?  
 Monocular morsel,  
 Whence thy maternity,  
 Whence thy paternity,  
 Whence thy fraternity?  
 Art thou nomadic, or of nature sporadic?  
 But mayhap thou'rt addicted to silence?  
 So!  
 In thy submergence—  
 Excuse the divergence—  
 This superexcrescence,  
 Saving your presence,  
 Then proved thy salvation.  
 But annihilation  
 Awaits thee.  
 Waiter! This shell—  
 Open it well!  
 Succulent snoozer—there you are—you, sir!  
 There on the fork, as light as a cork,  
 I raise thee  
 And praise thee!  
 Thou'rt gone! Thy lot it is sad!  
 Here, waiter! Confound you, that oyster was bad!

*Points of an Oyster—Youths' Companion*

A writer in "Murray's Magazine" says that he wishes it were possible to tempt all his readers into examining an oyster, not after dissection, but merely by turning its parts over with a toothpick, and endeavoring to make out as much of its structure as may without difficulty be seen; for, insignificant as he may seem, the oyster has a very complex organization. "I suppose," said Professor Huxley, "that when this slippery morsel glides along the palate, few people imagine that they are swallowing a piece of machinery far more complicated than a watch." Frank Buckland, the naturalist, who seemed to love as well as observe the most uninviting specimens of nature's handiwork, used to declare that oysters, like horses, have their points. "The points of an oyster," he says, "are first the shape, which should resemble the petal of a rose-leaf. Next, the thickness of the shell; a thoroughbred should have a shell like thin china. It should also possess an almost metallic ring, and a peculiar opalescent luster on the inner side. The hollow for the animal should resemble an egg-cup, and the flesh should be firm, white and nut-like." There may be a good deal of poetry in this description, but it is nevertheless true that an intimate acquaintance with an oyster will surely inspire one with an added respect and admiration for the little creature. During the summer months oysters become "sick," and are then out of season. But if a sick oyster be examined under the microscope, it would be found to contain a slimy substance, which, first white and then colored, is composed of little eggs. It is said that the number furnished by a single animal varies from 82,000 to 276,000. On some fine, hot day, the mother oyster opens her shell, and the little ones escape from it, like a cloud of smoke. They are provided with swimming organs composed of delicate cilia, and by means of these they enjoy for a few days an active existence. As middle age creeps upon them, they become fixed and stationary, and very soon might reasonably be expected to declare, like the wise oyster of the poem, that they

"Do not chide  
 To leave the oyster bed."

The oyster's food consists of such minute organisms as

float freely in the water, a constant current made by tiny hairs sweeping unsuspecting minutiae into its slit-like mouth. It does not lead an untroubled existence. Sponges tunnel in its shell, dog-welks bore neat holes in it and suck its juices, and the star-fish waits for it to gape, and then inserts an insinuating finger in its home. But the young oyster is exposed to still greater dangers during its period of active life. It is exceedingly sensitive to cold, and yields readily to an inclement season. It is a savory morsel and likely to be snapped up by some marine monster, and when it would fain settle down, a current is likely to sweep it to some unfavorable spot, where it may choke in attempting to find a safe and comfortable location.

*Eating in 1837—Walter Bessant, in "Fifty Years Ago"*

The dinners were conducted on primitive principles. Except in great houses, where the meat and game were carved by the butler, everything was carved on the table. The host sat behind the haunch of mutton and helped with zeal; the guests took the ducks, the turkey, the hare, and the fowls, and did their parts, conscious of critical eyes. A dinner was a terrible ordeal for a young man who, perhaps, found himself called to dissect a pair of ducks. He took up the knife with burning cheeks and perspiring nose; now, at last, an impostor, one who knew not the ways of polite society, would be discovered; he began to feel for the joints, while the cold eyes of his hostess gazed reproachfully upon him—ladies in those days knew good carving, and could carve for themselves. Perhaps he had, with a ghastly grin, to confess that he could not find those joints. Then the dish was removed and given to another guest, a horribly self-reliant creature, who laughed and talked while he dexterously sliced the breast and cut off the legs. If, in his agony, the poor wretch would take refuge in the bottle, he had to wait until some one invited him to take wine—horrible tyranny! The dinner table was ornamented with a great epergne of silver or glass. After dinner the cloth was removed, showing the table deep in color, lustrous, well waxed, and the gentlemen began real business with the bottle after the ladies had gone.

*Cosmopolitan Eating—Mail and Express*

"No matter," said one of the leading "Bohemians" of New York the other day, "No matter what a man's tastes may be, in the matter of eating, or what his lack of taste may be, if he stop short of cannibalism in his desires, he can have them gratified to the top of his bent in some of the restaurants of New York. Shall I begin at the top or the bottom?" he asked, rolling a cigarette and settling himself for an interview. "I think," he continued, without waiting for an answer, "that the top would be best, for probably even I do not know the bottom. I shall probably stop before I reach the end, for it is hard to say who does know the worst restaurants in town. I have experimented as far as I dare in that direction, but I presume I haven't gone far enough. The best dinners in the world I believe can be had in New York. If you want to dine à la Russe, and take all night to it, with a surprise for every course, you can do it at any one of several expensive maisons near Madison square. This is not dining, though. It is a debauch. The chef of the King of Greece not long ago described an ideal dinner, and such a one you may get if you can afford the price, in any one of twenty restaurants. I am not advertising any of them. He suggests the soups, one thin, the other thick. Then two relevés, one of fish, the other, meat and vegetables. Next, entrées. He wisely

recommends moderation here. I prefer only one, and like a bit of poultry. This brings you to the meridian of the meal, and is not a bad place for a pause, or even for a full stop if you are abstemious. If not, take a sorbet. My own notion is a drop of brandy with a cigarette, but most gourmets prefer to make a sweetened dainty of the alcohol. Next, if you continue, and you probably will, take some game in a roast, and don't forget a salad with it. A dinner without a salad is like an egg without salt. After this you are ready for trifling. Dainty vegetables if you want them, sweets or pastry if your tastes are effeminate, fruit if you like, coffee and a cigar necessarily. This is a model dinner, and will go best if prepared by an educated French cook. Cooks are educated in other countries, but they seem to be indigenous to the French soil. Turkish cookery is not unlike it, and embraces a very similar variety. There is no distinctively Turkish restaurant that I know here, but you may get a pilaff to order in any good French place. The pilaff is made by first boiling in the same water, then frying in small pieces, a chicken and portions of a shoulder of mutton. A handful of rice is next boiled in the same broth, drained and browned in butter. An onion is sliced and fried brown in butter, a table-spoonful of curry or saffron and a handful of raisins are thrown into the rice, which must simmer until soft. The whole is served with hard boiled eggs cut up for a garnish. It would take all day to describe national dishes, and a whole year for you to try them all, but you may do it in New York, if you like. For Spanish food, go to the neighborhood of Maiden lane and Pearl street. German restaurants are numerous on the east side. There is a capital one on Grand street near the Bowery. Of French places of the medium class there are three or four excellent ones on Bleeker street, near South Fifth avenue. Some first-class Chinese restaurants are located on Mott street. Two good Jewish eating-houses are near corner of Bayard street and the Bowery. There are five distinctively national Italian places in the bend in Mulberry street, and one Russian in Hester street near East Broadway. There are several good English chop-houses, two of the best, to my mind, being on Sixth avenue near Twentieth street, and on Fourth avenue, also near Twentieth street. Of American restaurants there is no end. The very best, to my notion, is close to Washington Market. The worst—well, there are so many worst ones. They are all over town. You can eat a meal for five cents in one of the St. Andrews' stands. You can go to a beanery if you want to spend ten or twenty cents, or if you only have two cents to spend you can go down on Pearl street to one of the two-cent houses there. New York is probably the most cosmopolitan place in the world, considering its eating-houses."

*Frenchmen at their Frogs—Paris Correspondence*

Frogs are now in season as well as other spring delicacies, and, despite the ridicule of the Anglo-Saxons, the French gourmet continues to eat them and enjoy them. They make their appearance at the poulterer's every morning, strung on brochettes, or wooden skewers, and looking for all the world like skinned diminutive monkeys on sticks. These curious-looking morsels are bought with avidity by cooks, housewives and ménagères, and the appearance of cooked batrachians floating in a sauce poulétie or à la maître d'hôtel is both common and welcome at the tables of thousands of Parisians. The grenouille is liked, however, not only by gourmets, but by invalids, the flesh being more tender than that of a spring chicken, and when served with a cunningly prepared sauce, not too "pronounced" in flavor, is healthy and refreshing; but some Gauls go further than picking batrachian thighs. They

like "frog broth," and will tell you that a dozen grenouilles, boiled gently for a brief time, will make an exquisite potage. Others vaunt the merits of a "frog fricassee," surrounded by a delicious white caper sauce.

*About Bilious People—London Telegraph*

Some people are born bilious, and others have biliousness thrust upon them through the enormous amount of indigestible food-stuffs they consume and the little exercise they take to counteract the effects. Kemble, as we learn from Archbishop Trench, used to protest against the consumption of tea and coffee, declaring that they had done more harm to mankind "even than the doctrines of Helvetius." Dr. Richardson would, no doubt, not agree with the celebrated actor's advice to substitute Johannisberg and beer for the Eastern leaf and berry; yet temperance advocates should not be too sure that their own favorite beverages do not work injury to the constitution in some way they know very little about. There is less drunkenness nowadays than formerly, when beer and spirits were consumed more largely, but there is more heart disease. The sale of temperance drinks has greatly increased, but so has all the tribe of nervous ailments. We find the learned lecturer at the Royal Institution bearing this testimony to the ill results which follow on any stimulation of the action of the heart: "In proportion to the unnatural tax inflicted was the reduction of the storage of life, and every luxurious and fast mode of living was a shortener of the natural term of existence." Tea and coffee, therefore, stand at once condemned; so does tobacco; so does alcohol. At the same time, if we are never to have our heart-beats quickened, we are never to exert ourselves, never to climb a hill, never to leave level ground, never run, never ride, never do or say anything calculated to make life in the least degree interesting or entertaining, or even useful. A man at manual work has his heart-beats quickened; but then Dr. Richardson would probably reply that in that case, as work and exercise are necessary, so much stimulation of the heart is a natural and not an unnatural tax on us. It is, at all events, satisfactory to find that biliousness has some compensating advantages. Bilious people live long, we are told, for which they ought to be grateful, although there are occasions on which those who are obliged to encounter them in daily life feel that it might be possible to spare them altogether. In fact, some bilious people are a nuisance to themselves as well as to all around them, and would hardly welcome the prospect of length of days as any advantage. Others who are only moderately bilious ought to thank Dr. Richardson for his comforting disclosures. They may suffer much from bile and its attendant train of furies; they may be morbidly suspicious, ridiculously envious, horribly boorish, and dolorously sour-visaged; but they at least have the satisfaction of reflecting that they are probably booked for a good long innings of existence. The last word of science seems, therefore, to be "A long life and a bilious one"—which, taken as a motto, is not very hopeful; but then science also knows that biliousness is one of those demons that can be pretty well exorcised by proper diet.

*Concerning Rare Wines—London Spectator*

There are some wines which very few people drink, not only because they are scarce and dear, but because they have a smack that is not to the general taste. Lacrima Christi is sipped by travelers at Naples, but few flasks find their way far from their native slopes of Vesuvius. The white wine of Jurançon, sacred to the memory of the Kings of Navarre, and always loved by Henry IV. of France, cannot be bought. Every drop is bespoken years before by far-sighted legitimate consumers.



It is hard, even in Vienna or Presburg, to buy one of those quaint bottles of white glass and bulbous shape that holds an imperial pint of imperial Tokay. It is dearer, bulk for bulk, than any wine in the world. It is almost as strong as French brandy, almost as substantial as syrup, and is in fact only a superior raisin, luscious and cloying. But it is a Porphyrogenite, born to grandeur. Those who grow the grapes are princes, whose Hungarian territories are administered by prefects and councils, and those who buy the wonderful wines are kings and kaisers, whose august demands leave only a handful of flasks to be scrambled for by the outside public. So, in less degree, with Prince Metternich's Cabinet Johannisberg, monarch of Rhine wines, the best of which scorns to find purchasers not commemorated in the "Almanack de Gotha," but pseudo specimens of which, at about thirty shillings a bottle, are to be had at Rhineland hotels and Paris restaurants, in quantities that would make a man marvel at the fertility of the few stony acres of the historical vineyard.

*To Choose an Orange—The Caterer*

The very sweetest orange and richest is the black or rusty-coated fruit. Pick out the dingiest oranges in the box, and you will get the best. Another way to choose oranges is by weight. The heaviest are the best, because they have the thinnest skin and more weight of juice. Thick-skin oranges are apt to be dry; they either weigh less because of having so much skin or because of the poverty of the juice in these particular specimens. A slight freezing on the tree causes this condition in otherwise fine fruit. The "kid-glove" oranges are the two varieties of small fruit grown in Florida from stocks respectively brought from China and from Tangiers. They are called "Mandarin" and "Tangerine." They may be eaten without soiling a kid glove, because the skin is loose and the little "gores" or pockets of juice come apart very cleanly and without breaking. All the above applies to Florida oranges. The Jamaica and Havana oranges are much paler yellow, and their juice is usually of more acid quality.

*A Salad of Distinction—From "Table Talk"*

A salad of distinction, the invention of the late Henry Chorley, a distinguished gourmet, deserves space:

Of four good lettuces take the hearts;

They still have got

What man has not;

Break roughly into equal parts,

Four hours in water they should lie,

If fairly you'd this salad try.

One tea-spoonful, not chopped too fine,

Tarragon, shervil, and shallot—

Of the two first, proportions even,

But of the last as one to seven.

In a large cup the three combine,

And mind you bruise them not;

A pinch of powdered sugar, too,

Black pepper ditto, or say two;

And in the words of Sidney Smith, lest you this salad spoil,  
Be niggard of your vinegar and lavish of your oil.

Six table-spoonfuls of the first

Will barely quench thy salad's thirst.

Three tea-spoons, then, of vinegar must in the mixture vanish;

But mind, perfection to attain, this latter must be Spanish.

Stir them together, pour them in the bottom of the bowl;

Then add a tea-spoonful of salt, the essence of the whole.

Throw in the lettuce, stir it around, and, if you have a soul,

Stir not the lettuce in its midst, but round and round the bowl,

Using two wooden kitchen spoons that have no other mission.

Your salad's finished, so am I, and so is my commission.

*Description of the Lobster—Portland (Me.) Transcript*

The lobster is an odd creature. Neither flesh, fowl nor good red herring, he has properties in common with all three together, with characteristics peculiarly his own.

Hideous as the most deformed productions of demonology or the wildest midnight conjurations of an overtaxed stomach, he yet exhibits a kaleidoscope of bright hues, a hundred subtle gradations of color to the eye artistic, and contains within his curved and polished carapace sweet morsels which have been the delight and terror of gourmands of all ages. If his carven counterpart is not seen amid the labored sculptures on Egyptian monuments (although bronze presentments of his cousin, the crab, aid in upholding the big obelisk in Central Park), in Assyrian palaces or Greek friezes, it was scarcely because of total ignorance of his varied excellencies. The old Romans knew and appreciated him, and from their time down to the present his marine majesty has reigned supreme, king of the sideboard and the salad bowl. It is on this side of the Atlantic that the lobster attains his largest growth and most succulent development. Perhaps it is because his supply of food is more constant and copious, and for the reason that he is not harmed by such a swarm of enemies as he encounters in European waters. However, he has been sought after by the industrious market-man with a sufficient energy to render him quite shy and rare on our more populous coasts, and it is on the shores of the bays of Fundy and St. Lawrence and their environing islands that he is to be obtained in his natural size and plentitude. Every lobster fisherman has control, more or less vested, of a certain section of marine territory in which he may set his traps. These latter are cylindrical in form, constructed of open slat-work. One end is funnel-shaped, with an opening in the extremity large enough to admit the passage of the body of a lobster. They are baited with a piece of pork or fragment of fish and anchored with a stone, in from two to four fathoms of water. Mr. Lobster scents the dainty from afar, and after a cautious survey of the premises, abutments and appurtenances of the "creel," as it is sometimes styled, concludes to enter. Once inside, he apparently realizes that he is entrapped, and with philosophical calmness sits down to await his doom. Why he does not attempt to escape is an unsolved mystery. The hole which served as an easy means of ingress is open and would afford an equally unobstructed avenue of egress, but the prisoner never avails himself of it. He will not even touch the bait which often attracts others of his kind. The sight of their incarcerated relative does not deter them, after a deliberate inspection, from passing through the aperture and likewise waiting for the liberty which never comes. In this position they will not fight with one another, although ordinarily the most pugnacious of the many quarrelsome denizens of the deep. It even seems as if the presence of one or more lobsters in the trap induces others to emulate their feat and the fishermen occasionally find a "full house," the animals being so packed that it is difficult to extricate them. Let us watch the entertaining drama—high tragedy, doubtless from a lobster's point of view of being boiled. From the floating "well," moored alongside the wharf, he is lifted in a capacious dip-net—appareled in dark, sea-green uniform and staring with suspicious and vindictive eyes into space. Hades yawns—a burst of steam escapes and mounts heavenward—there is a hissing plunge and the lid of the boiling tank falls on the last appearance in life of our erstwhile lively friend. A brief visit in that scalding prison and he is extracted and cast onto a coarse board table for further operations. Gone is his sable, sober tint. His garb now outshines the coat of a British grenadier in brilliancy; he glows like a living coal from which his beady black eyes maintain their fixed stare into vacuity, while his odor perfumes the surrounding region.

## ABSOLUTION—THE STORY OF A SPIRITUAL LOVE\*

- Three months had passed since she had knelt before  
The grate of the confessional, and he,—  
The priest—had wondered why she came no more  
To tell her sinless sins—the vanity  
Whose valid reason graced her simple dress—  
The prayers forgotten, or the untold beads—  
The little thoughtless words, the slight misdeeds,  
Which made the sum of her unrighteousness.
- She was the fairest maiden in his fold ;  
With her sweet mouth and musical pure voice,  
Her deep gray eyes, her hair's tempestuous gold,  
Her gracious, graceful figure's perfect poise,  
Her happy laugh, her wild unconscious grace,  
Her gentle ways to old, or sick, or sad,  
The comprehending sympathy she had,  
Had made of her the idol of the place.
- And when she grew so silent and so sad,  
So thin and quiet, pale and hollow-eyed,  
And cared no more to laugh and to be glad  
With other maidens by the waterside—  
All wondered, kindly grieved the elders were,  
And some few girls went whispering about,  
"She loves—who is it? Let us find it out!"  
But never dared to speak of it to her.
- But the priest's duty bade him seek her out  
And say, "My child, why dost thou sit apart?  
Hast thou some grief? Hast thou some secret doubt?  
Come and unfold to me thy inmost heart.  
God's absolution can assuage all grief  
And all remorse and woe beneath the sun.  
Whatever thou hast said, or thought, or done,  
The Holy Church can give thy soul relief."
- He stood beside her, young and strong, and swayed  
With pity for the sorrow in her eyes—  
Which, as she raised them to his own, conveyed  
Into his soul a sort of sad surprise—  
For in those gray eyes had a new light grown,  
The light that only bitter love can bring,  
And he had fancied her too pure a thing  
For even happy love to dare to own.
- Yet all the more he urged on her—"Confess,  
And do not doubt some comfort will be lent  
By Holy Church thy penitence to bless.  
Trust her, my child." With unconvinced consent  
She answered, "I will come;" and so at last  
Out of the summer evening's crimson glow,  
With heart reluctant and with footsteps slow,  
Into the cool great empty church she passed.
- "By my own fault, my own most grievous fault,  
I cannot say, for it is not!" she said,  
Kneeling within the gray stone chapel's vault;  
And on the ledge her golden hair was spread  
Over the clasping hands that still increased  
Their nervous pressure, poor white hands and thin,  
While with hot lips she poured her tale of sin  
Into the cold ear of the patient priest.
- "Love broke upon me in a dream; it came  
Without beginning, for to me it seemed  
That all my life this thing had been the same,  
And never otherwise than as I dreamed.  
I only knew my heart, entire, complete,  
Was given to my other self, my love—  
That I through all the world would gladly move  
So I might follow his adored feet.
- "I dreamed my soul saw suddenly appear  
Immense abysses, infinite heights unknown;  
Possessed new worlds, new earths, sphere after sphere,  
New sceptres, kingdoms, crowns became my own.
- When I had all, all earth, all time, all space,  
And every blessing, human and divine,  
I hated the possessions that were mine,  
And only cared for his beloved face.
- "I dreamed that in unmeasured harmony,  
Rain of sweet sounds fell on my ravished sense,  
And thrilled my soul with swelling ecstasy,  
And rose to unimagined excellence.  
And while the music bade my heart rejoice,  
And on my senses thrust delicious sway,  
I wished the perfect melody away,  
And in its place longed for his worshipped voice.
- "And at the last I felt his arm enfold,  
His kisses crown my life—his whispered sighs  
Echo my own unrest—his spirit hold  
My spirit powerless underneath his eyes.  
My face flushed with new joy, and felt more fair:  
He clasped me close, and cried, 'My own, my own!'  
And then I woke in dawn's chill night, alone,  
With empty arms held out to empty air.
- "I never knew I loved him till that dream  
Drew from my eyes the veil and left me wise.  
What I had thought was reverence grew to seem  
Only my lifelong love in thin disguise.  
And in my dream it looked so sinless, too,  
So beautiful, harmonious, and right;  
The vision faded with the morning light,  
The love will last as long as I shall do.
- "But in the world where I have wept my tears,  
My love is sinful and a bitter shame.  
How can I bear the never-ending years,  
When every night I hear him call my name?  
For though that first dream's dear delight is past,  
Yet since that night each night I dream him there,  
With lips caressing on my brow and hair,  
And in my arms I hold my heaven fast!"
- "Child, have you prayed against it?" "Have I prayed?  
Have I not clogged my very soul with prayer,  
Stopped up my ears with sound of praying, made  
My very body faint with kneeling there  
Before the sculptured Christ, and all for this,  
That when my lips can pray no more, and sleep  
Shuts my unwilling eyes, my love will leap  
To dreamland's bounds, to meet me with his kiss?"
- "Strive against this?—What profit is the strife?  
If through the day a little strength I gain,  
At night he comes, and calls me 'love' and 'wife,'  
And straightway I am all his own again.  
And if from love's besieging force my fight  
Some little victory has hardly won,  
What do I gain? As soon as day is done  
I yield once more to love's delicious night."
- "Avoid him!" "Ay, in dewy garden walk  
How often have I strayed, avoiding him,  
And heard his voice mix with the common talk,  
Yet never turned his way. My eyes grow dim  
With weeping over what I lose by day  
And find by night, yet never have to call  
My own. O God! is there no help at all—  
No hope, no chance, and no escapeful way?"
- "And who is he to whom thy love is given?  
"What? Holy Church demands to know his name?  
No rest for me on earth, no hope of heaven  
Unless I tell it? Ah, for very shame  
I cannot—yet why not?—I will—I can!  
I have grown mad with brooding on my curse,  
Here! Take the name, no better and no worse  
My case will be—Father, thou art the man!"

\* E. Nesbit in Longman's Magazine.



An icy shock shivered through all his frame—  
 An overwhelming cold astonishment ;  
 But on the instant the revulsion came,  
 His blood felt what her revelation meant,  
 And madly rushed along his veins and cried :  
 " For you, too, life is possible, and love  
 No more a word you miss the meaning of,  
 But all your life's desire unsatisfied."

Then through his being crept a new strange fear—  
 Fear of himself, and through himself, for her ;  
 His every fibre felt her presence near,  
 Disquiet in his breast began to stir.

" Lord Christ," his soul cried, whilst his heart beat fast,  
 " Give strength in this, my hour of utmost need."  
 And with the prayer strength came to him indeed,  
 And with calm voice he answered her at last :

" Child, go in peace ! Wrestle, and watch, and pray,  
 And I will spend this night in prayer for thee,  
 That God will take thy strange deep grief away."  
 Thou hast confessed thy sin. *Absolve-te.*  
 Silence most absolute a little while,  
 Then passed the whisper of her trailing gown  
 Over the knee-worn stones, and soft died down  
 The dim, deserted, incense-memored aisle.

She passed away, and yet, when she was gone,  
 His heart still echoed her remembered sigh :  
 What sin unpardonable hath he done  
 That ever more those gray unquiet eyes  
 Floated between him and the dying day ?  
 How had she grown so desperately dear ?  
 Why did her love-words echo in his ear ?  
 Through all the prayers he forced his lips to say ?

All night he lay upon the chancel floor,  
 And coiled his heart in tears and prayers, and new  
 Strange longings he had never known before.  
 Her very memory so thrilled him through,  
 That through his being's core a shiver stole  
 Of utter, boundless, measureless delight,  
 Even while with unceasing, desperate might,  
 His lips prayed for God's armor for his soul !

The moon had bathed the chancel with her light,  
 But now she crept into a cloud. No ray  
 Was left to break the funereal black of night  
 That closely hung around the form that lay  
 So tempest-tossed within, so still without.  
 " O God ! I love her, love her, love her so !  
 Oh, for one spark of heaven's fire to show  
 Some way to cast this devil's passion out !

" I cannot choose but love—Thou knowest, Lord,—  
 Yet is my spirit strong to fly from sin,  
 But oh, my flesh is weak, too weak the word  
 I have to clothe its utter weakness in !  
 I am thy priest, vowed to be Thine alone,  
 Yet if she came here with those love-dimmed eyes,  
 How could I turn her all away from Paradise ?  
 Should I not wreck her soul and blast my own ?

" Christ, by Thy passion, by Thy death for men,  
 Oh, save me from myself, save her from me !"  
 And at the word the moon came out again  
 From her cloud-palace, and threw suddenly  
 A shadow from the great cross overhead  
 Upon the priest ; and with it came a sense  
 Of strength renewed, of perfect confidence  
 In Him who on that cross for men hung dead.

Beneath that shadow safety seemed to lie ;  
 And as he knelt before the altar there,  
 Beside the King of Heaven's agony,  
 Light seemed all pangs His priest might have to bear—  
 His grief, his love, his bitter, wild regret,  
 Would they not be a fitting sacrifice,  
 A well loved offering, blessed in the eyes  
 That never scorned a sad heart's offering yet ?

But as the ghostly moon began to fade,  
 And moonlight glimmered into ghastlier dawn,  
 The shadow which the crucifix had made  
 With twilight mixed ; and with it seemed withdrawn  
 The peace that with its shadowy shape began,  
 And as the dim east brightened, slowly ceased  
 The wild devotion that had filled the priest—  
 And with full sunlight he sprang up—a man !

" Ten thousand curses on my priestly vow—  
 The hated vow that held me back from thee !  
 Down with the cross ! no death-dark emblems now !  
 I have done with death : life makes for thee and me !"  
 He tore the cross from out his breast, and trod  
 The sacred symbol under foot, and cried :  
 " I am set free, unbound, unsanctified !  
 I am thy lover—not the priest of God !"

He strode straight down the church and passed along  
 The grave-set garden's dewy grass-grown slope :  
 The woods about were musical with song,  
 The world was bright with youth, and love, and hope ;  
 The flowers were sweet, and sweet his visions were,  
 The sunlight glittered on the lily's head  
 And on the royal roses red,  
 And never had the earth seemed half so fair.

Soon would he see her—soon would kneel before  
 Her worshipped feet, and cry : " I am thine own,  
 As thou art mine, and mine forevermore !"  
 And she should kiss the lips that had not known  
 The kiss of love in any vanished year.  
 And as he dreamed of his secured delight,—  
 Round the curved road there slowly came in sight  
 A mourning band, and in their midst a bier.

He hastened to pass on. Why should he heed  
 A bier—a blot on earth's awakened face ?  
 For to his love-warm heart it seemed indeed  
 That in sweet summer's bloom death had no place.  
 Yet still he glanced—a pale concealing fold  
 Veiled the dead, quiet face—and yet—and yet—  
 Did he not know that hand, so white and wet ?  
 Did he not know those dripping curls of gold ?

" We came to you to know what we should do,  
 Father : we found her body in the stream,  
 And how it happened, God knows !" One other knew—  
 Knew that of him had been her last wild dream—  
 Knew the full reason of that life-disdain—  
 Knew how the hopeless shame of love confessed  
 And unreturned had seemed to stain her breast,  
 Till only death could make her clean again.

They left her in the church where sunbeams bright  
 Gilded the wreathed oak and carven stone  
 With golden floods of consecrating light ;  
 And here at last, together and alone,  
 The lovers met, and here upon her hair  
 He set his lips, and dry-eyed kissed her face,  
 And in the stillness of the holy place  
 He spoke in tones of bitter blank despair :

" Oh, lips so quiet, eyes that will not see !  
 Oh, clinging hands that not again will cling !  
 This last poor sin may well be pardoned thee,  
 Since for the right's sake thou hast done this thing.  
 Oh, poor weak heart, forever laid to rest,  
 That couldst no longer strive against its fate,  
 For thee high heaven will unbar its gate,  
 And thou shalt enter in and shall be blessed.

" The chances were the same for us ;" he said,  
 " Yet thou hast won, and I have lost the whole ;  
 Thou wouldst not live in sin, and thou art dead—  
 But I—against thee I have weighed my soul,  
 And, losing thee, have lost my soul as well.  
 I have cursed God, and trampled on His cross ;  
 Earth has no measurement for all my loss,  
 But I shall learn to measure it in hell !"

## THE SKETCH BOOK—CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

*Obliging a Preacher—Detroit Free Press*

Just back of Missionary Ridge, Chattanooga, while following the highway to reach Tunnel Hill, I came across a little church half hidden in the woods. The building was primitive, and the old darkey who sat on a log by the door was more so. After I had made inquiries about the route, and was ready to go on, he said: "Better come down, boss, an' come in to meetin'." "Do you hold services this afternoon, my friend?" "Yes, sah. We am gwine to open in about five minits, an I'spects de sermon will be a powerful one." It didn't seem right to be riding around the country on Sunday, so I got down and took a seat beside the old man. After a few minutes spent in general talk, he said it was time to go in. I followed after him, and found myself the sole audience. I next found that he was the preacher who was to deliver the powerful sermon. He opened services in regular form and with all due solemnity, and then announced his text and commenced preaching. I stood it for fifty-five minutes, and then, as he had only reached "second G," I waited until he had closed his eyes, and then made a dive for the door. It was no go. I hadn't gone six feet before he stopped his sermon and asked: "Stranger, must you be gwine?" "Yes, I feel that I must." "An' you can't stop and heah de rest ob de discord." "No." "Den I'll chop off right whar I is." "Oh, don't do that. You can go on with your sermon just the same." "But you see dar mus' be a colleckshun tooken up after de sermon," he said, in anxious tones. "If you'll oblige me by takin' a seat I'll sing a hymn an' pass de hat." I sat down, and when he had read and sung a hymn, he passed his hat, transferred the quarter to his vest pocket, and said: "I didn't get down to de most powerful part of the sermon; but if you happen long dis way nex' Sunday I'll giv' you de odder half. Dat quarter comes jist in time to keep de good work bilin'."

*Sunday in Mott Street—N. Y. Evening Sun*

Children on trucks and under trucks, children with their fat little legs sticking out between the bars of rusty balconies, children in the roadway prattling and playing, children making sand houses on a gravel heap, children chattering Hebrew and wearing a bit of calico, Italian children toddling along in frocks dangling to their ankles and ornamented with yellow earrings, babies a foot long held in maternal arms, babies in soap boxes and pulling at nursery bottles, children ranged along the curbstone, on doorsteps, in doorways, under peanut stands, babies and children and children and babies without number, the writer saw yesterday on Mott Street, between Chatham Square and Bayard Street. On a doorstep sat an Italian puffing a paper cigarette and holding a bald-headed baby in an old stovepipe hat. Beneath a truck on a mattress were three toddlers playing house and eating bread and molasses. Later on the mattress was set on fire by the police. Down the street comes a thin little girl with a sugar-bowl full of liquid tea in one hand and a pail of beer in the other. A young woman with a face as white as death, and her lips stained yellow with snuff or opium, staggers along and makes a lunge for the pail, but misses it and falls against the schoolhouse fence. The little girl hurries on, and the woman shouts curses after her. Propped up against a telegraph post is a man with a leg and a half. The drunken woman staggers up to him and asks for "the loan of a nickel." He pushes her away, whereat she swears some more, and then stubs her way down into a basement.

Crowds of people, all neatly dressed, and most of them carrying prayer-books, are entering the Church of the Transfiguration near by. In front of the church half a score of boys are playing a sort of shinnie called "pussy cat," and some twenty Chinamen in Sunday smocks are watching the game and smoking cigarettes. On the stoop of Quong, Ching, Hing & Co.'s grocery store opposite sits an old Chinaman, whose queue and mustache are gray, and a plump little white girl in soiled pinafore, with a slice of watermelon in her hand. She pushes the dimpled little fist holding the fruit up to him. But he shakes his head and says something in Chinese, and the little one takes it for granted that he doesn't want any watermelon. Down the street a brace of soggy-faced fellows come ambling along. A wreck of a woman in a misfit dress, slipshod shoes, and wilted hat passes them. Down a little further, near Chatham Square, is Wong Hee Lung's restaurant. It is in the second story, and from the balcony in front hang three red and yellow Chinese lanterns and a perpendicular green sign, gilded down the middle with Chinese characters. Within the restaurant sit eight Chinamen, eating rice and chicken. The chicken is cut up into small pieces, and the yellow men pick them up with chopsticks as a white man picks up a piece of coal with tongs, and give them a little toss into their mouths. The rice is served in wide bowls. Each Chinaman raises the bowl close to his chin, and hurries the rice into his mouth with a clumsy wooden spoon. In the whole neighborhood not a yellow baby was to be seen, nor a black one, either. But as the stroller made his way back to Bayard Street, he found the streets swarming, as before, with white youngsters, and all of them now interested in Policeman No. 2445, wagging his club at an Italian and inquiring into the ownership of a pair of new shoes which the Italian had in his hand. Some one three stories up in the air then began squeezing "Sweet Violets" out of an accordion, and seven pairs of barefooted little ones tried to waltz to the tune; and the stroller strolled away, hearing: "Sweet vi-o-lets, swee-tah than all the ro-ses."

*Sociable in Death—St. Louis Globe-Democrat*

There was a well-to-do Irishman up on O'Fallon street, near Biddle Market, in St. Louis, who found himself about to pass away. His name was Maloney. He sent for his old friend, O'Connor, to come and make his will. Everything was in readiness and the dying man said: "Put down \$300 for masses up at St. Laurence O'Toole's for the repose of me soul." The pen scratched away, and then Mr. O'Connor said: "What nixt, Mr. Maloney?" "Put down \$500 for the Little Sisters of the Poor. Have ye that down, Mr. O'Connor?" "I have, Mr. Maloney. What nixt?" "Put down \$250 for the St. Louis Orphan Asylum." "What nixt, Mr. Maloney?" "Put down \$1,000 for me brother Pat. He don't nade it, but it's all the same. I can't carry it wid me." "What nixt, Mr. Maloney?" So the work went on solemnly and slowly, the dying man bringing himself up with an effort to the task, and Mr. O'Connor stopping now and then to draw his finger across his nose and sniff sympathetically. Finally the dying man said faintly: "I think that's all I have to will." O'Connor footed up the items, looked at the balance in the little old bank book and said: "No, Mr. Maloney, there's tin dollars yit." The dying man lay absorbed in thought for a few moments, and then said: "O'Connor put down that tin dollars to spend with the byes at me funeral." Mr. O'Connor began to write; then



he stopped, looked toward the bed with a puzzled expression, and asked softly: "Mr. Maloney, shall I put it down to spind going to the funeral or comin' back from it?" The dying man lay very quiet for a few moments, as he studied the problem, and then with an effort replied: "O'Connor, put down tin dollars to spind goin' to the funeral, for thin an only thin will I be wid ye."

*Four American Kings—Illinois State Journal*

"We had left Keokuk but a few minutes when the train pulled up to a little station called Elveston, I believe," said one of Springfield's bewitching society girls to a companion, "and there was but one vacant seat, and that was near the door. My attention was attracted towards the rear end of the car by a commotion and shuffling of feet. I looked back and the baggageman and conductor were carrying a pale, delicate little boy about ten years of age, who lay stretched out on a cot, and almost every move they made seemed to rack the delicate little fellow with pain. He bore up bravely, but in spite of all his heroism I noticed two or three little tears trickling over his cheek. His mother, a patient little woman of thirty-five or forty, kept as near as possible, and tried to soothe his pain with words of love and sympathy. As I said, there was but one vacant seat in the coach, and that near the door, but when they neared the center of the car one of four traveling men, who were playing cards, looked up, and taking in the situation at a glance said, 'Let's vacate, boys. Here is a little chap who is suffering terribly, and our seats will just about fit him.' They were all up in almost no time and had cleared out their sample cases and fixed the little cot across the two seats and were packing the mother's traps away when the train started. With the first jerk of the train the little boy gave a groan and his face took on an expression of intense pain, and finally, unable to bear it longer, he cried out, 'Oh, mamma! mamma! I can't stand it.' And the poor frail frame seemed a bunch of pain and misery. She stooped over and kissed his forehead and soothed him as best she could, but the rocking motion of the train appeared as if it would kill him. One of the drummers proposed that he and his companions raise the cot from the seat and hold it in their hands. The little woman said something about bother; I couldn't hear exactly what, but the traveling men carried into effect the proposition, and it eased the sufferer wonderfully. They held him in the aisle in such a way that the mother could sit and fan him, and for two solid hours they stood and held that little cot, letting it down only at stations. They didn't do it in a way that would make the mother feel at all uncomfortable. They laughed and joked and bought fruit for the little sufferer, and I didn't do anything but feel good all the way over. They took him off at Jacksonville, and one of the men changed cars there; one of them got off at Springfield. I think he is train dispatcher at the Wabash, and the other two went on. But, I tell you, I have more faith in human nature since then, especially in card-playing traveling men."

*Self-Sacrifice—Senor Remeazis—Nashville American*

I am a Cuban and I love Cuba, yet the extreme heat of some months of each year is unbearable. You remember the entrance of Havana harbor is guarded by Morro Castle. The garrison numbers about 200 men. Three years ago last June the temperature rose beyond all previous records and the suffering was intense. The authorities were dreading the possible invasion of Cuba's deadliest scourge—yellow fever. News came to the city of the breaking out of the fever at the castle. Immediately steps were taken for the complete isolation of the fort. No boats were allowed to land from the infected locality, and none were

brave enough to venture the casting of their lot with the garrison. At sunset each day we watched the gates open and funeral corteges wind their way down the hill to the little garrison cemetery; we listened for the volleys of salute, their number denoting how many brave fellows had succumbed that day. One evening as we apathetically gazed across the water a boat shot forth from the pier at Havana. It was loaded to the gunwales with provisions and medicines, and none in that crowd needed to be told its destination. Our eyes then sought the guider of the little craft, and, to our horror, saw the sole occupant was a woman. Then a universal shout of protest came—too late. She paused an instant from her rowing and silenced our murmuring with a wave of her small hand. "I am alone," she said. "From all Havana not one regret will follow me. 'Tis better that I should go than a life upon whose tenure hangs the fate of others. Good-bye!" We strained our eyes across the water, watched her strokes grow slower and slower as the awful heat sapped her very life, and finally pause exhausted beneath Castle Morro's walls. Those faithful souls, brave and constant to the last, refused admission, though we could feel the hunger and longing expressed in their long suffering eyes. At length faint resistance ceased—they eagerly came down to the welcome boat—fairly lifted their angel of mercy on waiting shoulders, and, followed by others bearing the medicine, to which many poor fellows will owe their lives, are lost to our view within the castle walls. The first effect we noted was the reduction in the number of salutes over the soldiers' graves; then one blessed morning, when a breeze, all but cool, came straight from your northland, the distress signal was hauled down, and again the royal flag of Spain floated proudly from the battlements, denoting all was well within. Instantly the bay was dotted with boats. We flocked to the castle and exchanged congratulations with the Governor and his badly decimated garrison. We learned that undoubtedly not a life would have been preserved had it not been for the brave maiden's timely succor. Now, there, gentlemen, is an incident of a land of heat. "What became of the girl?" anxiously inquired the eager listeners. "She is the happy wife of the Governor of the castle, and is the idol of all Havana."

*Plantation Plow Song—New Orleans Democrat*

The following is a crude photograph of a plowing scene on a Louisiana plantation. As the picture is taken from life, the names of the two mules in the team, Sherman and Morgan, are given; the prose interpolations are rendered verbatim and the uncouth song reproduced as nearly as possible:

Git up, mules!  
 Brer Moses say dat music  
 Is gwine to hu't de soul,  
 And Satin's in de fiddle  
 Sho's sugar's in de bowl—  
 Gee, dar, Shumman!  
 De black bird ax de jay bird  
 What make him war such close,  
 He better put on mo'nin  
 'Cause all de groun' is froze.  
 Dis worl' is full o' trouble,  
 F'om summer tell de spring,  
 Den pra'rs an' tears is proper  
 For dem dat dance and sing—

Haw, Morgin—don't you heah me tell you to haw, mule!  
 Now go 'long.

De jay bird tell de black bird  
 De winter's sho'ly hard—

Wough, dar, you pestiferient beases, you! You been pas' dat birnt stump fo' times already dis mawnin, an' now

you's cockin' yo' ears an' cap'n an' prhancin' like you 'lows  
it must be a great big tarrilyin' black bar or sech. Wough,  
dar, I say. Git up.

I been down to the weddin',  
I see Miss 'Mandy Green;  
She's 'bout the livelis' lady  
Dat ever you has seen—

Hi! dat ain't what I was singin'—pleg tek a mule no-  
how! Dey 'stroys eber bit de sense a man was born wid—  
what wid strivin' an' nater'l contray'ness dey's nuff to make  
even a hungry man forgit 'bout he vittles—oh, yes, I 'mem-  
ber now.

De jay bird tell de black bird  
De winter's sho'ly hard,  
But what's de use of grumblin'  
'Less yo' po'k ain't got no lard.  
You gwine to let you 'ligion  
Freeze up yo' sperrit too,  
An' help along de misery  
We's got to trabble frou'?

De Lawd bless dese mules! dey been workin' o' cane  
craps nigh on to fifteen year, an' dey ain't larn't de deff-  
unse betwixt de water furrow an' de stubble row yit! Will  
you get up dar, you confounded varmint, you!

Miss 'Mandy look so smilin—

Look a hear, ain't I got that 'Mandy gal chune out'n my  
head yit!

Brer Moses shout at meetin'  
An' we can't sing an' wuk;  
Brer Moses jump to hymn tunes,  
Tell all de flo' is shuk—

What yo' doin' dar, Shumman? You wants to kick up,  
does you? When yo' ole heels git to fannen' de yar hit  
look like you got a spite again de sun an' gwine to kick it  
up all de way to 12 o'clock. Take dat!—an' dat!—an'  
dat! Now you got sumpen to kick up 'bout—don't you  
heah me! Now, go 'long, I say!

Dis yarth warn't made for trouble,  
Nor 'penten' he was born,  
Some sinners at salvation  
Is gwine to heah de horn;  
An' some dat played de fiddle  
Will get a higher place  
Dan some dat wars dat 'ligion  
Upon a solemn face.

Bless Gawd, dar goes de dinner bell! You heah it,  
does you? Oh, yes, you's a hollerin now! Stan rou'  
heah, Morgin, tell I get on to yo' pleggity ole back; dar  
now! If Shumman ain't done gone an' juk de bridle  
clean outen he mouf an' gone home a-clattin. Git up,  
Morgin!

Miss 'Mandy looks so smilin'  
An' her mouf chirp like a chune,  
Wish I had o' axed her  
For anudder weddin' soon.

*Becase Wherein and Wherefore—Kansas City Star*

There is a colored congregation of Methodists who un-  
til a couple of months ago were led in the paths of recti-  
tude by a very young preacher. He was a fluent son of  
Ham, and the length of the words he hurled at his hearers  
was only limited by the amount of oxygen he could take  
into his lungs at one effort. This was all very well for a  
time, but when the elders of the church saw that the argu-  
ments adduced did not draw the erring ones nearer to the  
big white throne, a change was decided upon, and a com-  
mittee of one was appointed to ask for the preacher's  
resignation. When the errand had been stated, the preacher  
indignantly asked what the congregation expected for noth-  
ing. "Wa'al now, doan yo' see, we duzzent expect —"  
"Isn't my character away up yan above procrastination?"

"No trouble 'bout dat, but, sah, yer isn't fur enuf eddica-  
ted to—" "Kain't I talk confluently enuf ter suit de  
most rapashus?" "Dat's it, chile; dat's it; hole right on  
whar y'ar now. Yo' kin talk and yo' kin talk, but yo' doan't  
pint out; yo' can argyfy an' yo' kin argyfy, but yo' doan't  
show wharein." The resignation was handed in directly.

*His Father Had Changed—Yonkers Statesman*

There is no more pathetic figure in America than what  
Hans Breitmann called "the poor, hard-working German."  
If such a thing be possible, he is honest to a fault, and sus-  
picion finds no place in his frank nature. Bereavement  
came to such a one lately in the death of his father. Fam-  
ily ties are strong among the Teutons, and his sorrow  
weighed heavily upon him. As a mark of filial respect, he  
determined to have a portrait of his father, and turning to  
the directory, not for consolation, but for information, he  
sought the name of a portrait painter, just as a man with a  
house full of frozen water pipes would wearily turn to it for  
the name and address of the nearest plumber. Having  
found what he wanted, he sought out the artist, and asked  
if he could paint a portrait of his father. "Certainly,"  
said the artist; "why didn't you bring the old gentleman  
along?" "He vas deat," sobbed the caller. The artist  
was touched, and expressed his regret at having opened the  
wound. "But," he said cheerily, "that need not prevent  
you having his portrait. Bring me his photograph." "There  
vos none," answered the son, wiping his eyes. "Then how  
can you expect me to paint his portrait?" "Why can you not  
his picture paint? You are a portrait painter. Shust you  
paint him." The artist saw the humor of the thing, and told  
the bereaved son to call again in two weeks. He did. "Vell,  
you have him painted?" "Yes," said the artist; "I have  
done the best I could. Here it is." The German looked at  
the picture, the tears running down his cheeks. At last he  
said: "Vos dot so? Vos dot so? Dot is mein poor old vater!  
Ach Gott! How he changed vas!"

*Miracle of the Apples—Burdette—Traveler's Record*

Now when the autumn was come, it was so that the land  
of Burlington and the country round about abounded  
with much apples, so that the sound of the cider press  
ceased not from morning even unto the night. And in the  
morning the husbandman arose, and he said, Go to, apples  
is not worth much, but so much as they will fetch I will  
have. And he laded up his wagon, and filled its bed even  
to overflowing with bell-flowers, and seek-no-further, and  
duchesses, and spitzbergens, and snow apples, and russets,  
each after its kind. And when he was come nigh to the  
town, Lo! three town boys met him and spoke unto him  
delicately, and said, Give us a napple. And his heart was  
moved with good nature, and he hearkened unto their  
words, and said unto them, Yea, climb in, and eat your fill.  
And as he journeyed on he met two other boys. And they  
waxed bold when they saw the first three riding and eating  
apples, and they cried aloud, Give us snapple. And the  
man spake unto them and said, Yea. And they clome in.  
And they spake not one to another, neither did they cease  
to eat apples, save when they paused that they might take  
breath. And the husbandman made merry and laughed  
with himself to see them eat, and he said: Ho, ho! Ho,  
ho! But the lads laughed not, for they were busy. Now  
the eldest of the lads was thirteen years old, and the young-  
est thereof was in his ninth year. And they were exceed-  
ing lean and ill-favored. And when the husbandman was  
entered into the city he drove along the streets, and lifted  
up his voice and shouted aloud, Ap-pulls! Ap-pulls!  
Here's yer nighseatinnapples! Ap-pulls! Ap-pulls! And  
the women of the city leaned over the fences and said, one  
to another, Lo! another rapple wagin. And they spake



unto the man and said, Hast thou of a verity good eatin-napples? And he said, Of a verity I have. Come forth. And when they were come forth they looked into his wagon, and they were wroth and cried out against him. And they said, Thou hast mocked us and thou hast deceived thine handmaidens with the words of thy mouth. Verily thou hast naught: wherefore then dost thou drive through the city crying, Ap-pulls? And when he had turned him around and looked he was speechless. And the women of the city cried, Go to; are not thy words altogether lighter than vanity? And he smote upon his breast and sware unto them, saying, I am a truthful man, and the son of a truthful man. When thy servant left home this morning there was even thirty-seven bushels of apples in the wagon bed. Now there was naught in the wagon save the five boys. Neither was there so much as one small apple. And the husbandman necked the lads, and entreated them roughly, for he said, What is it that ye have done? For ye have cast my apples into the street. But the lads wept bitterly and said, Nay, not so. Are thy servants pigs that they should do such a thing? And he said, Declare unto me, then, what thou hast done with my apples. And the lads pointed at each other, even each one at his fellow, and they wept and exclaimed with one accord, He eat 'em. And the husbandman was wroth and would not believe them. For he wist not that the town boy was hollow clear into the ground. But the women of the city cried unto him and said, How far is it the lads have ridden with thee? And he said, Even as far as a mile and a half. And the women laughed and made merry and said, Of a surety it is even so as the lads have said. They have eaten up all the apples. And they made light of it, as though it had been a very small thing for the lads to do. And the husbandman marveled greatly within himself, for the five lads did not fill one small end of the wagon. And it was so that it was beyond his finding out, where the thirty-seven bushels of apples had stowed themselves. So he turned him about and drove home, and he commanded the lads that they follow him not. And they hooted at him and cast stones after him even unto the city gates, for such is the custom and manner of the town boy. But the husbandman spake not unto them, for his mind was heavy with thinking of this wonderful thing he had seen.

*Most Thoroughly Accomplished—Cincinnati Times*

Potts had just returned from an extended trip abroad and was making his first call upon a young lady friend. "My gracious, Miss Jenny, how you have changed! Why, you are a mere shadow of your former self. Aren't you well?" "Well, no, Mr. Potts. You see, shortly after your departure I joined the cooking school, and there we are obliged to sample everything that we make. I am now a hopeless dyspeptic." "How horrible! Really, I pity you from the bottom of my heart." "You are very kind, Mr. Potts, but I feel positive that I shall reap my reward," and here the young lady blushed painfully. "Reward? Really. I do not comprehend." Then, with a graceful flutter of clinging drapery, she crossed to his side, gave him a 'tis-leap-year expression, laid her left ear over his chest protector, and gently murmured: "Willie, dear, I can make biscuits such as your mother used to make." With a wild cry of joy he took her in his great strong arms, and their happiness was so intense it could have been cut with a knife.

*Two Newly-Made Widows—From the Boston Post*

It is said that some of the chief railroads in the country employ special persons to inform the bereaved family when an employé has been killed. Considering that every year a small army of men meet their death on the track, the

statement is not incredible. An old railroad man at Reading, who has discharged this painful office, gives the following among other experiences: "It was only a few days ago that I went to a home and found the wife chatting and laughing with a neighbor's wife while she was at work among her rosebushes and flowers. She hadn't been married very long. I first asked whether her husband was at home. She stared at me, became white as a piece of chalk, then shrieked and fell among the plants. I helped to carry her into the house. 'He's dead; my husband is dead. I know he has been killed!' 'Who told you?' I asked, when she revived. 'No one. I only thought so. Is it true?' It was easy, then, to finish my errand. I once called on a woman to tell her her husband had been killed by striking against an overhead bridge. This was three years ago, near Philadelphia. The wife curled up her lip and replied: 'If he's been killed, heaven has revenged me. He abused me long enough. He'll abuse no more women now.' That was the easiest job in my line I ever had. Five minutes later the woman was in hysterics."

*A Specimen Detective Story—London Tid Bits*

A lady and a gentleman were traveling together on an English railway. They were perfect strangers to each other. Suddenly the gentleman said: "Madam, I will trouble you to look out of the window for a few minutes; I am going to make some changes in my wearing apparel." "Certainly, sir," she replied, with politeness, rising and turning her back upon him. In a short time he said: "Now, madam, my change is completed, and you may resume your seat." When the lady turned she beheld her male companion transformed into a dashing lady with a heavy veil over her face. "Now, sir, or madam, whichever you like," said the lady, "I must trouble you to look out of the window, for I also have some changes to make in my apparel." "Certainly, madam," and the gentleman in ladies' attire immediately complied. "Now, sir, you may resume your seat." To his great surprise, on resuming his seat, the gentleman in female attire found his lady companion transformed into a man. He then laughed and said: "It appears that we are both anxious to avoid recognition. What have you done? I have robbed a bank." "And I," said the whilom lady, as he dexterously fettered his companion's wrists with a pair of handcuffs, "am Detective J—, of Scotland Yard, and in female apparel have shadowed you; now," drawing a revolver, "keep still."

*Real Southern Life—The Richmond Baton*

The moonlight drifted brokenly through a rift in the roof of a negro cabin in the Hanover slashes and fell on Gabriel Jones' gray-bearded face. He was smoking and meditating. "Hannah!" he called presently; "Hannah!" Silence. "Hannah! I say, Hannah!" a trifle louder. There was a rustling of the straw in the bed in the corner and a sleepy answer: "Huh?" "Hannah, did you put dat watermillion I foun' in Marse Ben Scott's patch yistidy in de cool spring?" "Yes, I put dat watermillion in the cool spring," she answered, deliberately. "Dat was right." A moment's pause. "Hannah, did you hang dat coat dat Mister Hedley 'sisted on my takin' 'hind de hay rack, like I tole you?" "I did dat." "Did you scall and pick dem chickens I borrowed f'om de man down on de river road de urr day?" "Yes, I scall dem chickens." "Well, fry me one de fust t'ing in de mornin', case I'se got t' go over t' Mister Chinky Claplin's t'-morrow t' lead a prar meetin' an' keep dem triflin' niggers in de right road." Then he leaned his grizzled head on the chair back and snored the snore of the just, and the bull-frogs in the marshes echoed it over the Chickahominy low grounds.

## SPECIAL VERSE TOPIC—VARIOUS EPIGRAMS

*The Secret of an Epigram*

Three things must epigrams like bees have all.  
The sting and honey, and a body small.

*On Military Dress*

Smart soldiers like to be well tightened in :  
Loose habits would destroy all discipline.

*Unthinking Believers—Dryden*

Born to be saved, even in their own despite,  
Because they could not help believing right.

*Tea Drinking*

If wine is poison so is tea, but in another shape.  
What matter whether we are killed by canister or grape ?

*The Peril of Infamy*

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,  
They light a torch to show their shame the more.

*Epitaph on a Coroner*

He lived and died  
By suicide.

*Adam's First Sleep*

When Adam slept, Eve from his side arose,  
Strange his first sleep should be his last repose !

*Lines on a Mirror*

I change, and so do women, too ;  
But I reflect—which women never do.

*Cardinal Woolsey—Heywood*

Begot by butcher, but by bishop bred,  
How high his highness holds his haughty head.

*The Cappadocians—Demodocus*

A viper stung a Cappadocian's hide,  
But 'twas the viper, not the man, that died.

*A Poor Singer—Samuel Rogers*

Swans sing before they die ; 'twere no bad thing  
Should certain persons die before they sing.

*Laugh at your Friends—Pope*

Laugh at your friends, and if your friends are sore,  
So much the better, you may laugh the more.

*Love and Love Again—John Hay*

What is first love worth except to prepare for a second ?  
What does the second love bring ? Only regret for the first.

*On Evening Dress—Burton*

When dressed for the evening, girls nowadays  
Scarce an atom of dress on them leave,  
Nor blame them—for what is an Evening dress,  
But a dress that is suited to Eve ?

*To an Author—Martial*

In spite of hints, in spite of looks—  
Titus, I send thee not my books—  
The reason, Titus, canst divine ?  
I fear lest thou shouldst send me thine

*A Minister's Eyes—G. Outram*

I cannot praise the Doctor's eyes ;  
I never saw his glance divine ;  
He always shuts them when he prays,  
And when he preaches he shuts mine.

*On Love and Marriage*

'Tis highly rational, we can't dispute  
That love, being naked, should promote a suit ;  
But doth not oddity to him attach ?  
Whose fire 's so oft extinguished by a match ?

*My Idol*

My idol fell down and was utterly broken,  
The fragments of stone lay all scattered apart ;  
And I picked up the hardest to keep as a token—  
Her heart.

*The Weeping Widow*

Lady Bel, who in public bewails her dead spouse,  
While in private her thoughts on another are turning,  
Reminds me of lighting a fire with green boughs,  
Which weep at one end while the other is burning.

*From the Arabic*

The morn that ushered thee to life, my child,  
Saw thee in tears whilst all around thee smiled,  
When summoned hence to thy eternal sleep,  
Oh ! may'st thou smile whilst all around thee weep.

*To a Dead Friend—Plato*

Thou wert the morning star among the living  
Ere thy fair light had fled :  
Now, having died, thou art, as Hesperus, giving  
New splendor to the dead.

*A Candidate for the Legion of Honor*

In ancient times—'twas no great loss,  
They hung the thief upon the Cross :  
But now, alas ! I say 't with grief,  
They hang the Cross upon the thief.

*On One who Spoke Little—R. Garnett*

" I hardly ever ope my lips," one cries :  
" Simonides, what think you of my rule ?"  
" If you're a fool, I think you're very wise ;  
If you are wise, I think you are a fool."

*False Hair—Martial*

The golden hair that Galla wears  
Is hers : who would have thought it ?  
She swears 'tis hers, and true she swears,  
For I know where she bought it ?

*Woman's Will—J. G. Saxe*

Men dying make their wills,  
Their wives escape a work so sad,  
What need the gentle dames to make  
What all their lives they've had.

*To my Love's Papa—Gordon Campbell*

" To flirt, to flirt !" the father cried  
" What means that latter day invention."  
Young Lovelace at the word replied  
" Attention, sir, without intention."

*On Feminine Talkativeness*

How wisely Nature, ordering all below,  
Forbade a beard on woman's chin to grow !  
For how could she be shaved, whate'er the skill,  
Whose tongue would never let her chin be still.

*Reasons for Drinking—Dean Alford*

If all be true that I do think,  
There are five reasons we should drink.  
Good wine, a friend, or being dry,  
Or lest one should be by-and-by,  
Or any other reason why !

*The Countess of Pembroke—Ben Johnson*

Underneath this sable hearse  
Lies the subject of all verse—  
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.  
Death ! ere thou hast slain another  
Learned and fair and good as she,  
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

*The Death of George the Fourth—Lander*

George the First was reckoned vile,  
Viler George the Second ;  
And what mortal ever heard  
Any good of George the Third ?  
When from earth the Fourth ascended,  
God be praised the Georges ended !



## WONDERFUL STORIES—THE CELEBRATED MOON HOAX

The most celebrated deception on the public which was ever perpetrated by a newspaper upon its readers was the Moon Hoax of Richard Adams Locke in the New York Sun in August, 1835. In those days there was neither cable nor Atlantic steamers, and all news from Europe was brought to this country by the old packet liners. For a year or more the scientific world had been looking forward to the discoveries to be made by Sir John Herschel, the great astronomer who had taken Lord Rosse's large telescope to the Cape of Good Hope. It was hoped and believed that the clear atmosphere of the Cape would result in more startling revelations of the stars than had ever before been had. It was just at this time that Mr. Locke wrote his Moon Hoax, and the effect upon the people was extraordinary. Hundreds believed it, among whom was Horace Greeley, who wrote an article to prove that it must be true. Benjamin H. Day, then the proprietor of the Sun, has put upon record the circumstances under which the hoax was written. "Locke was reporting on the *Courier and Enquirer*," said Mr. Day, "when he wrote an account of a hanging at Peekskill for the Sun. A few days afterward he came to me and told me he had been discharged from the *Courier* for writing for my paper. At the same time he proposed the scheme of the Moon Hoax. We were to claim that we had received a copy of the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, in which this account of Sir John Herschel's discoveries was printed. After some talk I agreed. The most original thing about Locke's article, and the one which deceived the greatest number of people, was his statement that by applying a microscope to the image projected by the telescope, the object looked at, the moon, was doubly magnified. Well, we printed the story, and it set the town wild. It took two days to print the whole of it, and it was a very good thing for the Sun. A committee appointed by Yale College came down and wanted to see the copy of the *Edinburgh paper*, but I staved them off by affecting great indignation at their doubt of the Sun's reliability. The hoax would have been more successful than it was had it not been for Locke's folly. He got drunk and told a reporter of the *Journal of Commerce* that he wrote the story. As I found out, the *Journal* was prepared to indorse the hoax before this. Of course it came out then and denounced the story as a hoax, saying that Locke invented it. Curiously enough, for a short time the war over the truth or falsehood of the account raged furiously, many people, who did not like to admit that they had been fooled, standing up stoutly for its genuineness; but the first mail from Europe upset the whole thing, of course. The original agreement with Locke was that he should be paid \$300 for the article, but he finally made between \$500 and \$600. He sold a large number of wood-cuts representing the animals and men in the moon, and he reprinted the article in pamphlet form." The following extracts from the Moon Hoax will give an idea of Mr. Locke's style and the boldness of his imagination. After an elaborate account of the difficulties experienced in setting up the great telescope, he describes the principal discoveries in the moon as follows:

"It was about half-past nine on the night of the 10th, the moon having then advanced within four days of her mean libration, that the astronomer adjusted his instrument for the inspection of the moon's eastern limb. \* \* \*

"Small collections of trees of every imaginable kind were scattered about the whole of the luxuriant area; and

here our magnifiers blessed our panting hopes with specimens of conscious existence. In the shade of the woods on the southeastern side we beheld continuous herds of brown quadrupeds having all the external characteristics of the bison, but more diminutive than any species of the *bos* genus in our natural history. Its tail is like that of our *bos grunniens*, but in its semicircular horns, the hump on its shoulders and the depth on its dewlap and the length of its shaggy hair it closely resembles the species to which I first compared it. It had, however, one widely distinguishing feature, which we afterward found to be common to nearly every lunar quadruped we have discovered, namely, a remarkable fleshy appendage over the eyes crossing the whole breadth of the forehead and united to the ears. We could most distinctly perceive this hairy veil, which was shaped like the upper front outline of a cap, known to the ladies as Mary Queen of Scots' cap, lifted and lowered by means of the ears. It immediately occurred to the acute mind of Dr. Herschel that this was a providential contrivance to protect the eyes of the animal from the great extremes of light and darkness to which all the inhabitants of our side of the moon are periodically subjected. The next animal perceived would be classed on earth as a monster. It was of a bluish lead color, about the size of a goat, with a head and beard like him and a single horn, slightly inclined forward from the perpendicular. The female was destitute of the horn and beard, but had a much longer tail. It was gregarious, and chiefly abounded on the acclivitous glades of the woods. In elegance of symmetry it rivaled the antelope, and like him it seemed an agile, sprightly creature, running with great speed and springing from the green turf with all the unaccountable antics of a young lamb or kitten. This beautiful creature afforded us the most exquisite and constant amusement. \* \* \*

"But while gazing upon them in a perspective of about half a mile, we were thrilled with astonishment to perceive four successive flocks of large-winged creatures, wholly unlike any kind of birds, descend with a slow, even motion from the cliffs on the western side and alight upon the plain. Now they were noticed by Dr. Herschel, who exclaimed: 'Now, gentlemen, my theories against your proofs, which you have often found a pretty even bet, we have here something worth looking at. I was confident that if ever we found beings in human shape it would be in this longitude, and that they would be provided by their Creator with some extraordinary powers of locomotion. First exchange for my number D.' This lens being soon introduced, gave us a fine half-mile distance, and we counted three parties of these creatures, of twelve, nine and fifteen in each, walking erect toward a small wood near the base of the eastern precipices. Certainly they were like human beings, for their wings had now disappeared and their attitude in walking was both erect and dignified. Having observed them at this distance for some minutes we introduced lens H z, which brought them to the apparent proximity of eighty yards, the highest clear magnitude we possessed until the latter end of March, when we effected an improvement in the gas burners. About half of the first party had passed our canvas; but of all the others we had a perfectly distinct view. They averaged four feet in height, were covered, except on the face, with short and glossy copper-colored hair, and had wings composed of thin membrane, without hair, lying snugly upon their backs

from the top of the shoulders to the calves of the legs. The face, which was of a yellowish flesh color, was a slight improvement upon that of the large orang-outang, being more open and intelligent in its expression, and having a much greater expansion of forehead. The mouth, however, was very prominent, though somewhat relieved by a thick beard upon the lower jaw, and by lips far more human than of any species of the simia genus. In general symmetry of body and limbs they were infinitely superior to the orang-outang; so much so, that, but for their long wings, Lieutenant Drummond said they would look as well on a parade ground as some of the old cockney militia! The hair on the head was a darker color than that of the body, closely curled, but apparently not woolly, and arranged in two curious semicircles over the temples of the forehead. Their feet could only be seen as they were alternately lifted in walking, but, from what we could see of them in so transient a view, they appeared thin, and very protuberant at the heel. Whilst passing across the canvas and whenever we afterward saw them, these creatures were evidently engaged in conversation; their gesticulation, more particularly the varied action of their hands and arms, appeared impassioned and emphatic; we hence inferred that they were rational beings, and although not perhaps of so high an order as others which we discovered the next month on the shores of the Bay of Rainbows, that they were capable of producing works of art and contrivance. The next view we obtained of them was still more favorable. It was on the borders of a little lake or expanded stream which we then for the first time perceived running down the valley to a large lake and having on its eastern margin a small wood. Some of these creatures had crossed the water and were lying like spread eagles on the skirts of the wood. We could then perceive that their wings possessed great expansion and were similar in structure to those of a bat, being a semi-transparent membrane expanded in curvilinear divisions by means of straight radii united at the back by the dorsal integuments. But what astonished us very much was the circumstance of this membrane being continued from the shoulders to the legs, united all the way down, though gradually decreasing in width. The wings seemed completely under command of volition, for those of the creatures whom we saw bathing in the water spread them instantly to their full width, waved them as ducks do theirs to shake off the water, and then as instantly closed them again in a compact form. "We scientifically denominated them the *Vespertiliohomo*, or man-bat; and they are doubtless innocent and happy creatures, notwithstanding that some of their amusements would but ill comport with our terrestrial notions of decorum. \* \* \*

We afterward discovered an equi-triangular temple, built of polished sapphire or of some resplendent blue stone which, like it, displayed myriad points of golden light twinkling and scintillating in the sunbeams. Our canvas, though fifty feet in diameter, was too limited to receive more than a sixth part of it at one view, and the first part of it that appeared was near the center of one of its sides, being three square columns six feet in diameter at its base and gently tapering to a height of seventy feet. The intercolumniations were each twelve feet. We instantly reduced our magnitude so as to embrace the whole structure in one view, and then indeed it was most beautiful. The roof was composed of some yellow metal and divided into three compartments, which were not triangular planes inclining to the center, but subdivided, curved and separated, so as to present a mass of violently agitated flames, rising from a common source of conflagration, and

terminating in wildly waving points. The design was too manifest and too skillfully executed to be mistaken for a single moment. Through a few openings in these metallic flames we perceived a large sphere of a darker kind of metal nearly of a clouded copper color, which they inclosed and seemingly ranged around, as if hieroglyphically consuming it. This was the roof; but upon each of the three corners there was a small sphere of apparently the same metal as the large center one, and these rested upon a kind of cornice quite new in any order of architecture with which we are acquainted, but, nevertheless, exceedingly graceful and impressive. It was like a half-opened scroll, swelling off boldly from the roof, and hanging far over the walls in several convolutions. It was of the same metal as the flames, and on each side of the building it was open at both ends. The columns, six on each side, were simply plain shafts, without capitals or pedestals or any description of ornament, nor was any perceived in other parts of the edifice. It was opened on each side and seemed to contain neither seats, altars nor offerings; but it was a light and airy structure, nearly a hundred feet high from its white, glistening floor to its glowing roof, and it stood upon a round, green eminence on the eastern side of the valley." The third ocean, the *Mare Serenitatis*, has one most extraordinary peculiarity, which is a perfectly straight ridge of hills certainly not more than five miles wide, which start in a direct line from its southern to its northern shore dividing it exactly in the midst. This singular ridge is perfectly *sui generis*, being altogether unlike any mountain chain either on this earth or the moon itself. \* \* \* Our lens Gx brought it within an optical distance of 800 yards and its whole width of four or five miles snugly within that of our canvas. Nothing that we had hitherto seen more strongly excited our astonishment. Believe it or believe it not, it was one entire crystallization: its edge throughout its whole length of 340 miles is an acute angle of solid quartz crystal, brilliant as a piece of Derbyshire spar just brought from the mine and containing scarcely a fracture or chasm from end to end. \* \* \*

Immediately on the outer border of the wood which surrounded, at the distance of half a mile, the eminence on which the first of the temples stood, we saw several detached assemblies of beings. They were larger in stature than the others, less dark in color, and an improved variety of the race. They were chiefly engaged in eating a large yellow fruit like a gourd, sections of which they dexterously divided with their fingers and ate with rather uncouth voracity, throwing away the rind. A smaller red fruit, shaped like a cucumber, which we had often seen pendent from trees having a broad dark leaf, were also lying in heaps in the center of several of the festive groups, but the only use they appeared to make of it was sucking its juice after rolling it between the palms of the hand and nibbling off an end. They seemed to be happy and even polite. Although evidently the highest order of animals in this rich valley, they were not its only occupants. Most of the other animals which we had discovered elsewhere in very distant regions were collected here, and also at least eight or nine new species of quadrupeds. The most attractive of these was a tall white stag with lofty spreading antlers, black as ebony. We several times saw this elegant creature trot up to the seated parties of semi-human beings I have described, and browse the herbage close beside them without the least manifestation of fear on its part.

Mr. Locke remained on the Sun for many years, and rose in time to be one of the chief editorial writers. He died in New Brighton, Staten Island, in 1871.



## AN INTERESTING QUESTION—HOW OLD IS "JEHOVAH?"\*

The Christian "Jehovah" is about three hundred and fifty years old, the Jewish Jehovah" hardly yet forty years. The Christian "Jehovah" first saw the light of the world in Germany; the birthplace of the Jewish "Jehovah" is within the United States of America. Be not startled, dear reader! We do not in this manner speak of God the Eternal,—far be such blasphemy from us,—but of "Jehovah," or rather of the use of the word "Jehovah," among Jews and Christians. The correct pronunciation of the tetragrammaton YHVH has gradually become unknown and forgotten since about 2,000 years. It is an old tradition that after the death of the High Priest Simon the Just (in the third century B. C.), the Kohanim commenced to abstain from enouncing the tetragrammaton in the priestly benediction when officiating in the temple (Yoma 39, b.) Other traditions differ somewhat. They say that, while the tetragrammaton YHVH was continued to be enounced by the Kohanim in the Temple ritual, this enunciation was prohibited outside of the Temple (Mishnah Sotah 7, 6; Tamid 7, 2, and other places.) Rabbi Tarphon, who was himself a Kohen, and who in his younger years was often enough officiating as such in the then still existing Temple, bears testimony that he once listened attentively on a Yom-Kippur, in order to learn how the High Priest would pronounce the Holy Name, and he noticed that he "swallowed the name"—and thereby avoided the clear and distinct utterance of it—while the priestly choirs were chanting (Jer. Yoma 3, 7; Qoheleth Rabbah ad. 3, 11.) *זה שמי יסוד* "This my name must be kept hidden," says the Talmud repeatedly (Pesa'him 50, a; Kid-dushin 71, a; Jer. Yoma 3, 7, etc.), applying one of its peculiar methods of explaining the words of the Torah. And in quite a number of other talmudic and midrashic passages it is distinctly stated that YHVH is to be pronounced as though it were written by the letters Aleph, Daleth, Nun, Yod (Adonai). Of the translators of the Hebrew Bible into the Greek Septuagint, who began the work in the third century, B. C., we know it also for certain that they read "Adonai," instead of the tetragrammaton. We can conclude this from their rendering the Sacred Name YHVH by the Greek word Kyrios (which means "the Lord"), an equivalent for the Hebrew Adon. A prominent Jewish teacher in Mishnaic times, Abba Shaul, went even so far as to say that anyone who enounces the sacred name according to the letters in which it is written, will not participate in the eternal bliss. (Sanhedrin, 10, 1.) But why should we continue to bring more cumulative evidence that the correct pronunciation of YHVH has been avoided and has been forgotten, since perhaps 2,000 years or more? and, moreover, so much is certain that in the very remote past when the Hebrew people still had the knowledge of the proper pronunciation, and when they were not yet accustomed to consider the holy name as ineffable, YHVH was not pronounced "Jehovah." For "Jehovah" is a grammatical impossibility. Whether Jahveh, or Jihveh, or Jaoh, or any other of the supposed correct pronunciations, is the really correct one, and is really the same as the original pronunciation was, this we do not propose to discuss here. The vowel-signs, which in our Hebrew Bibles are added to the letters YHVH, and which are the same as those under "Adonai," have been affixed by the Masorites in the 7th or 8th century.

They thereby desired to indicate that the word should be read "Adonai." The spelling and punctuation of "Jehovah," to use Masoretic terms, is a Kethibh, the corresponding Qeri is "Adonai." When towards the end of the 15th century some Christian scholars were thirsting after acquiring the mastery of the Hebrew; when Picus de Mirandola studied Hebrew under Elia del Medigo and Leon Abarbanel, and when Johannes Reuchlin sat at the feet of his Hebrew teachers, Jacob Loans and Obadiah Seferno, these Christian learners were certainly told that YHVH is an ineffable sacred name which to pronounce as it is written would be sinful. These pupils and their contemporaries listened to the words of their venerated Jewish teachers with respect, and they read the sacred name as the Jews did. Look through all the various writings of these great Christian scholars, and you will not find in any place therein the tetragrammaton transcribed by "Jehovah," though there were hundreds of occasions for doing so. Their disciples, however, (Oecolampadius, Seb. Münster, and others), and the disciples of Elia Levita and the other Jewish teachers in the first half of the 16th century, had not the feeling of veneration any more for their Jewish teachers and for Jewish tradition. They, or some of them, regarded the decided unwillingness of the Jews to read the ineffable name as it is written as an old Jewish superstition, and the Masoretic vowel-signs they considered to be of equal age, and consequently of equal authority with the letters, and so, since the middle of the 16th century, the transliteration "Jehovah" began to appear in books written by Christians. These Christian authors did not know that by this newfangled transcription and reading of the word they committed an act of ignorance. A Jew in those days would certainly not read or write "Jehovah." The name was too sacred to him, and to enounce it according to its letters he would have considered a great sin. And so it was until the middle of the present century. But since then among the Jews, too, we hear of "Jehovah." From Jewish pulpits the praises of Jehovah are proclaimed; in Jewish sermons "our great Jehovah" is compared with "the great Jupiter," or "the great Pan" of the heathens; in the name of "Jehovah" new synagogues are dedicated; "the Jehovah of our fathers" is invoked to bless the congregation; "Israel's Jehovah" is pointed at "with pride" by writers in the Jewish press—and so forth. What does this mean? Blasphemy? Oh no! These innocent people who speak and write of "Jehovah" have not the remotest idea to be blasphemous. They only want to demonstrate how "reformed" they are, how much they have "emancipated" themselves from old "superstitions," and what great scholars they are. The earliest authoritative use of "Jehovah" among Jews which we find is contained in a document that was published in the fall of 1855 in various newspapers in America. The invitation to the Jewish congregations in our land to send their rabbis and delegates to the Convention in Cleveland, held in that year, was sent out "in the name of Jehovah, the one God of Israel, and Israel's holy religion" (see Sinai, Vol. I., page 25). And if this, as we suppose, was the first time that among Jews "Jehovah" was enounced with the silent understanding of its being correct—an earlier case we could not trace—then we may well repeat, though it sounds paradoxical, that the Jewish "Jehovah" is now about thirty-three years old and no more.

\* Ploni Almoni in Menorah Monthly.

## RANDOM READING—THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER

*An Eloquent Passage—The Cincinnati Enquirer*

George D. Prentice, probably one of the most gifted writers that ever added lustre to American journalism, once said: It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else why these high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off to leave us to muse on their loveliness? Why is it that stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We were born for a higher destiny than earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings that pass before us will stay forever in our presence.

*Reasons for Accepting Christianity—Japan Weekly Mail*

A movement, supported by some very prominent men, is on foot to give an impetus to the spread of Christianity by laying stress on the secondary benefits its acceptance insures. Those connected with the movement say that Christian dogmas are a bitter pill to swallow, but advise that it be swallowed promptly for the sake of the after effects. Mr. Fukuzawa, a well-known writer, urges this course, although he says he takes no personal interest whatever in religion, and knows nothing of the teaching of Christianity; but he sees that it is the creed of the most highly civilized nations. To him religion is only a garment, to be put on or taken off at pleasure; but he thinks it prudent that Japan should wear the same dress as her neighbors, with whom she desires to stand well. Prof. Toyama, of the Imperial University, has published a work to support this view. He holds that Chinese ethics must be replaced by Christian ethics, and that the benefits to be derived from the introduction of Christianity are—(1) the improvement of music; (2) union of sentiment and feeling leading to harmonious coöperation, and (3) the furnishing a medium of intercourse between men and women. Mr. Cato, the late President of the Imperial University, who says that religion is not needed for the educated, and confesses his dislike to all religions equally, urges the introduction of religious teaching into Government schools, on the ground that the unlearned in Japan have had their faith in old moral standards shaken, and that there is now a serious lack of moral sentiment among the masses. Among the replies to this is one by a Mr. Sugiura, a diligent student of Western philosophy for many years. He speaks of the specially marked lack of religious feeling and sentiment in his countrymen; the Japanese, he says, have no taste for religion whatever, and it is impossible that they should ever become a religious people. The youth of Japan, he argues, being free from the thralldom of creeds, and free to act according to reason, are so far in advance of Europeans; and instead of talking about adopting a foreign religion, Japanese should go abroad and teach their religion of reason to foreign countries. Other writers urge the same views. To Japan, in an emphatically

agnostic mood, came Western science with all its revelations and attractions. At the shrine of that science she is worshipping now with all practicable devotion.

*Age of Professional Men—The Gentleman's Magazine*

Much has been written of late concerning the long lives of those who follow literary pursuits, and some interesting statistics as to the age of writers have seen the light. With the familiar instances of Goethe, Voltaire, and a score or two more of past days, and with the more modern cases of the laureate, Mr. Browning, and Mr. Bailey, the author of "Festus"—long may they live—I am not inclined to concern myself. With a full sense of my own incompetency to deal scientifically with the subject, I wish nevertheless to place matters on a scientific basis. In point of fact all professions are healthy as compared with trades. What men are longer lived than scientists, archaeologists—there is no profession of archaeology, but let that pass—lawyers, clergymen, physicians, actors? In some professions, notably the bar, to which might be added the stage, the early training is said, in a half serious banter, to kill off the weaklings. To some extent this is true of all professions. Men without self-control die, as a rule, young, whatever their occupations. In other cases, however, the conditions under which the class named exist are the most favorable. The two things that most readily kill men who attain middle age are anxiety or loss of interest. The man who goes to bed not knowing whether a turn in the market may elevate him to wealth or steep him in ruin dies of softening of the brain; he who has made his fortune and retired feels, unless he has cultivated a hobby, that he has no place in the world, and dies of inanition. As a rule, the professional man of 50 has learned what he can do. If he is unfit for the line he took he has slipped out of it; if he is making a fortune, it is a career full of interest and with little trouble or anxiety to himself. It is not his own case that the barrister pleads, the physician combats, and the parson arraigns. If, again, he is but moderately successful, his earnings, though small, are pretty safe. He gets as near an approximation to security as fate in a world such as this accords, and he may hope, barring exceptional circumstances, that the future will be as the past. His occupation, meanwhile, brings him consideration and intelligent surroundings, and his life is fairly and pleasantly varied. In these things lie, I make bold to say, the secret of long life on which the world is given to comment.

*Churches Built by Lottery—The Pittsburgh Dispatch*

A prominent Pittsburgh lawyer said to a reporter who dropped in for a chat: "I have just been reading an opinion expressed by Judge Biddle, of Philadelphia, concerning lotteries. I find it original and interesting. In charging a jury recently the Judge said that there were two classes that favored lottery schemes—the very good people and the very bad people. The religious people—some of them—want lotteries, in a modified form, so they can make money for the church. And the bad people find a fascination about lotteries because they seem to offer an easy way to make money without work. The judge added that he had far more trouble with the religious people than with the other class. I think I may safely say," continued the lawyer, "that lottery schemes have long been fostered and encouraged by churches. In Puritan times it was very common to get one up to pay a church debt, or for some equally worthy and benevolent object. Harvard College and many other institutions of learning were aided in their



early years by the turning of the lottery wheel. And to go back still further in history, the lot or the lottery has been widely used by the church. The land of Canaan was divided by lot, and so were the cities which were distributed to the priests and Levites. The Greeks and Romans divined auguries by lot, each of which was marked with a verse. They were also accustomed to open the works of the poets at random, and take the first passage on which their eyes fell as an oracle. The Bible has been used for the same purpose. In the early Christian Church, elections were determined by lot. All, or nearly all, civilized nations have at some time made use of lotteries as a means of raising revenue, and some European countries still keep up the practice. A lottery was held in London in the latter part of the sixteenth century, and the drawing took place at the door of St. Paul's Cathedral. In the time of King James I. lotteries were drawn for the benefit of the Virginia Company, and from that time forward the lottery was one of the commonest means in America for raising funds. It is only within the present century that they have been generally suppressed by statute, until now lotteries are illegal in nearly every State in the Union."

*Approved Religious Gambling—Pall Mall Gazette*

One of the most curious customs ever heard of was that which was observed on Thursday in the parish church of St. Ives, Hants. On a table in the church at the chancel steps were placed six Bibles, and near them a box and three dice. Six boys and six girls, solemnly watched over by the vicar, the Rev. E. Tottenham, and a crowd of parishioners, threw dice each three times to see which should have the six Bibles. Three went to the boys, and three to the girls. The highest throw was made by the smallest girl, 37. This remarkable custom dates from 1678, when Dr. Robert Wylde bequeathed £50, of which yearly interest was to be spent in buying six Bibles, not to cost more than seven shillings sixpence each, to be cast for by dice on the communion table every year by six boys and six girls of the town. A piece of ground was bought with the money, and is now known as Bible Orchard. The legacy also provided for the payment of ten shillings each year to the vicar, not a very high price, for preaching a sermon commending the excellency, perfection, and divine authority of the Holy Scriptures. The will of the eccentric doctor was exactly observed, and for more than two hundred years dice were regularly cast upon the communion table. Lately a table erected on the chancel steps was substituted, the Bishop of the diocese having considered that the communion table was not for throwing dice. The good and pious vicar's sermon this year was based upon the words: "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures."

*Playing Marbles for Keeps—The Kansas City Times*

At the meeting of the principals of the public schools the question of "playing keeps" was discussed at considerable length. There was no difference of opinion in regard to boys playing marbles as a game of skill and for amusement and recreation; but the moral phase involved in "keeps" as a species of gambling was the point of disagreement. The question of debate was more particularly one of suppressing or of prohibiting playing about the school premises. Quite a large number of the principals look upon the game of "keeps," when played for marbles, as positively immoral and decidedly vicious and demoralizing in all tendencies. The other side claimed that while there were doubtless some objectionable features to the game, repression or prohibition is not the proper remedy. There are rules by which the boys are governed in this game as well as all other games, and that this game is simply a miniature phase of life's trials and contests, and that

since a boy must learn to take care of himself sooner or later, he might get the first lessons in playing "keeps" now as well as later on in life. The marble-playing season lasts a portion of the year only, and the boys that play now will soon be too big to play, and the effect is only a passing stage of development that leaves slight traces in after years. As an evidence that it is not immoral to any appreciable extent, they instanced church fairs, where tickets are sold by chance and prizes are raffled for and votes for ugly men and handsome women are cast in profusion—all games of chance and not on so high a plane of skill as a well-conducted game of marbles. Then, the horse-races at the annual fairs, another species of chance work, are patronized and popularized by all classes of good citizens. Also indoor social games—such as whist, euchre, progressive euchre, and so on—are games of chance more than of skill, if honest playing is done. Neither did they hesitate to put speculation in corner lots upon a different basis from that employed by the shrewd boy in generalizing a game of "keeps." From a mind standpoint they claimed that two natures are in the boy, one his intellectual and moral nature and the other the selfish nature, and that both are susceptible of cultivation and direction, but that neither should be suppressed. The destruction of the selfish nature signified the crushing of all aspirations and the annihilation of all motives, which effeminized the masculine mind. And further, the necessary result of suppression or strict prohibition could have but one tendency, namely, to teach dishonesty and deception, which would lead to playing "keeps" in back alleys and other out-of-the-way places.

*Mapping the Footstool—Commercial Advertiser*

Suppose we glance at some of the achievements of modern geographical research. Beginning with our own land, we have recently extended our knowledge greatly of the character and possibilities of Alaska through the explorations of Dall, Schwatka, and Stoney. In the polar regions the most that has been done has been to establish a negative. By a long series of heroic failures it has been demonstrated that the high latitudes offer no inducement to trade or settlement. Even science has little to gain in return for the sufferings which explorations in that part of the globe involve. Greenland may once have been the Garden of Eden, as some Biblical students claim, but in these latter days it is the most desolate and valueless region of the earth. Until very recently we have known little of the interior of South America. Access is easy so far as nature goes, owing to the extensive river system that issues in the Amazon, but the absence of energy on the part of the local governments, the popular belief that the country would not repay study, and the animosity of the natives, both human and of the brute creation, have prevented much thorough exploration. But latterly the three great river systems of the Amazon, Orinoco and Paraguay have been studied and the general character of the interior established. Even Patagonia has been carefully observed, to the dispelling of many picturesque falsehoods concerning it. We might almost say that our generation has re-discovered Africa. The impact of civilization on that "dark continent" has been from every side and of a most aggressive character. The French have struck in from the northern coast and removed much of the mystery that from the dawn of time has invested the great desert of Sahara. We now know that, like many other of these waste regions, it has been maligned by timidity and ignorance. Only one-fifth of its surface is a sandy plain, and there are vast districts of arable land awaiting those who have the courage to penetrate to them. Then, on the western side, the country of the Senegal and Niger has been explored and surveyed.

Germany has made a strong push for colonial development further down on the west coast, and the Free State of the Congo has taken its place among nations. We need not dwell on the wonderful work that has recently been done in the exploration of this vast region. To the south and east the English, the Germans, and the Italians have penetrated into the interior and staked out future empires. In Asia the most noteworthy researches have been incidental to the schemes of military aggrandisement cherished by Russia. The road to India has been surveyed in spite of formidable obstacles, until now we have precise knowledge of the main geographical features of the great region that stretches from the Ural to the Himalaya Mountains. The explorer has also been busy in Persia, Thibet, Yunnan, Cochin China, the Corea, and the interior of China, so that few geographical problems of magnitude are left unsolved on this, the greatest of all the continents and the one which until recently guarded its secrets most jealously. Nor are the isles of the sea forgotten in this universal curiosity. Within a few years our knowledge of the continental islands and the remote groups of Australasia has been much increased. Thus the only considerable portion of the earth's surface with which we are still unfamiliar is the antarctic region. But even this has lately been attacked, and we shall soon be told the facts concerning it.

*Sense of Pre-Existence—American Notes and Queries*

Perhaps, after all, if history is ever to be verified, that verification may be found in our own minds. It has always been a favorite speculation of poets and metaphysicians that man is a microcosm, containing within himself the history of the race and of the universe—if only we had wit to read it. De Quincey compared the human brain to a palimpsest. Now, a palimpsest (the word means "twice rubbed") is a roll of parchment cleansed of its manuscript in order to make room for new manuscript. The rude chemistry of the ancients could efface the old sufficiently to leave a field for the new, yet not sufficiently to make the traces of the elder manuscript irrecoverable for us. Palimpsests have been found that yielded many successive layers of manuscript. The traces of each handwriting, regularly effaced, have in the inverse order been regularly called back by the magic of modern chemistry, and as the chorus of the Athenian stage unwove through the antistrophe every step that had been mystically woven through the strophe, so, by our modern conjurations of science, secrets of ages remote from each other have been exorcised from the accumulated shadows of centuries. "What else than a natural and mighty palimpsest," continues De Quincey, "is the human brain? Such a palimpsest is my brain; such a palimpsest, oh reader, is yours. Everlasting layers of ideas, images, feelings, have fallen upon your brain softly as light. Each succession has seemed to bury all that went before. And yet, in reality, not one has been extinguished." The comparison is apt and fine. Every one has experienced the strange tricks that memory occasionally plays. You are engaged in reading, in writing, in serious occupation which engrosses your mental powers. Suddenly there bursts into your thoughts some recollection of childhood, some trivial circumstance that happened years ago and was forgotten immediately afterward. Not the minutest analogy need exist between your present thoughts and the unbidden recollection that starts, goblin-like, from the sealed-up vaults of the past. Does this not indicate that experience in life, no matter how frivolous, leaves an indelible print on the mental organism, and that, though this print may seem to fade, it is still there, like writing in invisible ink, or the effaced manuscript on the palimpsest—only waiting for some exciting cause to bring

it out clearly and legibly? The truth is enforced by the experience of persons who have been on the threshold of death. Those who have been recovered from drowning or hanging say that previous to the advent of unconsciousness they have seen a sort of panorama of their whole previous existence, with not the smallest incident, thought, or feeling omitted; and it is thence inferred that all human beings at the moment of dissolution experience this awful resurrection of the dead past. Again it is well known that very aged people are used to throw back and concentrate the light of their memory upon scenes of early childhood, recalling many things which had faded, even to themselves, in middle life, while they often forgot altogether the whole intermediate stages of their existence. "This shows," says De Quincey, "that naturally and without violent agencies the human brain is by tendency a palimpsest." But our brains are inherited from our ancestors. Why, then, may it not be that the human brain is a palimpsest, containing more or less faded, yet recoverable, records, not only of our entire past life, but of the lives of our ancestors to the remotest periods? Pythagoras professed a distinct recollection of his former lives; the writer of this knows two educated men who have lived before in the persons of rather more famous individuals than their present representatives; Lumen, in Flammarion's "Stories," finds that his soul had passed through many previous conditions. Indeed the idea of transmigration, which is a poetic forecast of the more scientific doctrine here enunciated, is a very familiar one. Coleridge, in his boyhood, one day was proceeding through the Strand, stretching out his arms as if swimming, when a passer-by, feeling a hand at his coat-tail, turned rudely round and seized him as a pickpocket. Coleridge denied the charge, and confessed that he had forgotten his whereabouts in the impression that he was Leander swimming across the Hellespont—a wretched street lamp being transformed by his imagination into the signal-light of the beautiful priestess of Sestos. Now it would be a little too fanciful to suggest that Coleridge may have numbered Leander among his ancestors and that Leander's memory was suddenly in an abnormal moment reasserting itself through the brain of Coleridge. It would be too fanciful, and, besides—it is possible that Leander may never have existed.

*The Voice of Niagara—London Musical World*

In an article on Niagara Falls, an evening paper observes, anent the mighty roar of its waters: One can never forget the effect of listening to this mighty voice for the first time, nor is it an unpleasant sound which assails the ear. The roar is positively musical they say, and a few years ago a distinguished American organist spent a long time in studying it, and trying to learn the measure and compass of its tones. He finally came to the conclusion that the deepest tone made by the falling cataract was that which would be produced by an organ pipe about 160 feet in length, and of proportionate dimensions as organ pipes are made. Now, 160 feet, which is about the height of the falls (this varies from 160 feet to nearly 180 feet), is much longer than any organ pipe is made, and the sound emitted by such a pipe would not be sensible to us as a musical sound. Therefore our ears could not apprehend the music of the deepest tones; and as our ears are at fault, we give this deep-toned music such discordant epithets as noise and roar. This story, according to one account, seems incorrectly stated. The organist in question suggested a sound not nearly three octaves below thirty-two feet C, but about F sharp below that note. The present writer tried to define the vast harmonic hum of the great waterfalls, and came to the conclusion that



the task was all but hopeless, although a steady kind of tone seems to be maintained; and certainly the imagination might readily seize upon such a note as the authority in question named, but whether the indefinite sound could be described as of foundation or upper partial tone character it would be altogether impossible to say.

*Hearing the Grass Grow—The Boston Transcript*

The Listener has often encountered the expression, "One may hear the grass grow now," but he never actually did hear the grass grow until the other night. To forestall sleeplessness, he has a habit of starting out in the evening for a brisk walk, stick in hand, and dog at his heels. Passing the other evening along a grassy wayside which was lined, across the wall, with a row of buttonwood trees, he heard, two or three times, as he walked along, a peculiar crackling sound that was very much like the falling of drops of rain upon dry leaves. But as the sky was perfectly clear, the sound could not be rain; and as there was not a breath of air stirring, it could not be the wind. Nor could it be the jumping of insects, for it was quite too early in the season for them. The queer crackling continued. Presently the Listener stopped and listened more intently, and he satisfied himself, by a sufficient examination, and by a comparison with other places in the neighborhood, that the crackling was made by the pushing up of the growing grass upon a thin, continuous covering of dry buttonwood leaves that overspread it. These leaves constituted almost a carpet over a thick mass of young grass, and the grass, in lifting this covering, cracked it here and there. It was the leaves and not the grass, to be sure, that the Listener heard; but it was the growing of the grass that made them crackle, so that he may truly say hereafter that he has heard the grass grow.

*Concerning Public and Private Character—The Spectator*

Half the blessing of life to ordinary human beings depends on being in perfectly definite relations with other human beings, on knowing clearly what they expect of us, what we expect of them, on being able to satisfy their expectations as fully as they satisfy ours, now and then perhaps a little to surpass their hopes, now and then to recognize that they have surpassed ours, but on being always able to advance toward a clearer knowledge of those with whom we are connected by our duties and affections, and to help them to advance toward a clearer knowledge of us. The exceptions to this rule are, of course, all those persons who are what are called public men—in other words, those a considerable portion of whose life is spent in earning a reputation for judging rightly the duties and responsibilities of the people at large—duties which are at once of wider range, of shallower significance and of a less personal character than the duties and responsibilities of private life. Public men necessarily have a public character as well as a private character, and the two may be really very different without any blame to the individual, for a man is often very wise, sagacious, steady, and constant in private life who is hesitating, bewildered, and bewildering in public life; and some men are wise, sagacious, steady, and constant in public life who are hesitating and almost untrustworthy in the sphere of private duty. Public men must have a public as well as a private character, and though the public character can hardly ever tell you as much about the essence of a man as his private character, it may sometimes, though rarely, tell you the best part of him, while the private character may tell you the worst. Nevertheless, it is not in general a happy thing for a man to have to form both a public and private character. Very seldom does it improve the private character for a man to be obliged to form a public character too, for it

really diverts a good deal of his force and energy from the sphere of reality to the sphere of reputation making. In his private character a man cannot well be as much of an actor as of his true self; in his public character a man must generally be at least something of an actor—and that often by the necessity of the case—and may be almost more of an actor than of a convinced thinker, and that without any conscious dishonesty at all. Still, with public men, the double character is a necessity, and the public character must be founded on some hard fact, and should generally be founded on honest convictions. But when men are forced into publicity who have no legitimate public life, the publicity, which is not founded on any hard fact at all, and which can be founded on little except rumor and gossip and perhaps scandal, is a pure mischief, and, like the false sun in a summer sky, is a sure sign of storm. The nimbus of notoriety is, for a private man who has no public life behind him and no public life before him, nothing but a dazzling and misleading appendage which is sure to take the man's wits woolgathering, if he enjoys his notoriety at all, and if he does not is sure to make him, at the very least and very best, simply miserable. It is a bad sign of the times that there are so many men and women who, not having any genuine public life or duty, are still delighted to hear themselves talked about as if they were public persons, and who get all the harm of notoriety without any of its stimulus for the discharge of definite responsibilities. The man of whom nobody knows that he is pledged to any particular line of conduct—nay, of whom nobody knows anything except that he has had his finger privately in many of the pies which public men have been concerned in baking, but sometimes for one purpose and sometimes for another, is likely to have had his head turned by notoriety, without having in any single direction any clearer view of duty or keener sense of obligation. It may be delightful to such a man to see an alter ego called by his name and universally recognized as a factor in public life, without his feeling one whit clearer as to what he is bound by his reputation to say or do in furtherance of his fame. But such an alter ego is a sort of fetiche which is sure to confuse his own sense of personal identity instead of to define it, and to mystify instead of to steady him. The wish of private persons to be talked about and thought about and written about by people who have no solid facts on which to base their estimate of them, and who must make them the centers of mere gossip, if they make a fuss about them at all, is a diseased wish which has a solely corrupting tendency. Moreover, that kind of self-consciousness is purely intoxicating, and, what is worse, inspires an ever deeper and deeper passion for the intoxicating draught. Publicity without public duty, and without conferring on the public any power to verify the discharge of duty by the person thus made spuriously public, is one of the most heady and poisonous of the ingredients of private life.

*Progress and Poverty—The Contemporary Review*

The hazy idea that one man's wealth involves another man's poverty still induces a good deal of preaching against "culpable luxury," without any clear idea of what the culpableness consists in. This ungarded condemnation of luxurious expenditure is a heritage of simpler times and of simpler morals. When the world was poor, wealth had the form of a store of goods. From this store a man was always subtracting something for his subsistence; to it he was bound to add, on the whole, more than he withdrew. There was little command over nature; man had to do the hard work, with only his strong arms for tools; and, as no one could add much, no one had a right to waste much.

## TREASURE TROVE—RESURRECTING OLD FAVORITES

*Meditations of a Hindoo Prince—A. C. Lyall*

All the world over, I wonder, in lands that I never have trod,  
Are the people eternally seeking for the signs and the steps of a God?  
Westward across the ocean, and northward beyond the snow,  
Do they all stand gazing, as ever, and what do the wisest know?

Here, in the mystical India, the deities hover and swarm  
Like the wild bees heard in the tree-tops, or the gusts of a gathering storm;  
In the air men hear their voices, their feet on the rocks are seen,  
Yet we all say, "Whence is the message, and what may the wonders mean?"

A million shrines stand open, and ever the censer swings,  
As they bow to a mystic symbol or the figures of ancient kings;  
And the incense rises ever, and raises the endless cry  
Of those who are heavy laden, and of cowards loth to die.

For destiny drives us together, like deer in a pass of the hills,  
Above is the sky, and around us the sound and the shot that kills;  
Pushed by a Power we see not, and struck by a hand unknown,  
We pray to the trees for shelter, and press our lips to a stone.

The trees wave a shadowy answer, and the rock frowns hollow and grim,  
And the form and the nod of the demon are caught in the twilight dim;  
And we look to the sunlight falling afar on the mountain crest,  
Is there never a path runs upward to a refuge there and a rest?

The path, ah! who has shown it, and which is the faithful guide?  
The haven, ah! who has known it? for steep is the mountain side.  
For ever the shot strikes surely, and ever the wasted breath  
Of the praying multitude rises, whose answer is only death.

Here are the tombs of my kinsfolk, the first of an ancient name,  
Chiefs who were slain on the war-field, and women who died in the flame;  
They are gods, these kings of the foretime, they are spirits who guard our race,  
For I watch and worship; they sit with a marble face.

And the myriad idols around me, and the legion of muttering priests,  
The revels and the riots unholy, the dark unspeakable feasts!  
What have they wrung from the silence? Hath even a whisper come  
Of the secret—Whence and Whither? Alas! for the gods are dumb.

Shall I list to the word of the English, who come from the uttermost sea?  
"The secret, hath it been told you, and what is your message to me?  
It is naught but the wide-world story, how the earth and the heavens began,  
How the gods are glad and angry, and the Deity once was man."

I had thought, "Perchance in the cities where the rulers of India dwell,  
Whose orders flash from the far land, who girdle the earth with a spell,  
They have fathomed the depths we float on, or measured the unknown main."  
Sadly they turn from the venture, and say that the quest is vain.

Is life, then, a dream and delusion, and where shall the dreamer awake?  
Is the world seen like shadows on water, and what if the mirror break?  
Shall it pass as a camp that is struck, as a camp that is gathered and gone  
From the sands that were lamp-lit at eve and at morning are level and lone?

Is there naught in the heavens above, whence the hail and the levin are hurled,  
But the wind that is swept around us by the rush of the rolling world?  
The wind that shall scatter my ashes, and bear me to silence and sleep,  
With the dirge, and sounds of lamenting, and voices of women who weep?

*Tacking Ship Off Shore—Walter Mitchell*

The weather leech of the topsail shivers,  
The bowlines strain and the lee shrouds slacken; —  
The braces are taut, and lithe boom quivers,  
And the waves with the coming squall-cloud blacken.

Open one point on the weather bow.  
Is the light-house tall on Fire Island Head;  
There's a shadow of doubt on the captain's brow,  
And the pilot watches the heaving lead.

I stand at the wheel, and with eager eye  
To sea and sky and to shore I gaze,  
Till the muttered order of "Full and by!"  
Is suddenly changed to "Full for stays!"

The ship bends lower before the breeze  
As her broadside to the blast she lays;  
And she swifter springs to the rising seas  
As the pilot calls, "Stand by for stays!"



It is silence all, as each one in his place,  
With the gathered coil in his hardened hands,  
By tack and bowline, by sheet and brace,  
Waiting the watchword, impatient stands.

And the light on the Fire Island Head draws near,  
As trumpet-winged, the pilot's shout  
From his post on the bowsprit's heel I hear,  
With the welcome sound of "Ready! About!"

No time to spare; it is touch and go;  
And the captain growls, "Down helm! Hard down!"  
As my weight on the whirling spokes I throw,  
While heaven grew black with storm-cloud's frown,

High o'er knight-heads flies the spray  
As we meet the shock of the plunging sea,  
And my shoulders stiff to the wheel I lay,  
As I answer, "Aye, aye, sir! H-a-r-d a-l-e-e!"

With the swerving leap of the startled steed  
The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind;  
The dangerous shoals on the lee recede,  
And the headlands white we have left behind.

The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse,  
And belay and tug at the groaning cleats;

The spanker slats, and the mainsail flaps,  
As thunders the order, "Tacks and sheets!"

'Mid the rattle of blocks and the tramp of the crew  
Hisses the rain of the rushing squall;  
The sails are aback from clew to clew,  
And now is the moment for "Mainsail, haul!"

As the heavy yards, like a baby's toy,  
By fifty strong arms are swiftly swung,  
She holds her way, and I look with joy  
For the first white spray o'er the bulwark flung.

"Let go and stand!" 'Tis the last command,  
And the head-sails fill to the blast once more;  
Astern and to leeward lies the land,  
With the breakers wild on the shingly shore.

What matters the reef, or the rain, or the squall,  
I steady the helm for the open sea;  
The first mate clamors, "Belay there, all!"  
And the captain's breath once more comes free.

And so off shore let the good ship fly;  
Little care I how the gusts may blow;  
In my fo'castle bunk is a jacket dry—  
Eight bells have struck and my watch is below.

*The Jester's Sermon—Walter Thornbury*

The jester shook his hood and bells, and leaped upon a chair;  
The pages laughed; the women screamed, and tossed their scented hair;  
The falcon whistled; stag-hounds bayed; the lap-dog barked without;  
The scullion dropped the pitcher brown; the cook railed at the lout;  
The steward, counting out his gold, let pouch and money fall,  
And why? Because the jester rose to say grace in the hall.

The page played with the heron's plume, the steward with his chain;  
The butler drummed upon the board, and laughed with might and main;  
The grooms beat on their metal cans, and roared till they were red;  
But still the jester shut his eyes, and rolled his witty head,  
And when they grew a little still, read half a yard of text,  
And, waving hand, struck on the desk, and frowned like one perplexed.

"Dear sinners all," the fool began, "man's life is but a jest,  
A dream, a shadow, bubble, air, vapor at the best.  
In a thousand pounds of law I find not a single ounce of love.  
A blind man killed the parson's cow in shooting at the dove.  
The fool that eats till he is sick must fast till he is well.  
The wooer who can flatter most will bear away the belle.

"Let no man halloo he is safe till he is through the wood.  
He who will not when he may must tarry when he should.  
He who laughs at crooked men should need walk very straight.  
Oh! he who once has won a name may lie abed till eight.  
Make haste to purchase house and land; be very slow to wed.  
True coral needs no painter's brush, nor need be daubed with red.

"The friar, preaching, cursed the thief (the pudding in his sleeve)  
To fish for sprats with golden hooks is foolish—by your leave.  
To travel well—an ass' ears, ape's face, hog's mouth, and ostrich legs.  
He does not care a pin for him who limps about and begs.

"Be always first man at a feast, and last man at a fray.  
The short way round, in spite of all, is still the longest way.  
When the hungry curate licks the knife there's not much for the clerk.  
When the pilot, turning pale and sick, looks up, the storm grows dark."

Then loud they laughed—the fat cook's tears ran down into the pan;  
The steward shook so, he was forced to drop the brimming can;  
And then again the women screamed, and every stag-hound bayed—  
And why? Because the motley fool so wise a sermon made.

## THE MAY BUG—THE STORY OF ITS CAPTURE\*

A burst of shrill laughter rang through the court-yard. A girl's face looked from the barred window of a cell.

It was a beautiful face—set in a glory of golden hair—the parted lips were like the petals of a young rose! But the laughter was the wild, terrible laughter of the mad.

"I have It!" she screamed, exultantly.

"What?" asked the keeper.

The keeper was made of gross material. He had a loose skin, full of large, dirty pores like an old sponge—a thick, brutal nose, pierced by narrow nostrils and a wide mouth—red-lipped and cruel. His eyes were small, hard, brilliant and singularly opaque. They looked like little bits of blue china. The girl's eyes were blue also, but with the tender blue of turquoise, yet full of clear, liquid, changing lights like the sapphire. She was pale, delicate, exquisite! A beautiful casket bereft of its precious treasure—the mind.

"What?" asked the keeper.

"The May Bug!"

The keeper grinned and winked his blue china eyes. He had heard before of this May Bug—a chimerical insect which troubled him little. He was not a bad man—taking him altogether—a trifle over-fond of turning the cold shower on the poor wretches intrusted to his tender care—not averse to using a certain stout leather strap in the interest and welfare of the more refractory—and he often exercised a little judicious economy at their expense, in setting before his family the bread intended for the patients. Not a nerve lodged amidst the bone and brawn of this gigantic body! The most frantic struggles of the maniacs filled him with amusement. The most furious ravings brought a smile to his great lips. Oh! He was very good natured!

He approached the window. "Where is it?" he asked, curiously and idly.

"It is here! here!" cried the girl, full of excitement. And she pointed to a hole in the wall of her cell.

*A hole in the wall!*

The excellent keeper was annoyed. He frowned blackly. He entered the cell and struck the woman on the face.

"See that thou makest no more holes in the wall!" he said roughly.

She trembled violently. Her eyes darted strange lights but she said nothing. She did not even cry out, although the blow was a cruel one. She only watched, with jealous, angry eyes, as the keeper thrust three fingers into the hole. There was no insect there. He stood ruminating a moment, after the manner of beasts. Presently he began slowly to scratch his head. The woman made a sudden movement toward him.

"Give it to me!" she cried imperatively. "It is mine! I will have it! You shall not put it in your head! Give it to me! give it to me!"

"Hush, fool!" he said, and he raised his hand threateningly. She cowered away from him and crouching in the corner of the cell, began to cry bitterly, wiping her eyes, now and then on a strand of the long, yellow hair that lay on her shoulders. As the keeper opened the door to go out a ray of sunlight fell on his rough hair which curled thickly over his temples. The girl bounded suddenly after him like a tiger.

"It is there!" she shrieked, shrilly. "Ah! the pretty thing! Do not crush it!" for the man raised his hand

involuntarily to the spot she indicated with her outstretched fingers; then, recollecting himself, he turned on her fiercely, and advancing deliberately, as she retreated from him, until he had driven her again to her corner, he stood a moment quelling her with the cold power of his eyes. It was an instant's silent struggle! The force of reason prevailed. She sank shuddering—conquered—in the angle of the smooth stone wall.

"Good!" he said, gruffly. "And no more of holes in the wall. Dost thou hear? I shall look to-morrow and see if the hole grows larger in the night. To-morrow—aye! and again the next day and the next!" He thrust his ugly face down to hers. She shivered and shrank nearer the wall. "Good!" he said again. His tone was fatherly. It was pleasant to him to see his power. Ah! they feared him—these poor, helpless, hopeless, miserable creatures.

He left the cell, turning his face toward her as he closed the door. A last, trembling ray from the setting sun died on the matted hair above his left temple. A tremor shook the delicate body huddled in the corner. More than two hours passed, and still the girl crouched there. Her little, white fingers worked nervously. Her eyes were never still. Her brow was drawn in deep, painful lines, as though the poor disordered brain beneath made some great physical effort to form thought. And so the darkness fell.

With morning came the keeper.

"Is there a hole in the wall?" He laughed maliciously. "Then we can have no bread to-day," and the excellent man passed on well satisfied. Had he not inflicted punishment when punishment was due? And, moreover, his family lived on the bread which cost him nothing.

June passed and July—long summer days when the sun lay in the court-yard and there was always a warm corner in cell No. 30, where the beautiful insane girl was kept. The keeper liked to go there and lounge in the afternoons. She was afraid of him, and he found her terror diverting. It pleased him to see her standing with downcast eyes sending out those strange gleams from under the deep-fringed lids—with heaving breast from which the breath labored heavily—with trembling fingers locked so tightly together that the little nails grew white with the cruel pressure. It was a tribute to his power. A more observant person might have seen something here to suspect—might have analyzed this fear and found in it a trace of danger—might have declared this attitude to be that of a person detected—or in fear of detection—in wrongdoing. But the keeper, good man, was not one to analyze. He examined all the cells daily. It may be that his examination was sometimes clumsy. But why should he suspect this child? Or suspecting, why should he fear her? A slender, white-faced, cowering thing who could only pick a hole in the wall to hunt for an imaginary May Bug! A poor, weak imbecile creature who shook at the sound of his voice! The keeper would have called your analyst a fool for his pains!

There were times when the girl did not shrink from him, but, instead, greeted him with her charming, childish smile. Then, were he in a good humor, he would talk with her. Truly a strange duet, this, between the man without intellect and the woman without reason. An interesting study of chiaro-oscuro, where the ideal subtlety of the maniac stood out intensely against the brutish,

\*From the French of J. H. Rosny in the *Revue De Paris Et De Saint-Peters-Bourg*. For Current Literature by "Ballard Craig."



unimaginative stolidity of the keeper. Often his rough voice, like the bellowing of a bull, frightened her, but she listened to him with her adorable smile, and only when he turned his eyes away did that strange expression leap into her face, that greedy, jealous light burn in the eyes which, stealthily, she raised to the ragged clumps of hair which lay upon his temples. Once he surprised the glance. He laughed loudly, derisively. He had not altogether forgotten the May Bug.

"Aha!" he laughed, "dost seek thy treasure? Oh! oh! the fool! the idiot! the lunatic! Oh! I have it! Here!" tapping his forehead suggestively, and blinking his blue, china eyes, "here! I keep it safely!"

The girl made a sudden, uncontrollable movement as if she would spring upon him, and the strange look deepened in her eyes—the look of passionate desire now mingled with rage and hatred of the man who kept from her what she coveted. The keeper was enchanted at the success of his plesantry. Still laughing, he rose, stretched his legs comfortably, and lounged over to the window. Outside the court lay flooded in the sunlight, a gray fowl minced across the flagging, pecking at the tufts of grass which forced themselves between the stones of the walk. The flowers in the square garden-plot in the center of the court gave up their sweetness languidly to the caresses of the warm air. The keeper gazed stolidly through the grating. His hard little eyes rested unblinkingly on a great metal ball on which the dazzling sunlight sported bravely.

Softly she came—softly, lightly! With cheeks aflame with the strength of her desire! With gleaming sapphire eyes! With quivering nostrils and parted lips through which the breath fluttered tremulously! Softly she came, with her lithe young body swaying, and her little, trembling hands before her! In an instant her dainty fingers had twisted themselves in the man's rough hair, jerked the great head backward, and began a furious scratching in the grizzled mop over the left temple. The keeper flung himself around with an imprecation and sent the woman spinning against the wall.

"Insolence!" he roared, rushing upon her. "Dost thou dare, indeed? In the name of Reason—of which thou knowest naught—take this—and this!"

He struck her a crushing blow with his clinched fist. She smothered a cry and crouched, still with that dangerous look in her eyes—crouched as if to spring at his great brutal throat.

"Have a care!" he muttered, threateningly, rushing upon her again. Slowly her expression changed. The corners of her pretty mouth trembled. She put out one delicate hand with a deprecating gesture. She smiled—at first faintly. Then, with more assurance, and moving gently forward, she looked up, shyly, into his scowling face as one who would implore forgiveness. It was the cunning of the maniac, but it touched the vanity of the keeper. How ready she was to confess his power! How eager to sue his pardon! He was mollified.

"There!" said he, "no more of thy stupid tricks, fool!" And he went away.

The summer waned. No. 30 seemed dull and somber. She slept little, grew weak and thin, and, from out the pallor of her face, her great blue eyes shone unnaturally. She was silent for long hours at a time. She no longer talked of the lost May Bug. She looked like a student who seeks to solve great problems, and who loses his health and strength in long vigils. She left her bed at night and strange sounds were heard in her cell.

"She sleeps too warm, perhaps," said the keeper; "give

her a cooling shower!" And this merry fellow bade them hold her under the icy douche until she fell, chilled and exhausted, to the ground. This occurred twice. After that there were no more nocturnal disturbances. The keeper chuckled. "I know their tricks," said he.

The girl became very quiet and circumspect. She began to manifest interest in objects about her. She was strangely observant, and occupied herself for hours in examining the scanty appointments of her cell. Once the keeper fancied he saw her fumbling with the bars of her grated window. He went in and examined the place. He found nothing wrong. She watched him with stealthy eyes. When he turned she spoke to him pleasantly. She was always gay with him now. The brave man never detected a false note in the clear, crystal tones of her laughter—his ear, like his eye, made no fine distinctions. After this episode, however, she was more prudent and gave no cause for suspicion. She was thoughtful—oh! very thoughtful at times—preoccupied but patient, good-tempered and obedient. Soon she began to talk rationally, and answered all questions with sense and judgment. One day, in the late fall, the keeper summoned the doctor.

"If Monsieur the Doctor would call and see No. 30, who seems quite recovered?"

Monsieur the Doctor called. But Monsieur the Doctor was, as it happened, an old and skillful practitioner, who for many years had studied every form of insanity under the light of his own interests. Monsieur the Doctor had no intention of speedily ridding the asylum of any patient who materially increased his income.

"H'm!" said the doctor, "wait a while longer! It is best to be prudent!"

"The girl is harmless?"

"Perfectly so!"

"She can be given a little liberty?"

"Assuredly, yes! She is quite harmless!" and the worthy physician smiled and rubbed his hands softly together, and, thinking of the clear, quiet eyes which met his own so steadily, the cool hand which rested obediently in his, the girl's normal, composed manner, repeated to himself, "Oh, certainly! Quite harmless!"

It was after this that the keeper made himself easy. The examination of cell No. 30 was no longer considered necessary. No. 30 herself grew paler and ate but little. This could scarcely be said to distress the keeper, whose family profited thereby. Winter came, and from her grated window the poor young creature watched the year grow gray. A few withered leaves fluttered in through the casement and she treasured them—poor dead things! They were redolent of the free life beyond cruel bars. The swallows in the court-yard complained shrilly of hunger, and beneath the eaves they huddled, pluming themselves and giving piteous little cries. She would have liked to have fed them, but the family of the keeper could use even the crumbs, and, harshly, he forbade her to waste good bread. She was now very thin and her eyes were brilliant with fever—that consuming mental fever which burns in the eyes of all great toilers who fancy they see near them the desired end for which they have striven long and patiently.

Now came the long winter nights, when the white moonlight lay on the floor of the cell. The girl hated the moon. It was a great Eye, she thought. Calm, impartial, all-seeing, why did it watch and watch, and wait and wait, the night through to see what she would do? And it was

so cold—ah! so cold! And she turned her back to the window and crept to her bed, drawing the covers up over her head to shut out the hateful Eye. And at last it went away, and there were long dark hours when its silver face was hidden, and at last she could move stealthily about her cell at night; could go on, silently and swiftly, with the great work she had been planning, without feeling continually spying upon her the cold stare of this mysterious enemy. By this time she had won the entire confidence of the keeper. She was so patient and docile.

Ah! more patient than this good man guessed, and more cautious, too, and more furtive!

And, at last, it happened on a cold, black night when the heavens were overcast by threatening clouds, and all earth's creatures sought shelter from the bitter touch of Winter's hand, a light figure crept between the loosened bars of a cell window and dropped noiselessly to the ground. Swift and straight it took its way across the court, never swerving, never hesitating in spite of the impenetrable darkness; for in the slow elaboration of this mighty idea, all had been calculated—recalculated—with the triple patience which comes of madness, of solitude and of imprisonment. Veiled in the darkness, No. 30 took her silent way past the square garden-plot. She moved with the noiselessness and the certainty of a cat. She never stopped, but as she moved rapidly she lifted her face to the free night air as if she loved it and had longed for it. Her face was like a moonbeam against the shadows of the night. Its peculiar pallor seemed to radiate a faint, unearthly light. Almost as if she were conscious of this, she bent her head and quickly covered her face with her long hair. She passed on in the shadow of the asylum walls and paused before the keeper's quarters. Here there was a small door. Well she knew it! Long and patiently had she waited to hear from some one through which door she must pass to accomplish her grand purpose. She stood here listening for an instant, then thrust into the keyhole something she held tightly in her hand. There was a faint clicking sound—then a sharp squeak, which might have been made by a mouse, and a little rectangle of darkness opened before her.

Silence!

The clouds gathered thickly over the mournful walls of the asylum. A wild night-wind sobbed in the gaunt arms of the leafless trees in the court-yard. A single star trembled for an instant in the black mass of moving clouds and was gone.

Suddenly a woman's sharp cry smote the night air. It seemed to come from the keeper's quarters, but one could scarcely tell whence it began, for it was instantly caught up by the startled creatures in the asylum and passed on from one to another with varying and terrible modulations of fear, of anger, of insensate joy! The night was soon hideous with their cries! The panic spread! From every cell came curses, shrieks, groans, wailings and sobbings; the sickening sound of human bodies beating against the invincible bars which held them captive; despairing cries mingled with snatches of obscene song. The sonorous voice of some frenzied orator delivering his theories; the heartbreaking prayers of maniacs begging to be delivered from imaginary tortures, all the horrors of the bestial scene, indescribable as it is awful, enacted in these living hells where men and women live the lives of caged brutes, forsaken by Reason, and, seemingly, by God.

The doors opened, and the director of the asylum made his appearance among the keepers. His face was pale.

This was unusually bad, he thought, even for the violent wards. Awakened from a deep sleep by the horrible uproar, he had feared a general riot among the patients. Suddenly a woman appeared at the end of the passage. She was in her night robe. She held a candle in her hand, and two children clung to her skirts.

"Here! Monsieur the Director! Here! And oh! come quickly!"

The director moved toward her. He recognized the wife of the keeper, Desambre.

"Well?" he questioned, briefly.

The woman began a mournful litany, broken by fitful sobbing. Alas! She could hardly tell! She had been sleeping! There had been something—she knew not what! Her husband had bounded up in the bed, had given a heavy groan, had fallen back on his pillow! Then a dark thing had sprung from the bed right by her side, glided across the room down the stairs, perhaps—who knows? She had been unable to rouse her good man! Would not Monsieur the Director come to him? Alas! Alas! And again—alas!

The director followed the woman to a room in the keeper's quarters.

On the bed lay the body of the man Desambre.

The face was hideous. The eyes squinted horribly. The mouth was open. The teeth had closed upon the tongue.

"Alas! Alas!" wailed the woman.

The director examined the body.

A small blade had been driven through the left temple, obliquely into the skull. There was no blood. The clumps of grizzled hair nearly concealed the wound. The nail was a slender thing, without a head, but it had been driven home with deadly force. A fine scratch extended to the eyebrow. It looked as if something had been picked from the wound and drawn sharply across the knotty forehead.

"The man is dead—quite dead," said the director, gravely.

He left the woman howling over the corpse, and notified the keepers.

"We will make the rounds immediately."

The procession of lights moving up and down the corridors was a grand festival for the maniacs. They had grown quieter under the forcible measures employed by the keepers, and now they gave fierce cries of pleasure. Only a few were enraged, and a few were sullen.

Number 30 was asleep.

The director bent over her bed with the lamp in his hand.

The light awakened her. She rubbed her eyes with one little hand. Then she smiled her adorable smile. The beautiful eyes were clear and serene—her face was joyous. She pushed back her glorious hair and raised herself a little from the pillow. Then she held out the other hand. It was tightly closed, as if over something of great value. Slowly she extended the fingers that the director might see what she held. The little pink palm was empty. But she saw something there. She was quite satisfied.

"I have *It!*!" she whispered, triumphantly.

The director patted her hand kindly.

"You are dreaming!"

He gave a cursory glance at the grating as he passed. He touched the bars at the window.

"Nothing wrong here!" said this wise and experienced man. "The girl has slept well!"



## SCIENTIFIC, HISTORICAL, STATISTICAL AND GENERAL

*Thousands of Years Saved—Chambers's Journal*

One may get some idea of what railways mean in the saving of time and money to passengers, by taking the case of London. It is estimated that about 500,000 persons, or about one-tenth of the population of the entire area of the metropolis, require to travel to and from their business every day all the year round. If we remember the distances, it is not too much to assume that the railway will economize for each at least two hours in the week—or, say, five days per annum each. This over 500,000 of people means 2,500,000 days—or an economy of 8,300 years of 300 working days each! Suppose the average earnings of these 500,000 people to be £100 per annum each—not too high an average when we remember the number of millionaires included in the total—we shall see a total money saving—in the sense of time being money—of equal to £830,000 per annum. And this in London alone.

*Queer Analogies in Nature—The Scientific American*

The cocoanut is, in many respects, like the human skull, although it closely resembles the skull of the monkey. A sponge may be so held as to remind one of the unfleshed face of the skeleton, and the meat of an English walnut is almost the exact representation of the brain. Plums and black cherries resemble the human eyes; almonds, and some other nuts, resemble the different varieties of the human nose, and an opened oyster and its shell are a perfect image of the human ear. The shape of almost any man's body may be found in the various kinds of mammoth pumpkins. The open hand may be discerned in the form assumed by scrub-willows and growing celery. The German turnip and the egg-plant resemble the human heart. There are other striking resemblances between human organs and certain vegetable forms. The forms of many mechanical contrivances in common use may be traced back to the patterns furnished by nature. Thus, the hog suggested the plow; the butterfly, the ordinary hinge; the toad-stool, the umbrella; the duck, the ship; the fungous growth on trees, the bracket. Any one desirous of proving the oneness of the earthly system will find the resemblances in nature a most amusing study.

*Antiquity of the Telephone—New York Graphic*

"The principle of the telephone has been known for 2,000 years in India," was the rather incredible statement made last night by Fred Amesbury, who has just returned to New York after a two years' sojourn in the land of striped tigers and wonderful fakirs. "I do not assert, mark you," continued Mr. Amesbury, "that they use the telephone as we use it, or that they have any system of general communication. What I do say is that the high caste people have a method of communicating with each other by vibratory action on a diaphragm, just as we do, but it is confined entirely to their temples, and its existence has remained a secret until within a very few years. I was in a town called Panj, about 200 miles from Madras, and while there became acquainted with an English officer named Harrington who was a prime favorite with the natives because on one occasion he had saved a priest from drowning. It was through Harrington that I was enabled to learn the existence of telephonic communication and to satisfy myself of its antiquity. There are two temples in the village, about a mile apart. In the interior and on the ground floor of each is a small circular structure which is guarded day and night from the natives as well as from strangers, and is supposed to be the abiding place

of the 'governing spirit,' but in reality is the terminus of the telephone line, which is laid underground from one building to the other. The superstitious natives regarded this little structure with the greatest awe and reverence, because they had seen demonstrated before their eyes—or rather ears—the power of this spirit to communicate with the other temple. They were required to make their offering in one building, and make known their wishes and desires. Then immediately repairing to the second temple they would be informed of all they had said and done, although neither priest had left his post. This was regarded as a demonstration of the power of the spirit. We were unable to determine the composition of the wire that connected the two buildings. It was some kind of metal, but neither steel, copper nor brass, although it closely resembled the latter. The transmitter was of wood and about the size of the head of a flour barrel, and to establish connection, instead of ringing a bell, the person wishing to attract attention at the other end stood close to the curious looking thing and shouted, 'Ooey! ooey! ooey!' This was answered by a similar shout, which while faint was distinct and could be heard two feet away. After Harrington and I had gained the confidence of the priests—or, rather, after he had—we were given a carte blanche to do as we pleased, and we talked to each other from one temple to the other for more than an hour. We learned that the telephone that we saw had been in use for thirty years. The priests were very old men and they remembered that the line of communication had been renewed only once during their incumbency. They showed us the remains of worm-eaten transmitters and wooden conduits that must have been hundreds of years old. They claimed that the system had been in existence since the creation, and laughed at us when we told them that the same principle has only been applied in England and America within the last dozen years. In every part of India and in Burmah this system of secret communication exists, although hundreds of travelers have never suspected it. I believe that it dates back fully two thousand years."

*The Wonderful Human Brain—Berlin Gazette*

According to the novel computation of a renowned histologist, who has been calculating the aggregate cell forces of the human brain, the cerebral mass is composed of at least 300,000,000 of nerve cells, each an independent body, organism, and microscopic brain, so far as concerns its vital functions, but subordinate to a higher purpose in relation to the function of the organ; each living a separate life individually, though socially subject to a higher law of function. The lifetime of a nerve cell he estimates to be about sixty days, so that 5,000,000 die every day, about 200,000 every hour, and nearly 3,500 every minute, to be succeeded by an equal number of their progeny; while once in every sixty days a man has a new brain.

*Ancient Cities—From Our World and its Wonders*

Nineveh was fifteen miles long, eight wide, and forty miles round, with a wall one hundred feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was fifty miles within the walls, which were 87 feet thick, and 350 high, with 100 brazen gates. The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 420 feet to the support of the roof. It was 100 years in building. The largest of the pyramids is 461 feet high, and 653 on the sides; its base covers 11 acres. The stones are about 30 feet in length, and the layers are 380. It employed 330,000 men in building. The labyrinth, in

Egypt, contains 300 chambers and 250 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles round. Athens was 25 miles round, and contained 350,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The Temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of \$500,000, and Nero carried away 200 statues. The walls of Rome were 13 miles round.

*The Pocket-handkerchief—St. James Gazette*

Until the reign of the Empress Josephine, a handkerchief was thought, in France, so shocking an object, that a lady would never have dared to use it before any one. The word even was carefully avoided in refined conversation. An actor who would have used a handkerchief on the stage, even in the most tearful moments of the play, would have been unmercifully hissed; and it was only in the beginning of the present century that a celebrated actress, Mlle. Duchesnoise, dared to appear with a handkerchief in her hand. Having to speak of this handkerchief in the course of the piece, she never could summon enough courage to call it by its true name, but referred to it as a light tissue. A few years later, a translation of one of Shakespeare's plays by Alfred de Vigny having been acted, the word handkerchief was used for the first time on the stage, amid cries of great indignation from every part of the house. I doubt (says a writer) if even to-day French *elegantes* would carry handkerchiefs if the wife of Napoleon I. had not given the signal for adopting them. The Empress Josephine, although really lovely, had bad teeth. To conceal them, she was in the habit of carrying small handkerchiefs, adorned with costly laces, which she constantly raised gracefully to her lips. Of course, all the ladies of the court followed her example, and handkerchiefs have rapidly become an important part of the feminine toilet.

*A Colossal Catalogue of the Stars—London News*

It is not from America but from France that the colossal proposal comes for preparing a catalogue of 2,000,000 stars. This bold conception emanates from Dr. Gill, whose astronomical observations at the Cape and elsewhere have produced some notable results, and who has put forth his scheme for a star catalogue on this gigantic scale in the organ of the bureau of the permanent international committee for the execution of a photographic map of the heavens. Dr. Gill contemplates the establishment of a central office under the direction of a chief, with assistant secretaries, and a staff of measurers and computers. The work, it is calculated, would occupy twenty-five years. Admiral Mouchez, who defends the proposal against some rather fierce opposition which it has provoked, says that astronomers estimate the average cost of observing and calculating each star at 10 francs. It follows that the proposed catalogue would cost 20,000,000 francs, or £800,000.

*The Seven Bibles of the World—London Standard*

The seven Bibles of the world are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Tri-Pitikes of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the Three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zendavesta, and the Scriptures of the Christians. The Koran is the most recent of these, dating about the seventh century after Christ. It is a compound of quotations from the Old and New Testaments, the Talmud and the Gospel of St. Barnabas. The Eddas of the Scandinavians were first published in the fourteenth century. The Pitikes of the Buddhists contain certain sublime morals, and pure aspirations, and their author lived and died in the sixth century before Christ. There is nothing of excellence in these sacred books not found in the Bible. The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, the word King meaning web of cloth. They contain the best sayings of the best sages on the duties of life. These sayings cannot be traced farther back than eleven hundred years

before Christ. The Three Vedas are the most ancient books of the Hindoos, and they are believed to date not beyond eleven hundred years before Christ. The Zend Avesta of the Persians is the greatest of the sacred books next to our Bible. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, was born in the twelfth century before Christ. Moses lived and wrote the Pentateuch fifteen hundred years before Christ, therefore that portion of our Bible is at least three hundred years older than other sacred writings.

*Antiquity of Gloves—English Notes and Queries*

As Xenophon, in his *Cyropædia*, mentions that on one occasion Cyrus went without his gloves, there are good grounds for believing that the ancient Persians were not ignorant of their use, and it is known that both Greeks and Romans sometimes wore them. The period when gloves were first used in England, however, is likely to be of more interest to our readers; and this could not have been much before the time of Ethelred II., when five pairs made a considerable part of the duty paid by some German merchants to that king for the protection of their trade. In the reign of Richard and John gloves were worn by the higher classes, sometimes short and sometimes to the elbow, jeweled on the backs and embroidered at the tops. Our ancestors closely connected gloves with chivalry, both in love and war, and the custom of throwing down the glove was equivalent to a challenge, the person defied signifying his acceptance of it by taking up his opponent's glove and throwing down his own. Biting the glove meant, on the Border, a pledge of mortal revenge, and a story is told of a gentleman of Teviotdale who, after a hard drinking bout, observing in the morning that he had bitten his glove, inquired with whom he had quarreled, and finding he had had words with one of his companions, insisted on satisfaction, saying that although he remembered nothing of the dispute, he would never have bitten his glove unless he had received unpardonable insult. He fell in the duel, which was fought near Selkirk. These lines from *Marmion* show that the sending of a glove by a lady to her knight was a token of love—a command to do her bidding:

For the fair Queen of France,  
Sent him a turquoise ring and glove,  
And charged him, as her knight and love,  
For her to break a lance.

In these practical days of ours chivalry has quite died out, and gloves are now for the most part merely regarded as a covering for the hands. One important use made of them in modern society is in the form of bets between the two sexes on such occasions as Oxford and Cambridge boat races, Royal Ascot, and other races. There is yet one old custom connected with gloves which has lived down to our times, but it is seldom called into practice. I allude to "gloves in law." At an assize, when no prisoners are to be tried, the sheriff presents the judge with a pair of white gloves, and this custom is also observed in Scotland.

*A Wonderful Scientific Calculation—St. James Gazette*

In the course of a lecture in connection with the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, at the Mansion House on Saturday, Sir James Paget said science would supply the natural life of man with wonders uncounted. He remembered once hearing Mlle. Janotha play a presto by Mendelssohn, and he counted the notes and the time occupied. She played 5,595 notes in 4 minutes 3 seconds. It seemed startling, but let them look at it in the fair amount of its wonder. Every one of those notes involved certain movements of a finger, at least two, and many of them involved an additional movement laterally as well as those up and down. They also involved repeated movements of the wrists, elbows and arms, alto-



gether probably not less than one movement for each note. Therefore there were three distinct movements for each note. As there were twenty-four notes per second, and each of these notes involved three distinct musical movements, that amounted to seventy-two movements in each second. Moreover, each of those notes was determined by the will to a chosen place, with a certain force, at a certain time, and with a certain duration. Therefore, there were four distinct qualities in each of the seventy-two movements in each second. Such were the transmissions outward. And all those were conditional on consciousness of the position of each hand and each finger before it was moved, and, while moving it, the sound of each note and the force of each touch. Therefore, there were three conscious sensations for every note. There were seventy-two transmissions per second, 144 to and fro, and those with constant change of quality. Let them imagine it in telegraph wires. And then, added to that, all the time the memory was remembering each note in its due time and place, and was exercised in the comparison of it with others that came before. So that it would be fair to say that there were not less than 200 transmissions of nerve force to and from the brain outward and inward every second, and during the whole of that time judgment was being exercised as to whether the music was being played worse or better than before, and the mind was conscious of some of the emotions which the music was intended to impress.

*An Extraordinary Hand at Whist—Pall Mall Gazette*

The following extract from an Indian paper has been sent to the Times by a near relative of one of the players mentioned in it: "Has any whist player ever held the thirteen trumps in one hand? The phenomenon was seen at the United Service Club, Calcutta, on the evening of the 9th inst. The players were Mr. Justice Norris, Dr. Harvey, Dr. Sanders and Dr. Reeves. Two new packs were opened, and were 'trayed' and shuffled in the usual way. Dr. Sanders had one of the packs cut to him, and proceeded to deal. He turned up the Knave of Clubs, and on sorting his hand found that he had the other twelve trumps. The other three suits were unevenly divided in the other hands, but in the excitement of the moment no record was taken of them. The fact was duly recorded in writing, six gentlemen signing their names to the document. The odds against this combination are, we believe, according to Dr. Poole, 158,750,000,000 to one; the probability of a given player holding thirteen cards of a particular suit, named before the deal is concluded, is put by the same authority as one in 635,000,000,000 deals.

*Some Pet Problems of the Ancients—Boston Herald*

Among the problems with which it pleased the ancients to perplex themselves was one which bears in an instructive manner on the doctrine of limits. It may be thus stated: The swift-footed Achilles started in pursuit of a tortoise which was 10,000 yards from him, Achilles running 100 times faster than the tortoise. Now, when Achilles had traversed the 10,000 yards, the tortoise had traveled 100 yards; when Achilles had traveled these 100 yards the tortoise had traveled one yard; when Achilles had traversed this yard the tortoise was still 100th part of a yard in advance; when Achilles had traversed this 100th part of a yard the tortoise was the 10,000th part of a yard in advance; and so on forever—the tortoise being at each stage in advance of Achilles by 100th part of the distance Achilles had traversed in the preceding stage. The tortoise then remains always in advance of Achilles by some distance however minute; and therefore Achilles can never

overtake the tortoise. But we know that Achilles, traveling faster than the tortoise, will overtake it. Therefore, Achilles will and will not overtake the tortoise; which is absurd. The ancients were strangely fond of problems of this sort. Thus there was the famous problem about the ass between two exactly equal bundles of hay, at exactly equal distance. "This ass," says the sophist, "will attempt to eat neither bundle; for, by whatever line of reasoning it could be shown that he would turn first to one bundle, by a line of reason precisely similar it may be shown that he would turn first to the other. But he cannot turn first to both. Therefore, he will turn to neither." Another of these problems was thus worded: "Epimenides, the Cretan, says that the Cretans are liars. Now Epimenides himself is a Cretan, therefore Epimenides is a liar. Therefore the Cretans are not liars. Therefore Epimenides is not a liar. Therefore the Cretans are liars. Therefore Epimenides is a liar. Therefore," &c., ad infinitum. Others stated the problem in a more simple form: "When a man says I lie, does he lie or does he not lie? If he lies he speaks the truth, if he speaks the truth he lies."

*All Found in a Ton of Coal—Mail and Express*

A careful estimate by a Broadway chemist of the contents or constituents of a ton of coal presents some interesting facts, not familiar, certainly, to unscientific minds. It is found that, besides gas, a ton of ordinary gas coal will yield 1,500 pounds of coke, twenty gallons of ammonia water and 140 pounds of coal tar. Now, destructive distillation of this amount of coal tar gives about seventy pounds of pitch, seventeen pounds of creosote, fourteen pounds of heavy oils, about nine and a half pounds of naphtha yellow, six and one-third pounds of naphthaline, four and three-fourths pounds of naphthol, two and a fourth pounds of alizarine, two and a fourth pounds of solvent naphtha, one and a fifth pounds of aniline, seventy-nine hundredths of a pound of toluidine, forty-six hundredths of a pound of anthracine, and nine-tenths of a pound of toluches—from the last named substance being obtained the new product, saccharine, said to be 230 times as sweet as the best cane sugar.

*The Papal Exchequer—The Brussels Courier*

The annual expenses of the Papacy are said to amount to about 7,000,000 francs. The burden is substantially met by the Peter's penny, "which was originally," observes the Courier, "an English idea. But in 1861, after the twenty provinces of the Papal States had been reduced to five, the Peter's penny was quickened into new life in Belgium." The first incitement to the generous endowment of the Papacy by the freewill offerings of the faithful, rich and poor, was given by the diocese of Ghent. Its example was quickly followed in other lands. Until the year 1870 the average yearly result of the Peter's penny was 7,117,000 francs. Since that date it has constituted the sole income of the Pope, and in no single year has it been lower than 6,000,000 francs. During the present Jubilee year the bishops of Latin Christendom have handed in to the Pope the extraordinary sum of 32,500,000 francs. The Jubilee mass of Leo XIII. brought nearly 3,000,000 francs. The Papal treasury is consequently in a good condition. The "Work for the Extension of the Faith," founded at Lyons in 1822, provides the Papacy with a fund for missions; it has contributed from 1822 to 1887 no less a sum than 220,000,000 francs. Its contribution for the last twelve months amounted to 6,648,000, of which Germany contributed only 409,000 francs and Austria only 80,000 francs, as the reporter observes with regret.

## WHAT AN AWFUL LIAR—A SOUTHERN SKETCH \*

One afternoon in September as I was toiling over a rocky trail in the Smoky Mountains, which range of the Blue Ridge separates Tennessee and North Carolina for many miles, a girl about thirteen years of age, bareheaded, barefooted, and having on a single garment made of cheap stuff, suddenly jumped into the road a few feet ahead of me, fell down, rolled over, lost her hold on a bundle of roots and bark and was up and off like a shot. She passed me without seeming to see me, and next minute a bear came rolling out of the bushes upon the spot she had covered. I had a big revolver, and I had it handy, and bruin was dead before he could suspect how my hair stood on end and my legs wobbled. He wasn't fifteen feet away, and he looked as big as a yearling calf. He was kicking his last when the girl came back, regarded him with bulging eyes for a moment, and then said:

"Lordy! I thought I was a goner. Who beyou'un?"

"Oh, I happened along here. Why didn't you scream?"

"Couldn't. I hadn't wind 'nuff."

"How far did he chase you?"

"A right smart."

"Well, who are you?"

"Susan. Come up to the house."

She picked up the lost bundle and started on ahead, and a quarter of a mile above we came to a cove and the inevitable mountaineer's cabin. The cove was the same—cabin the same—surroundings the same as a score of others. Aye! the gaunt, miserably-dressed woman stood in the door, two children rolled on the ground, and a big dog slouched out of the cabin and growled fiercely at the approach of a stranger. Susan led me straight to the door, and as we halted at the threshold she explained:

"B'ar was chasin' me. He'un killed it with his popper."

As soon as the matter was understood the three of us went back, made a litter, and after a hard tug got the bear to the cabin. We had just arrived when the husband came home, having been off on a hunt, and the girl braced up, got a rest for her back and told the story as follows:

"Got my roots tied up. B'ar cum fur me. Took a run. Met he'un. He'un never run 'tall. Heard him shoot—pop! pop! pop! Went back, B'ar was dead. Told he'un to come back and see we'uns. Give him yer paw, pap."

"Stranger," said the man as he came over to me with outstretched hand, "put it thar! reckon you saved that gal's life, fur suah. Mam, giv him yer paw."

"Ize thankful, shore I am," she said as we shook hands.

I wanted to go five miles farther up the trail to Uncle Joe Billing's place, but there was a general protest:

"Stranger, do you 'un think we 'uns ar' heathens? We's pore an' forlorn an' shuckless, but we's got feelings. You've got to stop right yere till to-morrow."

"Deed he has!" added the wife. "Nobody as saves our Suse from a ba'r is gwine to walk off like that."

"I thought I was dun gone when I heard him go pop!" said Susan, "an' the ba'r fell down in a heap."

Then there came a period of silence, with every one looking full at me. I knew what was coming. It had come a dozen times in a fortnight. The man was uneasy, while the wife looked puzzled. The husband hesitatingly began:

"Stranger, we 'uns is thankful to you 'uns, but—but—"

"It don't make no difference, I say!" exclaimed Susan.

"Yes, her do," replied the father as he pulled a piece of bark from the log. "Stranger, we'uns want to know if—,"

He couldn't get it out.

"You wan't to know what I'm doing here," I suggested. "That's it."

"Well, I'm traveling for health and to see how you people live."

"Whar' from?" "Michigan."

"Then yo'un is a Yank?" "Yes."

"And you fit into the war?" "Yes."

"And you walloped us?" "Yes."

"And you hain't no spy?" "Never!"

"Stranger, I believe you! Put it thar! Nobody who fit into the war would be mean 'nuff to come spyin'. Jist feel right to home. All we've got belongs to you."

In the evening three or four mountaineers dropped in, one of whom was accompanied by his wife. The women used their snuff-sticks, the men lighted their pipes, and as a starter the host turned to me with:

"Stranger, whar' is that Michigan?" "North of Ohio."

"Many people up thar?" "Plenty."

"Twenty thousand?"

"Detroit alone has ten times that number."

He winked at each man in turn, and I heard the visiting female exclaim to herself:

"Oh, Lord! please forgive him fur lyin'."

"Been on a steamboat, I reckon?" "Yes."

"Mor'n one?" "Fifty, I presume."

He winked again, and the visiting female sighed:

"Oh, my soul! but what a dreadful liar!"

"Mebbe you hev seen the ocean?" remarked one of the men after a signal to the rest that he would draw me out:

"I have."

"Reg'lar ocean?" "Yes."

There were three whistles of astonishment, and the visiting female clasped her hands and appealed:

"Oh, Lord! don't lay it up agin him this time, fur he killed the b'ar!"

It was now the turn of an old man who had thus far preserved the strictest silence. He cleared his throat:

"And I reckon you may hev' sawn the President?"

"Yes, sir."

"What! You hev!" exclaimed all in chorus.

"Certainly, and shaken hands with him."

"Oh, Lordy! Oh, my soul! but how has he got the narve to lie so!" whispered the women.

There was deep silence for several minutes, and then the visiting female leaned forward and said to her husband:

"Joseph, ax him about balloons and telephones."

"I have seen a balloon," I replied.

"Lands? but listen to him!"

"And I have talked through a telephone."

"How many times?" "Five hundred."

The women dropped their snuff-sticks, and each man half started up. They looked from one to the other and then at me, and by and by the visiting female slipped off her chair with the words:

"Poore an' needy feller-sinners let us pray fur him!"

And I'm writing you the solemn truth when I tell you that prayer went clean around the room.

Next day when I was ready to go the mountaineer gave me a hearty shake of the hand, called the children up to bid me good-bye, and as I started off he whispered:

"If ye stop with any of the boys to-night, cut it off short whar' ye saw the ocean. The hull of it is too much for one dose!"

\* M. Quad in the Detroit Free Press.



## A PAGE CONCERNING WOMAN IN PROVERBS \*

The proverbs of most countries are rich in all subjects relating to woman, although frequently they are far from complimentary. Indeed, it is curious that in some sources of literature we should find so much ill-natured sarcasm—oftentimes as unjust as it is untrue. On the other hand, many of the traits of woman's character are very cleverly and aptly depicted, and occasionally put man in an inferior light. Thus the strength of her influence is indisputable, and has given rise to a host of old proverbs. "Whatever a woman will, she can," a saying which has its equivalent in other countries. Hence, too, we are warned how :

The man's a fool who thinks by force or skill  
To stem the torrent of a woman's will ;  
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't,  
And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't.

Within the lines may be compared the common maxim, "a woman convinced against her will is of the same opinion still." Whether it be called obstinacy or not, there can be no doubt that a strong will on the part of a woman is no unenviable characteristic ; being one, also, which is invaluable to men when engaged in the business of life. The notion that a woman cannot keep a secret is embodied in many a proverb, and is alluded to by Shakespeare, who makes Hotspur say to his wife in "Henry IV. :

Constant you are  
But yet a woman, and for secrecy  
No lady closer ; for I well believe  
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,  
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Accordingly, there is a familiar proverb, "a woman conceals what she does not know." Similarly the Spanish are wont to say, "to a woman and a magpie tell what you would speak in the market place." But this, it must be admitted, is an unfair reproach, a woman being as capable of keeping a secret as one of her opposite sex. Indeed, as Mr. Kelly remarks in his book on proverbs, "if there be truth in proverbs, men have no right to reproach women for blabbing. A woman can at least keep her own secret. Try her on the subject of her age." The industry of women has long ago been proverbial, as in the couplet :

The woman that's honest, her chiefest delight  
Is still to be doing from morning till night.

With which we may compare the common maxim, "a woman's work is never at an end." On the other hand, it was formerly said of the woman who, after being a busy, industrious maid, became an indolent wife : "she hath broken an elbow at the church door," the ceremony of the church porch—where oftentimes part of the marriage was performed—having disabled her for domestic duties. Thus another adage affirmed how

The wife that expects to have a good name  
Is always at home, as if she were lame.

According to our forefathers, it did not look well for a woman to be always sight-seeing, as such was an indication that she was not sufficiently domesticated, and was too fond of pleasure. Hence it was usually said :

A woman oft seen, a gown oft worn,  
Are disesteemed and held in scorn.

Even at the present day, according to a well-known Yorkshire proverb, "a zonktown" (a gossip) "is seldom a good housewife at home." Many of our old proverbs speak of the fickleness of women, but surely this is a libel

on their constancy. We have only to refer to the pages of our own history in centuries past to prove the falsity of this assertion. But the majority of old English proverbs are to the same purport, and a popular one reminds us that "a woman's mind and winter change oft ;" and again,

The love of a woman and a bottle of wine  
Are sweet for a season and last for a time.

The very familiar saying that "silence is the best ornament of a woman," although true in the abstract, is one which nowadays is considered antiquated. And even as Mr. Jeaffreson rightly remarks, "when we concede to woman the use of her tongue, proverbial philosophy insists, in harmony with Shakespearean opinion, that she should talk gently, in accordance with the wise precept, 'in the husband wisdom, in the wife gentleness.'" The talking propensities of women have been embodied in the not very flattering proverb which tells us how "three women and three geese make a market." Turning in the next place to the beauty of women, there are numerous sayings. Thus we are reminded that "the more women look in their glasses the less they look to their houses ;" and, again, "a fair woman and a slashed gown will always find some nail in the way," the meaning, of course, being that women are apt to be negligent housekeepers in proportion as they value their personal attractions. Then there is the popular proverb which says that "Joan is as good as my lady in the dark," for, as an ancient Latin saying reminds us, "blemishes are unseen by night."

The night  
Shows stars and women in a better light.

which may be compared with the French hyperbole, "by candle light a goat looks a lady." Once more, while a dark complexion betokened pride, and height indicated laziness, small women, writes Jeaffreson, were remarkable for their noisiness and beauties for their lack of discretion :

Fair and foolish, black and proud,  
Long and lazy, little and loud.

The same author further adds, that "it is something to the credit of the proverb-making cynics, who spoke thus bitterly of handsome women, that they refrained from assailing the ugly ones. Striking the women whom nature had provided with armor and legions of defenders, they spared the less fortunate of the fair sex." Lastly, there are many proverbs warning men of the danger of bad women :

A wicked woman and an evil,  
At three half-pence worse than the devil.

Hence, numerous admonitions are given relating to marriage, one of which tells us that a man's best fortune, or his worst, is his wife. Similarly, Lord Burleigh says to his son : "use great prudence and circumspection in choosing thy wife, for from thence will spring all thy future good or evil ; and it is an action of life like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once." Once more, Sir John Moore, the famous Chancellor's father, compared matrimony to a bag containing a hundred snakes and one eel, and says : "if a man should put his hand into this bag he may chance to light on the eel, but it is an hundred to one he shall be stung by the snake." But Martin Luther had a better opinion of women when he said :

He who loves not women, wine, and song,  
He is a fool his whole life long.

A piece of proverbial lore with which most men will agree in spite of the many hard sayings so ungallantly uttered.

\* London Standard.

## IN DIALECT—SELECTIONS OF CHARACTER VERSE

*A Petition for Rain—Jas. W. Riley—Indianapolis News*

"'Scurious-like!" said the tree toad,  
 "I've twittered for rain all day,  
 And I got up soon  
 And I hollered till noon,  
 But the sun just blazed away  
 Till I just climbed in a crawfish hole  
 Weary at heart and sick at soul!  
 "Dozed away for an hour,  
 And I tackled the thing agin;  
 And I sung, and sung,  
 Till I knowed my lung  
 Was jest about give in;  
 And then, thinks I, if it don't rain now  
 There's nothin' in singin' anyhow.  
 "Once in a while some farmer  
 Would come a drivin' past,  
 And he'd hear my cry  
 And stop an' sigh,  
 Till I jest laid back at last,  
 And hollered rain till I thought my throat  
 Would bust right open at every note!  
 "But I fetched her! Oh, I fetched her!  
 'Case a little while ago,  
 As I kind o' set  
 With one eye shet,  
 And a singin' soft and low,  
 A voice dropped down on my fevered brain,  
 Sayin', 'If you'll just hush, I'll rain!'"

*The Buke—Agnes E. Mitchell—N. Y. Observer*

[From the last words of Sir Walter Scott.]

Fetch me the Buke, dear Lockhart,  
 An' gie me ane sweet ward.  
 What buke? There is nae ither,—  
 The Life o' the Incarnate Lord;  
 I fee' the shadows creepin';  
 My licht's nae burnin' lang.  
 Sae read frae the blessit gospels  
 A bit, chiel, ere I gang,  
 Fin' whaur he holpit the needy,  
 His pity wi' his micht!—  
 Oh, my soul's fair hungry, Lockhart,  
 For the Livin' Bread, the nicht.

I think o' the dear disciples  
 Sae tassit on the sea,

An' the wards He spak' tae Simon,—  
 I ken they'd comfort me;  
 Tell o' the chitterin' sparrows,  
 "Nae wan o' them can fa'";  
 Tell how he callit the bairnies,—  
 The dearest thocht o' a';  
 Read owre hoo the ravin' tempest  
 Seekit silence i' the deep:  
 Sae the surges i' my bosom  
 Are croonin' a' tae sleep;

Ye maun catch the roll o' Jordan  
 I' His wards tae the Pharisee,  
 But ye'll hear Him prayin' dearie;  
 I' the sough o' Galilee;  
 Dinna fash 'bout Judas kisses;  
 Nae greet i' the garden dim,  
 But joy hoo the dyin' beggar  
 Foun' paradise wi' Him;  
 Nae hent o' Thamas dootin'  
 He was a fearsome chiel.  
 It grie's me, sair,—their weakness  
 Wha ken't oor Lord sae weel;

Read o' the walk tae Emmaus  
 That long an' tearfu' day,  
 An' lat oor hearts burn, Lockhart,  
 As we gang the country way;  
 Pluck me ane lily, Lockhart,  
 A' siller-dew't an' sweet,  
 I speer the rose o' Sharon,  
 An' smell the growin' wheat;  
 Lat's join the throngin', dearie,  
 An' wait i' the wee bit ships  
 For the wards, like beads o' honey,  
 That fa' fra His haly lips,

Hoo sad the gospel's, Lockhart,  
 Wi' His wandrin', hameless life;  
 But there's ane grief fetches comfort,  
 Ane rest that comes o' strife;  
 Noo tak me kin', gude Lockhart,  
 Aye tenner-true tae me!—  
 Oot wi' the dear disciples,  
 "As far's tae Bethany;"  
 I sair need rest, belov'd,  
 An' the licht's a-wearin' dim;  
 But heaven's nae far frae Bethany,  
 An' sune I'll be wi' Him.

*"Eph'm's" Story—J. W. Gally—Sacramento Bee*

I's a berry ign'ant niggah—jis's ign'nt as I look—  
 An' I duzzent know one lettah f'um de uddah in de book;  
 But I's gwine to tell you suffin'—de Go'amitey's trufe!  
 I was brung up mity khawful down to Dixey, in my youf.  
 My ol' Missus was a Tawtaw—dat's what Mawhsta used to say  
 When she went a tarin' roun' ef suffin' didn' go her way.  
 An' de wav she made us niggahs walk de chalk wuz mitey fine;  
 Dah wuz jis' one way to suit her, an' dat wuz—*toe de line*.  
 She wuz offle pious, Missus wuz—a followah ob de Cross—  
 An' ebbery whah dat Missus went she got to be de boss;  
 Whah she couldn't be de boss—well den! dat's whah she wouldn't go—  
 Ef she wouldn't—well, she wouldn't, an' dat she'd let ye know.  
 Eb'ry niggah in de fam'ly when he 'ribed at twenty-one  
 Hev to jine de Babtis' meetin'—Mistus sed it must be done—  
 Well, I j'ined de meetin, like de rest, an' went down in de wave,  
 Like Philip wid de unik in de wattah ob de grave.  
 (You undahstan' dat, Mistah? Eh! Dat's Scriptur—dat is—sho'!  
 Fer I heerd dat read a hund'ed times at leas'—an' mebbe mo').  
 Well, I j'ined de meetin' (dat's all right—I tol' ye dat befo),  
 But I didn' like de preachin', an' I sot back nigh de do'.



Dah's whah I got in trubble, one cool nite in de fall,  
When de yaller leaves wuz driftin' in de wind agin de wall.  
(You know how dat is, Mistah? when de leaves begin to fall,  
While de hick'rys an' de poplahs drop dah gyahments on de pall;

I mean, ye kno', dat's Summah's dead, an' laid out fo' de tomb,  
An' neighbo'hs come wid flowahs fo' to li'ten up de gloom.  
Yes, dat's ezzackly what I mean, in de figgah ob de speech).  
An' I sot back dah to lissen to de pahson when he preach.

Well, Mawhsta Jawge (dat's Mistus' son, an' he's jis' like his muddah,  
Boun' to be boss what's goin' on, in one way er de uddah.)  
He come in dah, among de crowd, a scrowgin' in the pews,  
An' tol' me fo' to come out do's; he got some p'tickler news.

Now Mawhsta Jawge an' me—well, sah !—we wuz jis' like two bruddahs;  
You couldn't tole, sah, by owah hawhts de cullah ob ow' muddahs—  
An' I wa'n't, nohow, boun' to Jawge—Miss Hellin was my mistus,  
An' she 'was two yeahs ol'r'n Jawge—de ol'est ob de siste's.

But Lo'd !—khi-hi !—dat Jawge. Well, sah ! (pawdon deese tears—he's dead),  
He wuz de bes' boy an' de wust dat ebber got out ob bed;  
Well, sah, I went out do's wid him, an' it wuz nite, remembah—  
'Long some time in Octobah late, er fust paht of Novembah—

An' roun' behine de meetin'-house, whah moonshine didn' strike it,  
He had a box dah in de dahk—a soap-box, er one like it—  
An' he wuz laffin' to hisself, a chucklin' in his weskit;  
S'z he, a pintin' to de box, "Eph'm, would ye resk it?"

"Resk wot?" s'z I, becoz, ye see, I didn' know whät was in dah,  
An' ef I had before I come, I don' believe I'd been dah.  
"Why, resk de polecat in de box," s'z he, an' bust out grinnin',  
"An take him in de chu'ch," s'z he, "becoz he's been a sinnin'!"

Well, dat way de ol' Debbil come an' tempt me to my ruin,  
I know'd it wuz a sinful shame, dat ar we wuz a doin';  
But I couldn' help it, fo' de Lo'd, ef I was boun' fer glory—  
It wuz too temptin', dat's a fac'— (but dat don't end de story).

We tuck dat box into de chu'ch—we let de polecat go  
Among de seats; down undahneaf de benches, don't ye know?  
He wuz a pet, dat polecat wuz, and wouldn' molest a baby.  
But some one trod down on his tail. Well! P'haps you' smelt 'em, may be?

De pahson he was preachin' 'bout de sulfer flames ob hell,  
When dah rose up upon de air a most perdijess smell—  
De white folks drord dah handkycheffs, de niggahs held dah noses,  
De pahson woun' de sahmon up wid some remarks 'bout Moses.

But he didn' try to sing or pray, nor gib out no doxology,  
Fer all de people went away widout de leas' apology,  
An' lef' de pahson and de skunk, alone wid'out a wo'd,  
To finish up de excessize and rassel wid de Lo'd.

"How come dat polecat in de chu'ch?" Dat wuz de question raised—  
An' Mawhsta Jawge he laff free weeks—ol' Mistus fa'rly blazed;  
Tell it leaked out dat him an' me had done de offle deed,  
An' den I know'd one niggah's back wuz gwine to smart and bleed.

Dey put me in de granary. Dey lock'd me fo' de nite,  
An' lef me dah to wait in woe de comin' ob de lite;  
But long befo' de day-wuz bo'n comes Mawhsta Jawge to me,  
An' he wake me like de angel, sayin' "Arise, an' let us flee."

So we fled de ol' plantation—fled an' fled, across de plains,  
Tell we saw the great Pacific, sah, an' felt de wintah rains;  
An' den we clim de mount'ins, diggin' roun' de 'hills fo' gold,  
Libin' long in de same cabin dat we built agin de cold;

Tell freedom come from out de wah fo' me ef I went back,  
An' Mawhsta Jawge went home to fight invadahs in dah track,  
Dat's what he said—an' dat's de las' he eber spoke to me  
Fo' in de battle he is dead, an' bofe of us is free.

An' now, sah, dat's what stawted me an' brung me to de Coas',  
I reckon dis is whah I'll stay tell I gib up de ghos',  
But dough I hazzent los' de faith, nor fail'd to b'ar de cross,  
I nebber will forget dat skunk. Good eben'n to ye, Boss.

## PARAGRAPHS OF NATURAL AND UNNATURAL HISTORY

*Tiger to Tigress—Edgar Fawcett*

The sultry jungle holds its breath ;  
The palsied night is dumb as death ;  
The golden stars burn large and bland  
Above this torrid Indian land ;  
But we that hunger's pangs distress  
Crouch low in deadly watchfulness,  
With sleek striped shapes of massive size,  
Great velvet paws and lurid eyes.

Hark ! Did you hear the stealthy sound  
Where yonder monstrous ferns abound ?  
Some lissome leopard crouches there—  
Let him creep nearer if he dare !  
And hark, again ! In yonder grove  
I hear that lazy serpent move ;  
A mottled thing whose languid strength  
Coils round a bough its clammy length !

Soon the late moon that crimsons air  
Will fall with mellow splendors where  
The Rajah's distant palace shows  
Its haughty domes in dark repose !  
And from this dim lair by and by,  
We shall behold, against the sky,  
With mighty gorges robed in gloom,  
The wild immense Himalay's loom.

At moonrise, through this very spot,  
You still remember, do you not,  
How that proud Punjab youth, last night,  
Sprang past us on his charger white,  
Perchance to have a fair hand throw  
A rose from some seraglio ?  
Well, if to-night he passes, note  
My hot leap at his horse's throat !

*A Dog at the Telephone—Woburn Advertiser*

A good dog story comes from Manchester. A bright-witted girl telephoned to her father at his office, asking if her dog "Curly" was there. Reply came that he was. "Well, take him up in your arms and hold the receiver to his ear ; I want to tell him to come home," said the girl. Her father did so. The dog's countenance wore, momentarily, a look of astonishment at hearing. "Come home, Curly ; come home !" in the feminine tones of his mistress, but it took him only an instant to understand what was wanted, and, the door of the office being opened, he made a wild break for home as fast as he could go.

*A Most Uncanny Pet—The Chicago Herald*

Earl B. Wittich of Livingston, Mass., has a full-grown mountain lioness, which is his favorite pet. It is as tame as a cat and playful as a little dog. It sleeps on the bed with its master, making a purring noise like a cat when it lies down to rest. Mr. Wittich obtained the lioness when it was a cub, and has taught it many tricks. This beast has a horrible penchant for small children, yet so wonderful is the control Mr. Wittich has obtained over it that he can make it lie down and lay a baby across its neck, but he never takes his eyes off the animal while making this dangerous test of power, for from the working of its paws and the vicious gleam of its eyes it gives evidence that if the keeper's back was turned the infant's destruction would be speedy and certain. Mr. Wittich has also a favorite dog which he has taught to wrestle with the lioness and perform many tricks. For instance, he will make the mountain beast lie down upon her side, place a piece of raw beefsteak on her head and send the dog to take it, which the animal will perform if the master's eye is upon her ; but, in all probability, if his vigilance was relaxed for an instant both beefsteak and dog would disappear in short order.

*A Dog's Vivid Memory—Salt Lake Tribune*

Day before yesterday some wretch tied a tin kettle to the tail of John Fallon's dog. The dog started off with the kettle about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and after running up to Park City and down to Farmington, came back in the evening without the kettle and very much fatigued. The guests at the Clift House extended their consolation to the dog, who was manifestly in need of sympathy. Everything went well with the dog until about 9 o'clock, when a young lady from Juab was requested to play "the Irish Patrol," on the piano. She played the faint, weird music of the opening bars, when the dog began to prick up his ears. The girl strolled by degrees into the heavier

staccato passages which indicates the near approach of the advance guard, when with a yelp of terror he rose up and went through the window, taking sash and all, under the impression that the tin kettle was again advancing upon him. The dog ran to the Jordan and suicided by drowning.

*Habits of the Cockroach—London Standard*

Wherever it came from, the cockroach is a true Anglo-Saxon in its capacity for colonization. In Britain it has established itself all over the length and breadth of the land, but is chiefly, if not altogether, confined to houses, inhabiting kitchens, sculleries, bakehouses, and such like places, where plenty of food can be obtained. Nothing that is edible, (and many things that are not usually considered edible), comes amiss to this voracious animal, than whom it would be difficult to find a more omnivorous creature. In addition to almost every article of human food, such apparently unpalatable objects as woolen garments, the greasy rags used in cleaning steam-engines and other machinery, shoes and other articles of leather, and even books and paper, enter its bill of fare. In warehouses, and on board ships, the ravages it commits are great ; whole barrels and sacks of flour, corn, rice, and other articles of like nature, being sometimes consumed by it. Amongst other things, cinnamon is said to possess great attractions for the cockroach palate, and there is a scandal to the effect that those whose business it is to reduce the cinnamon sticks to a powder are not very careful to separate the spice from the insects—which sometimes constitute nearly half the contents of the bags—but tumble them together into the mill. Though to its other crimes the cockroach does not apparently add that of cannibalism, the cast skins and the interior of the egg-capsules are said to be eaten by them, and other insects are occasionally devoured. Amongst the latter is said to be the common bed-bug, which, if true, is a point in favor of the cockroach. In habits the roach is strictly nocturnal. During the day it hides in crevices in the floor, behind the wainscot, or in any other dark hole, where it lurks till the darkness and quiet of night tempt it forth. It seems to be fond of warmth, as it is always found in greater abundance near fireplaces and ovens. Though this or some allied species of cockroach was well known to the ancients, and termed by them *Lucifugæ*, because they ran away from the light, it is not quite certain that it is not the sound of the footsteps of the person carrying the light rather than the light itself which alarms them. They run with great celerity ; but, although quite able to ascend perpendicular



surfaces, they do not, as a rule, when established in the kitchen, venture up stairs. Probably the larger supply of food, the greater warmth, tend to prevent them from wandering from the kitchen and its adjuncts. When seized they discharge from their mouths a brownish fluid of most disgusting and persistent odor, which, moreover, clings to any objects over which they have crept. This, in addition to their voracity, makes them a pest.

*The Flea as a Freak—Mail and Express*

"Are you aware that the flea is altogether one of the most remarkable specimens of the animal creation?" remarked a prominent man of science in conversation with a reporter not long since. The reporter confessed his ignorance. "Well, it is a fact, and one of his chief characteristics is his marvelous strength, which is out of all proportion to his diminutive size. Some wonderful feats of strength are accredited to the tiny flea in the books, a few of which I will recount. One writer tells of a mechanic who made a gold chain, as long as his finger, that a flea dragged after him, and a golden chariot which he drew after him. Another tells of a watch-maker in London who had an ivory four-wheeled chaise, with a coachman on the box, drawn by a flea. The same man afterward made a carriage with six horses, a coachman, four persons inside, two footmen behind and a postillion on one of the horses, all of which was drawn by a simple flea. According to still another authority a flea dragged a silver cannon of twenty-four times his own weight, mounted on wheels. There is also another authentic instance where three fleas are described as drawing an omnibus, a pair drawing a chariot, and a single one drawing a brass cannon. Science knows comparatively little about this strange creature. When viewed under a microscope the flea appears to be clothed in an armor of brown plates, which overlap each other and are so hard as to be well nigh beyond destruction. Its head is small and thin, and it has a single eye on either side of it. A learned naturalist is said to have made a microscopical examination of the eye of the flea and to have found that it diminished objects in size, while it multiplied them in number. In other words, that every time a flea looks at an object it appears very small, but that it is duplicated over and over again. The flea is a fighter. When in an attitude of battle he stands erect on his hind legs and strikes at his enemy with the others, as a man uses his arms, and they fight until one or the other is dead. The offensive weapon of the flea is composed of two palpi or feelers, two piercers and a tongue. When taking its food it stands erect, as it does in fighting, and it eats until disturbed. The legs of a flea are joined to its body by long tendons and are of great strength and elasticity. The tendons act like wire springs and enable it to leap 200 times its own length. Thus far scientists have been unable to discover how a flea draws its breath, but it is supposed that it comes through an opening in one of the feelers."

*Dogs, Cats, Rats and Chickens—Courier-Journal*

It is related that Mr. Sam McCurdy was sitting 'neath the shade of a tree in the back yard of his residence on Clay, near Franklin Street, talking to some friends, when his attention was called to a hen with a brood of young chickens and a rat that had just emerged from its hole and was quietly regarding the young chickens with the prospect of a meal in view. As the rat came from his hole the house cat awoke from her afternoon nap and caught sight of the rat. Crouching low, she awaited developments, and stood prepared to spring upon his ratship. At the appearance of his ancient enemy, the cat, a Scotch terrier, which had been sunning itself in the wood-shed, pricked up its ears and quietly made for the place where the cat stood.

At this moment a boy named Andy Quaid came upon the scene. The chickens were not cognizant of being watched by the rat, nor did the rat see the cat, nor the feline the dog, who had not noticed the coming of the boy. A little chick wandered too nigh and he was seized by the rat, which was in turn pounced upon by the cat, and the cat was caught in the mouth of the dog. The rat would not cease his hold on the chicken, and the cat in spite of the shaking she was getting from the dog, did not let go the rat. It was fun for the boy, and in high glee he watched the contest and the struggle of each of the victims. It seemed to him that the rat was about to escape after a time, and getting a stone he hurled it at the rodent. The aim was not good and the stone struck the dog right between the eyes. The terrier released its grip on the cat and fell over dead. It had not breathed its last before the cat in turn let go the rat and turned over and died. The rat did not long survive the enemy, and by the side of the already dead chicken he laid himself down and gave up the ghost. The owner of the dog was so angry at his death that he is said to have come near making the story complete by killing the boy that killed the dog that shook the cat that caught the rat that bit the chicken in the yard.

*The Phantom Mule Train—Meadville (Col.) Herald*

The guide told me the story as follows:—"About twelve years ago an old man by the name of Cearnals was the proprietor of a jack train with which he used to bring provisions and other commodities into that mining camp you see beneath you there. This was before the railroads entered the fastnesses of these mountains, and every thing was brought by mule team or by these jack trains into camp. The treasures which were found in the hills were carried out the same way. One time the old man, Cearnals, did not arrive in the camp on time. 'Twas in the winter—and the coldest one, too, ever experienced in these hills. A searching party was sent out to find him and his train, as the people who had goods consigned to them feared that some accident had befallen him. Near where we are now is where he and his train were found frozen to death. And now each night may be seen the jack train just as they were, but in the form of specters, filing along their way to the camp. Get out and we will go down the trail a piece and see them." We got out of the buggy, and, fastening the horse to a stunted pine, we descended the other side of the range on the road to Alma. After a most perilous and tortuous walk of half an hour, on account of the slippery condition of the ground, which was covered with snow, my companion led me to a point near the old Leadville trail, which could be distinctly seen above us against the side of the mountain. Looking at his watch he remarked that it was almost time for them to appear. After kicking the snow from a couple of boulders, we sat down, and in silence awaited developments. My companion would not say a word, but simply pulled away at a cigar, his looks being cast in the direction of the trail. We waited at least half an hour, but it seemed a week to me, a cold wave having arisen, and I was almost frozen and wishing myself home. Suddenly my companion clutched me nervously by the arm and pointed to the trail. The sight that I saw made each individual hair on my head stand on end, for there on the trail, coming around a sharp angle caused by a boulder, was a jack train of twenty-three animals. They all emitted a faint phosphorescent glow, which made them appear all the more vivid against the side of the hill. They were loaded with different articles of merchandise, and the last one, which the spectral driver was urging on with his short goad, seemed to be loaded with flour. Every once in a while, as the train slowly filed along, this last jack would lean his load against a project-

ing rock, as if resting himself. This would cause the driver to punch it with his short stick. The weird specters slowly passed from view around the hill, and, more dead than alive from fright, we made our way to where we had left our horse and buggy. The guide said on the way back that this strange sight could be seen any dark night.

*The Coon Dog's Mistake—Philadelphia Press*

One sunny Sabbath morning the late Rev. Samuel Hamilton found himself preaching to an attentive congregation in a Kentucky town. It so happened that a drunken man strayed like a black sheep into the fold; but no one objected and things ran smoothly enough. Presently a small dog entered at the open door and trotted down the aisle until it reached the front of the pulpit, when it set up a furious barking at the minister. The tipsy man, with the utmost gravity, arose and walked steadily down the aisle to where the dog was barking. Seizing the animal by the neck, he held him up before the congregation for a moment, and then, shaking him furiously, he broke out with: "Tree a preacher, will you, you d—n fool pup." This was too much for Mr. Hamilton. He could not restrain his laughter and he took his seat, not being able to dismiss his congregation.

*Mammoth Japanese Crabs—St Louis Globe-Democrat*

The greatest marine curiosity of Enoshima waters is the giant crab that trundles along a body as large as a turtle's, and sweeps out claws that measure ten feet from tip to tip. Formerly the fishermen threw these creatures back into the sea when they found their nets tangled up with them, but of recent years they clean the shells and sell them for foreign museums. The giant crabs are said to promenade the beach at night, and one version gives them phosphorescent eyes. If imagination cannot supply a picture of those crabs on the beach, it is all detailed in "Allan Quatermain." Rider Haggard, in his careful owning up to where he found the original of the remarkable things in that book, owns to having read somewhere about these horrible crabs, and so borrowed them to put in the canyon into which his canoe load of heroes emerged after their under-ground baptism of fire. These crabs and the six-foot cucumber are the few things in nature in Japan that are enlarged.

*An Extraordinary Fish—Pall Mall Gazette*

A most interesting discovery has been made in the Sea of Tiberias of a fish which incubates its young in the cavities of the mouth; and, what is the more remarkable, it is the male which performs this part of the family function. As soon as the female has deposited its eggs in the hollow of the sand, the male approaches and draws them into the cavities of its mouth by the process of aspiration. Here they are distributed between the leaves of the gills; and in the midst of the respiratory organs the eggs rapidly develop, distending the mouth of the male fish in the most extraordinary manner. Finally the young fishes make their appearance, packed in the gills like so many herrings, all with their heads directed toward the opening. From this place of safety and retreat they run in and out until they are large enough to take care of themselves. It is said that as many as two hundred of these eggs are sometimes crowded into the mouth and gills of the male fish.

*Adventure with a Tiger—Chambers's Journal*

As we walked along through the jungle I failed to keep up with the other members of the party, who had got on some distance ahead, when suddenly I heard a rustle in the under-wood, and almost at the same moment an enormous tiger presented himself and prepared to spring upon me. I had never seen a more magnificent beast, and I could not help admiring him, notwithstanding the danger of my position. But there was no time to be lost. I immediately presented my rifle and fired. As ill luck would have it,

neither shot struck; and in another second the tiger was on me and had thrown me down, his claws buried in my left shoulder. I had no particular sensation of fear, and I remember thinking quite calmly, as I lay on the ground, the tiger's hot breath coming against my face: "It's all up with me now." But at that moment my faithful little Mungo came to the rescue; he bit the tiger's tail so severely that the beast immediately released his hold and turned around to seize its new adversary. But Mungo, as sharp and wary as he was plucky, was off in the tall grass in an instant. The tiger followed, but the dog had the advantage over him, as it could run through the grass and under the brush-wood at a pace which the other could not keep up with. In fact, it was almost comical to see how the great creature bounded about in its useless chase after the dog. But I knew that the tiger, disappointed of seizing Mungo, would be back again to attack his master; so I reloaded my gun and stood waiting his return. In a short time he was before me once more, and again I leveled my gun as good as I could, considering the pain in my left shoulder. The first shot missed, but the second struck the tiger in the shoulder, crippling him, and made him roll about in agony. Reloading as rapidly as possible, I went near to him, aimed very deliberately, and this time gave him his quietus. Scarcely had I done so before Mungo came bounding up to me, looking into my face and whining.

*A Pioneer Queen Bee—Napa (Cal.) Register*

Many of the Register's readers are familiar with Wall's extraordinary feat, in 1849, in driving, according to his statement, a swarm of bees across the plains. A day or two since, as one of our business men was coming down town he happened to discover a large bee quietly resting on Wall's shoulder as preparations were being made for sprinkling the Court House lawn. "Say, Wall, what are you doing with that bee on your shoulder?" Wall was startled for a moment, but, recovering his usual composure, spoke with gravity, carrying conviction of untarnishable truth. "I'll tell you, and it's the solemn truth, if ever I spoke it in my life. That bee is the queen of the swarm that I drove across the plains. She has been hunting me for years, and knew me the moment I called her name. You see, she is getting a little gray, but I knew her on sight. She piloted the swarm, and I used to feed her from my own molasses can. That bee is the last of her race, and I shall take care of her in her old age. I tell you, John, that bee brings up many reminiscences of that memorable trip. Several times that swarm stood by me in an hour of peril. They could scent an Indian several miles away, and they got to really enjoy an Indian attack. The fact is, they understood tactics as well as the best trained soldiers. When the queen sounded an alarm every bee was under arms ready for fight. First a skirmish line was thrown out, and you could see more or less uneasiness among the red-skins as one and another would claw at his ears, eyes, or nose, but when the order to 'charge' was sounded and the bee battalions began to move in 'double quick,' a route and stampede always followed. It is a fact, John, if ever I told the truth in my life. What I am saying is true. Those bees fought all my battles across the plains, and this is my old 'queen' sure enough."

Those who read every thing are thought to understand every thing too; but it is not always so. Reading only furnishes the mind with the materials of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough that we cram ourselves with a great load of collections. Unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength.



## IS DEATH PAINFUL?—DR. HAMMOND'S OPINION\*

It is only necessary to see a person die to be convinced that so far from being a painful process the act of death is rather pleasant than otherwise. The physical phenomena that lead up to the departure of vitality from the body are often characterized by great suffering. There may be pain, suffocation due to the irregularity of the action of the heart and lungs, and above all intense mental anguish. But when death begins, all feeling of discomfort in mind or body disappears; pain, in whatever part it may be situated, ceases to be perceived; the heart may beat with still greater irregularity, the lungs fail still more notably to perform their functions; nothing has happened to dissipate the fear or remorse or sorrow that have harassed the dying person, but the perceptions, the intellect, the emotions, the will, are blunted and no longer respond to excitations that formerly moved them. Death as we see it in persons who have suffered from a more or less protracted illness is not generally an act that is accomplished in a few moments of time. It may even last for several hours, during which period the vital forces are extinguished little by little, so gradually, in fact, that we are not able to determine the exact instant at which life becomes extinct. Physiologists speak of death as occurring through the cessation of the action of either the brain or the heart or the lungs. But the brain cannot be regarded as an organ absolutely essential to life, however necessary it may be to its regular and systematic course. The entire organ may be removed from certain kinds of animals, and yet life goes almost as perfectly for a time as though it were still there to dominate the rest of the body. The heart beats, the lungs respire, the stomach digests, and the several glands continue to elaborate the secretions proper to them, and not only all this, but actions are performed which are well calculated to excite astonishment in those who see them for the first time, and who have embraced the idea that all intelligence resides in the brain. It sometimes happens that individuals of the human species are born without brains. In one instance of the kind life was present for six months. This being had the faculty of sucking, and the several functions of the body seemed to be well performed. In another case in which the cranium was entirely empty, life continued for four days, yet this being opened and shut its eyes, cried, sucked, and even ate broth. The brain, therefore, is essential to life only so far as it is essential to the continued action of the heart and lungs. When it is the seat of disease in certain of its parts the action of all the organs of the body is more or less impaired, although they may continue their functions in such a manner as not to be immediately destructive to life. It is only when brain disease leads to the arrest of the action of the heart or lungs that death becomes inevitable. Death beginning at the heart, occurring either as the result of brain injury or disease, or like factors affecting the organ itself, may take place suddenly or after a very considerable period of time has elapsed. In neither case is the act of death painful. Should the heart stop suddenly, the brain is at once deprived of its due supply of blood; all sensibility is immediately abolished. There are a few imperfect respirations and life has vanished, probably without the stricken person having the slightest consciousness from the moment that the current of blood failed to reach his brain. Such cases are comparatively infrequent, but they

are common enough for us to have become acquainted with the phenomena by which they are characterized. The aspect of a person dying in the manner described shows that there has been no suffering, mental or physical; the countenance is placid and the position of the body that of entire repose. In other instances the state of the patient for a considerable period before death is marked by great suffering. The respiration is difficult, the lungs are congested, there are periods characterized by faintness and loss of consciousness, the limbs and the face become dropsical, the recumbent posture is attended with an increase in the feeling of suffocation due to the interference with the respiration, and hence the patient is obliged to pass the greater part of the day and night in a sitting posture. The countenance of a person thus afflicted is indicative of the distress which is constantly experienced. But when the physical forces become so far reduced that the act of dying supervenes, pain or discomfort is no longer felt, and death ensues without there being any sensations but those of ease and comfort both as regards mind and body. Death beginning by the lungs is the result of the more or less sudden stoppage of the act of respiration, such as is produced in drowning or strangulation, in which cases it takes place rapidly, or in congestion or pneumonia, when it is a more gradual process. In neither instance is there much, if any, physical suffering after the first few moments. Unconsciousness takes place with more or less rapidity when all sensation is abolished. While this condition is being reached, the speech and countenance of the patient, so far from indicating suffering, often show that the thoughts that are passing through the mind are of the most happy character. Persons whose lives have been saved from drowning or other forms of suffocation, have stated that they seemed up to the last moment of consciousness to be living a life of supreme bliss. Opium poisoning, and the condition produced by the inhalation of carbonic oxide gas resulting from the combustion of charcoal, are examples of death beginning at the lungs. There are many cases on record of persons who have been recovered when thus poisoned, when the very extremity of life had been reached, and their evidence is uniformly to the effect that not only was there no pain, but that the act of dying, so far as they had experienced it, was a most delightful process. I have seen a great many people die, some of them great sinners, even ruffians of the most degraded type, and I have never yet witnessed in any case the slightest fear of death or a hereafter. I have also been present at the death-beds of many pious and worthy persons, and I have never known an instance among this class of the least abhorrence of death, or apprehension in regard to the future. A person in sound health, receiving intelligence that his death is to take place in a few moments, would, undoubtedly, at first be greatly disturbed, and if religiously brought up, would probably wish to make preparations for departing this life. But the case is very different with those who have suffered from a long illness and whose perceptions, therefore, have lost their sharpness. I have often told such persons that they had but a few minutes to live, but the intelligence has never been received in any other than the most composed and resigned manner. Certainly this is a wise provision of Nature. For if, as with his present knowledge, it is impossible for man to escape death, it is well that he is so constituted as to be able to accept the inevitable with dignity and composure.

\* Dr. W. W. Hammond, in *Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

## CRADLE SONGS—A COLLECTION OF CROONING MELODIES

*Slumber-Song—Anna B. Benschel—Boston Transcript*

Sleep my little one, sleep—  
Narrow thy bed and deep ;  
Neither hunger, nor thirst, nor pain  
Can touch or hurt thee ever again ;  
I, thy mother, will bend and sing  
As I watch thee, calmly slumbering ;  
Sleep my little one, sleep.

Sleep my little one, sleep—  
Narrow thy bed and deep ;  
Soon in thy angel's tender arms,—  
Closely sheltered from earth's alarms  
Thou wilt awaken, baby mine !  
Where all is mercy and love divine.  
Sleep, my little one, sleep.

Sleep, my little one, sleep,—  
Narrow thy bed and deep ;  
I have wept till my heart is dry,  
But now I smile as I see thee lie  
With small hands crossed in death's mute prayer,  
Never to reach in the wild despair  
Of hunger's anguish. All is o'er !  
I wept, but now I can weep no more.  
Sleep, my little one, sleep.

Sleep, my little one, sleep,—  
Narrow thy bed and deep ;  
A little while, I, too, shall rest  
Close by the side of my baby blest.  
Safe is my babe,—earth's anguish done,—  
Safe at the feet of the Holy One.  
Sleep, my little one, sleep.

*What Foreign Mothers Sing*

## Song of Eve :

Sleep, sleep, little Cain !  
Thy father is delving with labor and pain,  
He works for our needs,  
But the briars and weeds  
Grow thick o'er the dark burning plain.

## Hottentot :

Why dost thou weep, my child ?  
Wherefore dost thou weep ?  
Hush, darling, calm thee,  
And sleep, my child sleep.  
The sky is bright, the sun is shining,  
And all the silver rivers sing ;  
Amid the trees the flowers are twining,  
Gay green birds are on the wing.

Hush, sleep and rest  
On mother's breast,  
Sleep and rest.

## American Indian :

Nic-nac no-shion na-dy,  
Mush-ni-na-qua o-ic-tion ;  
Nic-nac no-shion na-dy  
Mush-ni-na-qua o-ic-tion.

## Japanese :

Sleep, sleep on the floor.  
Oh ! be good and slumber ;  
For when thou art asleep  
Just hear what I shall do, dear,  
Thou shalt eat red beans and fish, my baby.

## Spanish :

Slumber, slumber, darling one,  
The old mockingbird is singing,  
Hi chio chimmi cho !  
And out in the hallway  
The Virgin sits alone,  
Sewing on a cloak  
For our dear Lord, her son.

## French :

Do—do—l'enfant dor—  
L'enfant dormira taftot  
La Vierge benite  
Endorme—moi cet enfant,  
Jusqua, quand il sera grand,  
Il dira : Papa—maman.

## Norwegian :

Row, row to Baltanrock,  
How many fish caught in the net ?  
One for father and one for mother,  
One for sister and one for brother.

## Scotch :

Ba-loo, ba-loo, my wee, wee thing,  
O, softly close thy blinkin' e'e :  
Thy daddie now is far awa'  
A sailor laddie o'er the sea.

## Swedish :

Hush, hush, baby mine ;  
Pussy climbs the big green pine.  
Ma turns the mill-stone,  
Pa to kill the pig has gone.

## North German :

Schlaf, Kindchen, schlaf !  
Dein Vater hut't die Schaf ;  
Dein Mutter schuttelt's Baumelein,  
Da fällt herab ein Traumelein,  
Schlaf, Kindchen, schlaf !

## Danish :

Deep sleep, little mouse !  
The field your father plows ;  
Your mother feeds the pigs in the sty.  
She'll come and slap you if you cry.

*Rock-a-bye, Baby—Unidentified*

Rock-a-bye, baby ! On the tree top,  
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock ;  
When the bough bends the cradle will fall—  
Down tumbles baby, cradle and all.

Rock-a-bye, baby ! The meadow's in bloom ;  
Laugh at the sunbeams that dance in the room,  
Echo the birds with their own baby tune,  
Coo in the sunshine and flowers of June.

Rock-a-bye, baby ! As softly it swings,  
Over the cradle the mother love sings ;  
Brooding of cooing at even or dawn,  
What will it do when the mother is gone ?

Rock-a-bye, baby ! So cloudless the skies,  
Blue as the depths of your own laughing eyes ;  
Sweet is the lullaby over your nest  
That tenderly sings little baby to rest.

Rock-a-bye, baby ! The blue eyes will dream  
Sweetest when mamma's eyes over them beam ;  
Never again will the world seem so fair ;  
Sleep, little baby ! There's no cloud in the air.

Rock-a-bye, baby ! The blue eyes will burn  
And ache with that your manhood will learn ;  
Swiftly the years come with sorrow and care,  
With burdens the wee dimpled shoulders must bear.

Rock-a-bye, baby ! There's coming a day  
Whose sorrows a mother's lips can't kiss away—  
Days when its song will be changed to a moan—  
Crosses that baby must bear all alone.

Rock-a-bye, baby ! The meadow's in bloom ;  
May never the frosts pall the beauty in gloom ;  
Be thy world ever bright as to-day it is seen.  
Rock-a-bye, baby ! Thy cradle is green.



## THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHERS—SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN

"Now," he said to his wife one day, "I don't like your appearing ignorant before the child. I never do. It is not well not to have an answer to anything the child asks. If you say 'I don't know' you simply kill your child's faith in you. It does not matter what she asks, you must always have an answer, and a positive answer, for her." And he went down town, and bought her one of those box-alphabets that lie all over the floor and fall under the sofa and get into the crack of the door and usually render it unsafe to walk about anywhere in the house. She sat down, and he selected the word "hen" to illustrate the meaning and value of the alphabet. She looked at the three letters lying on the carpet, and to the guileless father thus she spoke: "Papa, which did God make first, the hen or the egg?" Papa dropped hard.—Oakland Tribune.

"If you don't keep out of this yard you'll catch it," said a woman to a boy in West Lynn. "All right," answered the gamin; "I wouldn't have come in if I'd known you folks had it. Please go bury yourself."—Lynn Item.

The proceedings in the Chevalier divorce case before Judge Shepard yesterday were suddenly interrupted by the remarks of a blue-eyed, golden-haired child. "O-o papa, ain't o-o goin' to love mamma and oo little dirl no mo'? Oo ain't bin an' tisst mamma for so lon'. Don't oo love oo little dirl no mo'?" "Hush, hush," said the little one's ten-year-old sister, running out to stop her prattling tongue. "You musn't talk here." The lawyers had stopped, the court sat looking with compassion at the strange scene, and not a sound disturbed the solemnity. "Well," said the little one, "I finks papa an' mamma might 'ove me a 'ittle bit. Dey fordets me, I dess."—Chicago Tribune.

County Clerk Smith has a four-year-old nephew that paralyzed his father a short time ago. He was too tired one night to say his prayers, and when told that if he did not say them the Lord would not take care of him, replied, "He's doing it allee samee."—Macon Telegraph.

A little grandnephew of Prince Bismarck was sitting on the Prince's knee one day, when he suddenly cried out: "Oh, uncle, I hope I shall be a great man like you when I grow up!" "Why, my child?" asked his uncle. "Because you are so great and every one fears you." "Wouldn't you rather every one loved you?" The child thought a little and then replied: "No, uncle; for when people love you they cheat you, but when they fear you they let you cheat them."—N. Y. Evening World.

"Pa," inquired a little boy, "does Satan ever go to Europe for a summer vacation like the ministers?" "No, son," replied the old gentleman, "Satan stays at home and attends to business."—N. Y. Evening Sun.

An Eastern United States Senator tells this about his little girl: He says that when his family had gathered for dinner little Elsie was too busy with her playthings to suspend, and her mother called to her to come. "Yes, in a minute," was the response. "But we are all waiting," said my wife, "and your papa is waiting to ask the blessing." She came in, climbed into her chair, folded her little hands demurely, bowed her head and said in a low voice: "Let her go, Gallagher!"—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Maggie (to her stepfather, who is very popular)—Oh, I wish you had been here when our other papa was alive. You would have liked each other so much.—Babyhood.

On Tremont street, among the moving throng of pedestrians, were a mother and child. The little one was fascinated by a bunch of roses, and in response to her earnest

solicitation, the mother secured the same for her. Standing a few feet away was another little one, ragged and unkempt, devouring with her eyes the flowers she could only seem to worship at a distance. Her more favored little neighbor caught the wistful glance, with childish intuition understood its import, and with that unstudied and sincere sympathy, so sweet an accompaniment of childhood, stepped over, and without so much as asking her mother's leave, divided her nosegay with the surprised little waif. It was the warm, impulsive act of a kind little heart, and the mother's beaming smile recorded her pleasure at what had taken place.—Boston Budget.

Ethel used to play a good deal in the Sabbath-school class. One day she had been very quiet. She sat up prim and behaved herself so nicely that after the recitation was over the teacher remarked: "Ethel, my dear, you were a very good little girl to-day." "Yes'm. I couldn't help being dood. I dot a tif neck!"—Unidentified.

"Yes, our little four-year-old is such a comfort, and such a help to me," said Mrs. Eastside to a lady caller. "Why, he can take care of his little baby sister as well as any nurse. He is in the next room now playing with little Dorothy. (Raises her voice)—'Wal-ter.'" "Yeth, mamma." "Are you taking good care of little sister?" "Yeth, mamma." "What are you doing, Walter?" "Oh, I'se des playin' 'at I'se a barber, and I'se shavin' her wif papa's razor." (Excited tableau).—Peck's Sun.

Sammy, three years old, lifted up his voice and howled at being left alone in bed. "Oh, mamma! I'm afraid—nobody here with me." "Yes there is, Sammy, I told you God was always with you." "Open the window, then," sobbed Sammy; "open the window before you go and let 'im out. I don't want 'im here."—N. Y. Tribune.

The twin boys of Mr. Clint W. Wisner, now about eighteen months old, are much admired by all who meet them about the streets of the village when they take their daily airing. Yesterday a lady having business at the Dispatch office stopped her carriage at our door just as the twins passed the office in charge of their faithful nurse. The lady bowed to the boys and wished them "Good-morning," when, with consummate grace the gallant young fellows doffed their little blue skull caps and waved their chubby hands in return.—Warwick Dispatch.

A little girl wanted more butter toast, and was told that she had had enough and that more toast would certainly make her ill. "Well," said she, "give me anuzzer piece and send for the doctor right away."—Unidentified.

Bobby was spending the afternoon at his aunt's, and for some moments had been gazing out of the window in a painfully thoughtful sort of way. "What makes you so serious, Bobby?" asked his aunt. "Why, ma told me that I must remember not to ask for anything to eat, and I am trying to remember it."—Boston Sunday Times.

Clair—When I get to be a man I will keep a big candy store. What will you do? Dolph—I will buy your candy and owe you for it.—N. Y. Journal.

Persons who try to correct children in the use of words are often amazed at the results. A little girl who made frequent use of the word "guess" was corrected for it and told to say "presume" instead. A lady friend noticed the very admirable set of the little girl's apron, and asked something in regard to the pattern. "Mamma does not cut my dresses and aprons by a pattern; she just looks at me and 'presumes.'"—Sunday Critique.

## A FAIRY STORY—THE DREAMING BEAUTY\*

Historians are not the only authors who write carelessly; the story-tellers are as bad. One is forced to observe that the best informed and most conscientious of narrators have, in many instances, failed to relate events exactly as they occurred in fairyland.

You fancy, for instance, that you know to perfection the story of the princess who, having wounded her hand with her distaff, fell into a profound slumber from which it was impossible to rouse her even by the most violent means, and who was left sleeping on a couch gorgeous with gold and silver in her palace in the middle of a great park. I regret to be obliged to inform you that you do not know, or have a very erroneous idea of the end of the story.

The princess had been sleeping for a hundred years, when a young prince, incited by love and ambition, resolved to make his way into the palace and awaken her. The trees and brambles opened of their own accord to let him pass.

He was a little surprised to find that none of his attendants had been able to follow him because the trees had come together again and blocked the way.

When he had traversed long corridors he found himself in a room whose walls were covered with gold, where he saw the most beautiful sight that his eyes had ever beheld.

On a magnificent bed, the curtains of which were thrown open, lay a princess, apparently fifteen or sixteen years old, whose beauty shone with a supernatural radiance.

I admit that the events occurred as I have described, and that up to this point the writer of the tale has not been guilty of any very audacious falsehoods, but nothing can be farther from the truth than the rest of the story. I cannot admit that the awakened beauty regarded the prince with looks of love, or that she said to him: "Have you come, my lord?"

You have made me wait a long time."

What did occur was as follows: The princess extended her arms, raised her head a little from the pillow, half opened her eyes, then closed them again as if bewildered by the light, and gave utterance to a long sigh, while Bijou, her lap-dog, barked angrily at the prince.

"Who has awakened me? What do you want of me?" the princess asked at length.

The prince, falling on his knees, exclaimed: "He who has awakened you adores you, and has braved the greatest dangers in order to free you from the enchantment to which you have been captive." (He exaggerated a little in saying this.) "Leave this couch on which you have been sleeping these hundred years, give me your hand and let us return together to light and life."

Astonished by these words, the princess regarded the speaker and could not avoid smiling pleasantly at him, for he was a very handsome young prince, with the prettiest eyes in the world and a very melodious voice.

"It is true then," she said, pushing back her long hair from before her eyes, "that the hour has come in which I am to be released from my long slumber?"

"Yes, the hour has come."

"Ah!" said the princess, "what will happen to me if I leave this gloomy place and re-appear among the living?"

"Can you not imagine? Have you forgotten that you are a king's daughter? You will see your delightful people run to welcome you uttering cries of joy and waving bright banners; women and children will kiss the hem of

your garments; in fine, you will be the most powerful and the most celebrated queen on earth."

"I shall be glad to be a queen," she said. "What will happen next?"

"You will live in a palace glittering with gold, and when you ascend your throne you will walk upon steps inlaid with diamonds. Courtiers will crowd around you and sing your praises, and the heads of the haughtiest and greatest will be bowed before you.

"To be praised and obeyed, that will be charming," she said. "Shall I have any other pleasures?"

"Your maids, with fingers as deft as those of your god-mothers, the fairies, will clothe you in robes gleaming with the beauty of the silver moon and the golden sun. They will powder your hair and put queer little patches on your temples and at the corners of your mouth. Then they will put on your shoulders a great cloak of cloth of gold which will trail behind you on the floor."

"Good!" cried the princess; "I have always been something of a coquette."

"Young pages, as beautiful as the birds of the air, will offer you dishes filled with the finest sweetmeats and cups of sweet wines of delicious fragrance."

"That is excellent!" said the princess; "I have always been something of an epicure. Will these be all my amusements?"

"Another pleasure, the greatest of all, awaits you."

"Ah! What is that?"

"You will be loved."

"By whom?"

"By me! if you do not deem me unworthy to aspire to your affection."

"Oh! You are a good-looking prince, and your coat is very becoming."

"If you will deign to hear my prayers, I will give you my whole heart for another kingdom of which you shall be queen, and I shall never cease to be the grateful slave of your most wanton caprice."

"Ah! What happiness you promise me!"

"Rise then, dear princess, and follow me."

"Follow you? At once? Wait a moment. Unquestionably there is much that is tempting in what you promise me, but how do you know that, if I accept your offer, I shall not be obliged to give up something better?"

"How! What do you mean, princess?"

"It is true that I have been asleep for a hundred years, but I have spent those hundred years in dreaming. I am a queen already, in my dreams, and of what a splendid kingdom! The walls of my palace are made of sunbeams, my courtiers are seraphs who sing my praises in voices of infinite sweetness, and strew garlands of stars before my feet. Ah! If you could see the beautiful robes that I wear, and the wonderful fruits with which my table is furnished, and the nectar that I have to drink! As for love, be assured that there is no lack of that, for I am adored by a spouse who is more beautiful than any prince on earth, and who has loved me faithfully for a hundred years. So, my lord, taking everything into consideration, I do not think that I should gain anything by leaving this enchanted place, and I pray you to leave me to my dreams."

Thereupon she turned her face to the wall, drew her long hair over her eyes again and resumed her long slumber while Bijou, the lap-dog, stopped barking and stretched himself out, his nose resting comfortably on his paws.

\* For Current Literature—From the French of Catulle Mendès—translated by Richard Lawrence.



## THE WORLD OVER—A SERIES OF PEN PICTURES

*Public Order in Peking—Chinese Times*

Beneath the superficial quiet and order of Peking there are many evil agencies at work. The banditti, for example, think nothing of seizing honest folks and holding them to ransom. Their special victims are the silver porters. The currency consists of large lumps of silver, like partially consumed halves of monster oranges. The carriers are said to derive heavy emoluments from their judicious handling of the metal while it is in their care, but they have their own trials. When one is known to be going on duty the banditti waylay him, and if they succeed in beating his guards, he may be held to a ransom amounting to half a year's profits. These wealthy porters seek the protection of the princes, as traders did in Europe in the Middle Ages. If a prince lends a silver carrier his cart and mule, in return for a share of the profits, the bandits will not care to meddle with the august vehicle. Sometimes prize fighters are hired to sit on the shafts, and have to be extravagantly paid for their protection. Pickpockets infest the city in every direction, especially in wet weather. Ladies are often the victims, even when riding in carts, the thieves springing on top and snatching the valuable head ornaments of the Manchu ladies within, the driver taking no notice for fear of his own skin. The thieves have regular depots, where stolen property is placed, and persons of influence can generally recover what they have lost if they are persistent enough. Near one of the city gates is a market where stolen goods are regularly sold for one hour at daybreak. Spurious articles are often offered at this place; a man purchases a roast duck and finds on arriving at home that it is only a clever imitation in mud; and rain boots are counterfeited in paper which melt away when wetted. "In the special arrangements of the Chinese the philosophy of grin-and-bear-it has been cultivated to an extreme perfection, and is also, no doubt, archaic. Bystanders will never interfere with the commission of a crime in the open street in open day, and the whole system of predatory crime is tolerated, as vermin is, as the ordinary lot of humanity. In fact, foulness, impassable roads, defective laws, and all other forms of suffering, are borne with for want of the energy to resist and overcome them, and not because the people really love these things."

*Children's Dress in Algiers—Harper's Magazine*

The boys, when running about, wear nothing but a long white chemise and dark blue vest, but of all bewitching creatures in the world the little girls can scarcely be surpassed. They are everywhere, and must strike a stranger, certainly an artist, as a prominent feature of interest. Some are going to the baker's, carrying unbaked loaves piled on a plank on the head; others, with little brass-bound buckets brimming with milk; singly, in crowds, always fascinating, not only pretty, but arrayed in an infinite variety of costumes, they dart from shadow into sunlight, and disappear in a twinkling round a corner or through a doorway. They wear, first, a white chemise with gauze sleeves, over it a gandoura, or chemise without sleeves, and reaching nearly to the ankles, usually of printed calico, glaring in color, and with spots, stripes, birds, branches and leaves; this gandoura is sometimes of rich brocade or light silk; over the first they often wear a second gandoura of tulle with a design in it, ordinarily nothing more nor less than common white lace curtain stuff. All the materials hang limp and flutter when they run; round the waist a broad ceinture, and over the shoulders a little bodice. On the

head a conical cap, always of crimson velvet, more or less ornamented with gold thread; children and unmarried girls wear them with a strap under the chin; married women tie them on with a colored handkerchief.

*Justice in Switzerland—Youth's Companion*

Lee Meriwether relates a very amusing and yet annoying experience which he had in Switzerland in attempting to obtain justice. He says that while taking a stroll one morning he stopped at one of the numerous small inns and ordered a glass of milk. "Cold, sweet milk," he said to the waiter, as otherwise they bring, as a matter of course, either hot or sour milk, two favorite ways of taking milk among the Germans. To his surprise the waiter brought a pitcher of boiling hot milk. I repeated my order for a glass of cold milk. The waiter said he had none. I arose to go. "What!" he exclaimed, "you will not pay?" and without waiting for a reply he snatched my hat from my head and gave it to the proprietor, who at that moment entered. I looked at them with a sort of admiration. Never had I seen such pure assurance; never men with so free-and-easy a method of collecting payment for goods neither ordered nor used. Gazing some moments at the good-natured host and his waiter, I took down his name and number and repaired, bare-headed, to the police station. There I related my story. The officers consulted, and finally decided the matter was not within their jurisdiction. "Go," they said, "to the Friedensrichter" (peace justice). The Friedensrichter was a grave, bald-headed man. As I about to state my case, the learned man raised his hand and bade me stop. "Do you not know," he asked, "that my fee must first be paid?" "But, sir, I have a charge of assault to make. Must I pay for notifying an officer of a breach of the peace?" "You must. The fee is two and a half francs." This was odd. I wanted light on the subject, and requested the address of a lawyer. The Friedensrichter gave me one. Half an hour later I knocked at the door of the man of law, only to learn that he was away serving his annual three weeks in the army. The maid, however, told me of another lawyer, and he, upon a payment of a fee for legal services, told me the law was upon the milkman's side, but that I could go to the "Gerichtspräsident" if I desired further information. I went to the Gerichtspräsident. He, too, said the law was with the hot-milk man. Then I went to the rascally landlord. "I pay you," I said, handing him the money and taking my hat; "I pay you, not for the milk I did not order and did not drink, but for the information you have been the means of my acquiring." "What information?" "That a stranger may be assaulted here without redress." The churl laughed scornfully; but I got even with him. My first act on reaching German territory was to send the polite Swiss landlord a large package by express; the charges, about one dollar and forty cents, I did not prepay. There was in the package sawdust, and a sheet of paper with this line: "Zum Andenken an den Mann dessen Hut Sie gestohlen haben"—Souvenir of the man whose hat you stole.

*Breadmaking in Norway—The London Telegraph.*

Breadmaking, writes a correspondent, was another industry which we had a good opportunity of seeing while we changed horses at one of the stations. Contrary to our expectations, we found white bread everywhere, but the common bread is a heavy bread, the chief ingredient of which is rye. It is always sour; the good housewife intends it to be so. They also have "flat bread," made

of potatoes and rye. It was this kind of bread that the two women, whom we happened in upon, were making. They were in a little underground room, unlighted except from the door. The walls were of stone and the floor was of earth. They were seated one on either side of a long, low table, upon which were huge mounds of dough. The one nearest the door cut off a piece of this and moulded it and rolled it out to a certain degree of thinness, then the other one took it, and with the greatest care rolled it still more. At her right hand was the fire-place, and upon the coals was a red piece of iron forming a huge griddle more than half a yard across. The bread matched this very nearly in size when it was ready to be baked, and it was spread out and turned upon the griddle with great dexterity, and as soon as it was baked it was added to a great heap on the floor. The woman said she should continue to bake bread for thirty days. She had a large family of men, who consumed a great deal; they had to bake very often in consequence. In many places they do not bake bread oftener than twice a year; then it is a circumstance like haying or harvesting. We heard an Englishman say of this bread of the country, "One might eat an acre of it, and then not be satisfied."

*A Race of African Dwarfs—London Spectator*

One of the most striking things to be met with in the earlier pages of Emin Pasha's journal is a reference to a report which is brought to him between Lado and Dufile, on the Upper Nile, that a race of dwarfs inhabit mountain caves to the west of Bedén. They were said to be only 40 inches high, of a brown color, and of great agility, to eat white ants and roots, and to shoot with very small arrows which are poisoned and very difficult to extract. The pigmies he was inclined to regard as the remainder of a dwarf population which ages ago spread itself over Central Africa. Four years later he himself comes upon some specimens of the Akka, a pigmy people, divided into numerous small tribes, who lead a nomadic life in the Monbuttu country. One of these Akka "had a reddish but rather dark skin (probably dirt), was very prognathous, rather swag-bellied, but exceedingly nimble. His height was 3 feet 6 inches. His whole body was covered by thick stiff hair, almost like felt, which was especially thick on the breast." A girl 14 years of age measures 3 feet  $\frac{7}{8}$  inches in height! These people are expert hunters, but very vindictive.

*The Real French Angler—New York Times*

The French angler is an interesting study from many points of view. He will sacrifice everything for a day's outing. Once bitten by the mania, he gives himself up to it body and soul. He objects to fishing parties, and prefers to go alone, jealous of others profiting by his skill or learning his cherished swims. He is essentially an egotist. Nothing will turn him aside from his sport. I have seen him plying his line silently and unconcerned during the height of revolution. On the 4th of September, when all Paris turned out in the streets shouting and singing over the fall of the Second Empire, he continued watching his float as unmoved as the sphinx of the desert. And under the commune, when the shells were falling almost at his very feet, he went on fishing all the same. Whether this be a virtue or not, I leave the moralists to decide. But there is one feature about him which is not honest. Like many other kinds of sportsmen, he is capable, when he has ill luck, of filling his basket with the assistance of the poachers, who are always on the lookout to earn a franc or two. He has not the courage to admit that he has failed, and will resort to any trick to save his amour propre.

*Russian Country Life—Correspondence N. Y. Press*

Gretchino is 200 versts south of Moscow, in the province of Tula and county of Kashira, and to reach it you must

ride by rail six hours and then by carriage thirty-six versts. For nearly the entire distance the road lies over a section of that royal boulevard with which Catherine II. united the principal cities of Russia. It is 210 feet wide and bordered by a double row of enormous willow trees, these making a shaded avenue fifteen feet wide, where tramps and horseback riders can enjoy a grassy pavement and a most welcome shade. Through the center of this boulevard runs the road, and sweeping down to its edge a green lawn, enameled at this season of the year with beautiful wild flowers. Our house is a very large two-story one, with wide piazzas on the front and rear and a large entrance hall on one side, with kitchen, bath-room, etc., built on the opposite side. There are ten guest chambers, a drawing-room about the size of the Lotos parlor, and the rear veranda, which overlooks the gardens and the river and the forest beyond, is about sixty feet by fifteen feet wide. A long, well shaded avenue leads to the foot of the garden, 400 feet away, where there is a summer house overhanging the River Smedva, which winds through a beautiful meadow belonging to the estate. The Smedva flows into the Oka, and this into the Volga, so that the river which adds so much to the view from our windows helps float the commerce of the Caspian. The manager of the property will make out of this estate one of the finest of its size in Russia. He has 56 horses, 36 cows, 106 head of cattle, 40 pigs, 200 sheep and 8 dogs, with a fair sprinkling of cats. He employs from 50 to 70 hands and raises 20,000 bushels of potatoes, 7,000 bushels of rye, 7,000 bushels of oats, etc. He has this year 300 acres of rye, 300 acres of oats, 650 acres of grass (clover and timothy). Hay sells for from \$2 to \$6 per ton, according to season. The cost of common farm help is: Women, 10 cents; men, 20 cents per day. And this explains why potatoes are sold at 4½ cents per bushel in Gretchino, and rye at 25 cents and oats at 17 cents per bushel. On 4 cents a day a peasant can keep fat. The nearest railroad station is thirty-six versts, the nearest steamer station twenty versts, the nearest newspaper 200 versts, the nearest English Sabbath service 200 versts and the nearest corner grocery six versts. Neighbors (outside the peasant class) are not numerous, nor can they overlook your castle. One lady "dropped in" to take tea with me, and her troika had come thirty versts. There are some charming families within a radius of six or eight miles, and day before yesterday we dined with one of the Russian nobility who has an estate six or eight versts away. We had an elegant dinner, and there were in this house more culture and refinement than you would find in one case out of twenty in Fifth Avenue. The host and hostess were just home from London and Paris, and their polyglot tongues were clever, whether the subject was politics or commerce or religion or music or art. He was born on the Baltic and she was a Cossack (her father a Cossack general), born on the Don, and we talked the Caucasus and found much of common interest to exercise our tongues upon. As an opposite to this pleasant glimpse of Russian home life I must tell you of a call last evening on a Russian nobleman, the highest government officer in this county of Kashira. He is very rich, has an estate of 3,000 acres, and if the Czar should visit Kashira he would be the one to welcome him. This man we found strapped to his bed, indulging in the luxury of an attack of delirium tremens, and his friend nursing him was another specimen of the Russian nobility, who was sober simply from the fact that he could stand more vodka than his friend whom the "snakes" were torturing. These nightless days bother me a little. I awoke this morning at 2, and "Aurora" was out then, with her "troika" or "four-in-hand," and the birds were singing, the roosters crowing and nature



was doing a good business at that early hour. Sixty minutes later the cows were on their way to pasture and the fields were alive with peasants. The moon has no show at all in Russia in midsummer. It will rise, say at midnight, to find city streets light enough without even gas light, and the poor thing seems as unnecessary here as warming pans in Cuba. Nothing can be done, perhaps, but it seems a pity that this superfluous light can't be utilized, for there are lots of dark places where it could be worked to advantage and be appreciated. Rising so early and attending closely to business the hens and cows can afford to sell their wares at the following rates: Milk,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cents per quart; cream, 18 cents per quart; eggs,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  cents per dozen. These are the June quotations at Gretchino. We live here like fighting cocks, even if we are so far from market, and our daily wants are supplied as follows: Coffee and eggs at 8, lunch at 1, dinner at 6, and tea and crackers at 9. A pitcher of cream is always placed beside my bed at night so that I can "brace up" in case I awake in the night hungry or consumed by thirst.

*Sleep in Japan—Correspondence Hartford Courant*

The Japanese bed is simply a futon spread upon the matting. They lie on this and spread another futon over them, and rest their heads upon wooden pillows and are happy. A futon is a thickly wadded cotton quilt, exactly like our comfortable, and a very nice arrangement such a bed is for the housekeeper. The bed is easily made, and in the morning the futon is folded and put away in a closet, and the chamberwork is done. They wear no night-dresses, but as every person, even in the poorest and humblest station, takes a hot bath once, and in the majority of cases twice, a day, there is nothing uncleanly in the wearing of the same dress at night which is worn in the day. The one futon spread upon the matting was rather a hard bed for our unaccustomed sides, so we had six or eight thicknesses put down, and instead of the luxurious wooden pillow, we had one futon rolled and put at the head of our alleged couch. Thus we made really a comfortable bed. Then mosquito nettings were brought in, and the Japanese have reduced this branch of household comfort to a science. The nets are as large as the room, and fastened by the corners to hooks in each corner of the room, and when one has gracefully and quickly crawled under the edge, as boys in my days used to crawl under the canvas of a circus tent, he is as comfortable and secure as possible. Nets for children are made on little frames and put over the children wherever sleep overtakes them, and I have often and often seen children in all the innocence of unclothed nature in verandas and porches and open front rooms of houses, covered by these nettings, sleeping the sweet sleep of Japanese childhood. I believe children sleep there better than they do in any other land, for I do not now recollect that I ever heard a child cry at night in all my travels in Japan, and there were often many of them at the tea houses where we frequently stopped.

*The Boer President—The London Globe*

President Paul Kruger (of whose re-election we have been recently informed), or "Oom Paul," as he is affectionately designated by his compatriots, is extremely primitive in his habits and ways of thought. His people venerated him to the verge of superstition. Long before he had obtained his present celebrity he was spoken of as a man who bore a charmed life. Indeed, owing to the singular gallantry and fearlessness he displayed in one of the frontier wars some thirty years ago he was regarded by many of his less educated followers as being absolutely bullet proof. The attribution of these supernatural qualities undoubtedly accounts in a great measure for the

boldness and courage of the Boer attacks during the conflicts with our troops in the late war of 1881. The president is very much given to lay ministrations. On Sundays he frequently makes long journeys into the neighboring districts for the purpose of administering spiritual comforts to his pastoral subjects. But the president is particularly devoted to hymn-singing. He is a strict and vehement advocate of the rules established by the synod of Dort some hundreds of years ago, to whom hymn-singing and organ accompaniments were an abomination. In matters of religion every Boer, with hardly an exception, belongs to the Lutheran or Dutch Reformed church, as it is called at the Cape. As illustrating their simple faith and credulity in matters of doctrinal belief the following amusing incident is related: Many years ago the late Mr. Burgers, at one time president of the Transvaal, but at that time the Rev. Mr. Burgers, an able and popular preacher, was suspected of having imbibed somewhat freely of the schismatic doctrines of what was known in those days as the "Modern School of Theology." Certain rumors gave rise to such grave scandal that the venerable deacons, or elders, resolved to bring him to task, and a synod was convened to discuss the question. One of the serious counts in the indictment was, that Mr. Burgers had declared that the Evil One was not, in his opinion, embellished with a tail and horns. The special witness—a fine old specimen of crusted Boer orthodoxy—on being asked by the president of the synod what scriptural grounds he had himself for belief in those appendages, triumphantly produced as evidence an immense Bible, on one of the plates of which were unmistakably represented all the accessories denied by the accused.

*Cannibal Cookery—The Gentleman's Magazine*

A friend of the writer, who for more than forty years has been in the employment of the Dutch Government, bears personal witness to the prevalence of this custom in Sumatra up to recent times. He was once making scientific investigations in the interior of that island, and was being entertained in the most hospitable manner by the native Rajah, or chief, of the place he was then in. A feast had been made to which he was bidden, and to which he went, taking his own native servant with him. The banquet had proceeded for some time without interruption, when at last, as crown of the feast, a beautiful brown roast joint was brought from the back of the house to the open airy place where the repast was being held. This was cut up without remark and handed round, and the Dutch gentleman was on the point of eating his portion, having raised part of it to his lips, when his servant rushed forward and stopped him, saying: "Master, master, do not eat; it is a boy." The chief, on being questioned, admitted, with no small pride at the extent of his hospitality, that hearing that the white man would feast with him, he had ordered a young boy to be killed and cooked in his honor, as the greatest delicacy obtainable, and that the joint before them was the best part, the thigh. Early travelers in New Zealand always express astonishment when they discover the cannibal propensities of the inhabitants, that so gentle and pleasant mannered a people could become on occasion such ferocious savages. Earle, who wrote a very readable, intelligent, and but little known account of the Maoris very early in the present century, speaks of the gentle manners and kindly ways of a New Zealand chief, whom afterward he discovered to be an inveterate cannibal. He relates that he visited the place where was cooking the body of a young slave girl that his friend had killed for the purpose. The head was severed from the body; the four quarters, with the principal bones removed, were compressed and

packed into a small oven in the ground, and covered with earth. It was a case of unjustifiable cannibalism. No revenge was gratified by the deed, and no excuse could be made that the body was eaten to perfect their triumph. Earle says that he learned that the flesh takes many hours to cook, that it is very tough if not thoroughly cooked, but that it pulls in pieces, like a piece of blotting-paper, if well done. He continues that the victim was a handsome, pleasant-looking girl of 16, and one he used frequently to see about the Pah. To quote his own words: "While listening to this frightful detail we felt sick almost to fainting. We left Atoi (the chief who had killed the girl), and again strolled toward the spot where this disgusting feast was cooking. Not a native was now near it, a hot steam kept occasionally bursting from the smothered mass, and the same dog that we had seen take the head of the girl now crept from beneath the bushes and sneaked toward the village. To add to the gloominess of the whole, a large hawk rose heavily from the very spot where the poor victim had been cut in pieces. My friend and I sat gazing in this melancholy place. It was a lowering, gusty day, and the moaning of the wind through the bushes, as it swept round the hill on which we were, seemed in unison with our feelings." Earle goes on to relate how he and three other compatriots, whom he summoned from the beach for the purpose, with the Englishman's usual impertinence and intolerance of customs differing from his own, determined to frustrate Atoi's intention. They together visited the hill where the flesh was cooking, and, destroying the oven, buried the remains in the earth. They found the heart put on one side for the special delectation of their constant friend and companion, Atoi. Earle was afterward good-humoredly told by the chief that their interference had been of no avail, as they had found the grave where the flesh had been buried and opening it soon after he and his friends had left, had finished cooking it and eaten it all. Earle argued long and probably loudly with the chief upon this question. Atoi asked him what they did with the thieves and runaways in England, and he told him "flog them or hang them." "Then," replied the Maori, "the only difference is that we eat them after we have killed them." The same chief told him that before the introduction of potatoes the people in the interior had nothing to eat but fern roots and kumera (another edible root); fish they never had in the rivers, so that human flesh was the only kind they ever partook of.

*Bargaining in Corea—San Francisco Chronicle*

Every official's house is situated in a compound, which has its "Ta Moun" or great gate, which is tended by a special servant kept for that purpose. The foreign settlement is near one of the three south gates of the city, and a moment's walk brings you to the top of the walk, from which there is always a broad view. Having already spoken of the "mounjigi," or gateman, I must give an account of the other servants. The highest in grade is the "kuiso." He is a little too high and mighty to work, and a little too low in caste to become an official. He is, in fact, a sort of military servant or escort. Whenever you go out in the street he runs before you and cries, "Get out of the way for this great man," and those who do not obey promptly are unceremoniously pushed aside. He acts as errand boy as well. All notes are carried by him, and purchases are largely made through him. He never steps inside the door of the house. When a man comes to sell you any goods of any kind he states to the kuiso what he has to sell. The kuiso comes and tells you, and if you want to see the article the man is admitted into the yard and comes and spreads his goods out before you on the piazza or on

the floor. You ask him the price, and he names ten times what he is willing to part with it for. You tell him it is too much, and name about one-fourth what he has asked, wondering at your own temerity. He folds up the stuff, gives you a glance half of injured innocence and half of contempt, and marches off, but in a few moments sends the kuiso back to tell you that he will split the difference, but he will hope that you are too wise to do so. Finally he sends in the goods and accepts your offer. He carries the money down to the big gate and your servants gather about him, and first he gives the kuiso one-tenth of the whole amount, then divides two more tenths among the other servants, and, after giving a little more to any other chance witness of the sale, he goes off with approximately the proper sum, the sum you ought to have given. Of course the kuiso is always wanting you to buy; it increases the "emoluments of office."—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

*The Royal Palace of Hue—Philadelphia Telegraph.*

Despite the civilizing attempts of the French, life in the royal palace of Hue continues unchanged. The king's harem is composed of 100 women, who are recruited chiefly from among the daughters of functionaries. Once within the palace they cease all communication with their families, and become, so to speak, prisoners. They are divided into nine classes, or ranks, and are fed and clothed at the expense of the State. The king is attended daily by a number of women, chosen from all the ranks of the harem. Thirty of them mount guard at the door of His Majesty's private apartments. Five are attached constantly to his person; it is these who have charge of his toilet; they dress him, perfume him, pare his long nails and arrange his turban. They also attend him at table. The king takes three meals a day. Each comprises fifty dishes, prepared by fifty cooks. The dishes are borne to the door of the dining-room by the cooks, who hand them over to the women on duty, for no males are permitted to enter the royal apartments. His Majesty drinks as a rule a peculiar kind of scented spirit, especially distilled for him, but occasionally, on the advice of the doctors, he takes a little Bordeaux wine. The quantity of rice eaten by His Majesty is always the same; it is measured and weighed; but should his appetite fall off and he be unable to consume the prescribed amount, then the doctors are called in to provide the remedies, of which they have to partake themselves before the king will touch them. His Majesty, it appears, is a hard worker, notwithstanding his effeminacy. He rises at 5 and goes to bed at 8. All the affairs of the country pass through his hands. At regular periods he makes a tour of his domains to see how his subjects are getting on and to redress their grievances should they have any. He appears to be a paragon of a monarch.

Men talk in raptures of youth and beauty, wit and sprightliness, but, after seven years of union, not one of them is to be compared to good family management, which is seen at every meal and every family gathering, and felt every hour in the husband's purse.

Professor Thurston says that the world is awaiting the appearance of three inventors greater than any who have gone before. The first is he who will show us how, by the combustion of fuel, directly to produce the electric current; the second is the man who will teach us to reproduce the beautiful light of the glow-worm and the fire-fly, a light without heat, the production of which means the utilization of energy without a waste still more serious than the thermodynamic waste; while the third is the inventor who is to give us the first successful air-ship.



CURIOSITIES OF VERSE—QUAINT AND SINGULAR

*A Poem from Bible Texts*

Cling to the Mighty One,	Ps. lxxxix : 19.
Cling in thy grief,	Heb. xii : 11.
Cling to the Holy One,	Heb. vii : 11.
He gives relief ;	Ps. cxvi : 6.
Cling to the Gracious One,	Ps. cxvi : 5.
Cling in thy pain ;	Ps. iv : 4.
Cling to the Faithful One,	1 Thess. v : 23.
He will sustain.	Ps. iv : 24.
Cling to the Living One,	Heb. vii : 25.
Cling to thy woe,	Ps. lxxxvi : 7.
Cling to the Living One,	1 John iv : 16.
Through all below,	Rom. vii : 38, 39.
Cling to the Pardoning One,	John xiv : 27.
He speaketh peace ;	John xv : 23.
Cling to the Healing One,	Exod. xv : 25.
Anguish shall cease.	Ps. cxvii : 27.
Cling to the Bleeding One,	1 John ii : 27.
Cling to His side,	John xx : 27.
Cling to the Risen One,	Rom. vi : 9.
In Him abide ;	John xv : 4.
Cling to the Coming One,	Rev. xxii : 20.
Hope shall arise,	Titus ii : 13.
Cling to the Reigning One,	Ps. xcvi : 1.
Joy lights thine eyes.	Ps. xvi : 11.

*The Lord's Prayer in Acrostic\**

Make known thy gospel truths, *our* father, king,  
Yield us thy grace, dear *Father* from above,  
Bless us with hearts *which* feelingly can sing,  
"Our life thou *art* for *ever*, God of love."  
Assuage our grief *in* love for Christ, we pray.  
Since the bright prince of *heaven* and *glory* died,  
Took all our sins and *hallowed* the display.  
Infant *bring*, first a man *and* then was crucified,  
Stupendous God ! thy grace and *power* make known ;  
In Jesus' *name* let all the world rejoice,  
New labor in *thy* heavenly *kingdom* own  
That blessed *kingdom* for thy saints *the* choice.  
How vile to *come* to thee *is* all our cry,  
Enemies to *thyself* and all that's *thine*,  
Graceless our *will*, we live for vanity,  
Loathing thy very *being*, *evil* in design.  
O God, thy will be *done* from earth to heaven  
Reclining *on* the gospel let *us* live  
In *earth* from sin *delivered* and forgiven.  
Oh ! *as* thyself *but* teach us to forgive,  
Unless *its* power *temptation* doth destroy,  
Sure *is* our fall *into* the depths of woe,  
Carnal *in* mind, we've *not* a glimpse of joy.  
Raised against *heaven* ; in *us* hope bestow,  
O *give* us grace and *lead* us on thy way,  
Shine on *us* with thy love and give *us* peace,  
Self and *this* sin that rise *against* us stay.  
Oh ! grant each *day* our *trespasses* may cease,  
Forgive *our* evil deeds *that* oft we do,  
Convince us *daily* of *them* to our shame.  
Help us with heavenly *bread*, *forgive* us, too,  
Recurrent lusts, "*and we*," will bless thy name.  
In thy *forgiveness* we *as* saints can die,  
Since for *us* and our *trespasses* so high,  
Thy Son *our* Saviour—bled on Calvary.

\* The acrostic reads, "My boast is in the glorious Cross of Christ." The words in *italics* read from top to bottom—left—and from bottom to top—right—form the Lord's Prayer. By the experts this is thought to be one of the most remarkable compositions on record.

*The Inspired Idiot—W. S. Gilbert*

Sing for the garish eye,  
When the moonless brandlings cling !  
Let the froddening crooner cry,  
And the braddled sapster sing.  
For never and never again,  
Will the tottering beechlings play,  
For bratticed wrackers are singing aloud,  
And the throngers croon in May :

"Hasten O hapful blue—  
Blue of the shimmering brow ;  
Hasten the deed to do  
That shall roddle the welkin now !  
For never again shall a cloud  
Outdribble the babbling day,  
When bratticed wrackers are singing aloud,  
And the throngers croon in May.

*Twenty-six Grammatical Readings of a Line*

The weary ploughman plods his homeward way,  
The ploughman, weary, plods his homeward way,  
His homeward way the weary ploughman plods,  
His homeward way the ploughman, weary, plods,  
The weary ploughman homeward plods his way,  
The ploughman, weary, homeward plods his way,  
His way the weary ploughman homeward plods,  
His way, the ploughman, weary, homeward plods.  
The ploughman, homeward, plods his weary way,  
His way the ploughman, homeward, weary, plods,  
His homeward, weary way, the ploughman plods,  
Weary, the ploughman homeward plods his way,  
Weary the ploughman plods his homeward way,  
Homeward, his way the weary ploughman plods,  
Homeward, his way the ploughman weary plods,  
Homeward, his weary way, the ploughman plods,  
The ploughman, homeward, weary plods his way,  
His weary way, the ploughman homeward plods,  
His weary way, the homeward ploughman plods,  
Homeward the ploughman plods his weary way,  
Homeward the weary ploughman plods his way,  
The ploughman, weary, his way homeward plods,  
The ploughman plods his homeward weary way,  
The ploughman plods his weary homeward way,  
Weary the ploughman his way homeward plods,  
Weary his homeward way the ploughman plods.

*My "Uncle"—Cincinnati Enquirer*

My "Uncle," 'tis of thee, Lord of the Golden Throne, of thee I sing. Where oft my footstep strayed, when in bad luck I played, and for a usurious rate I soaked my ring.

My winter overcoat has gone to thy abode, old 10-per cent. My wife's fine sealskin cloak you also have in stock, and now when I am dead broke you won't relent.

How then the 3-ball sign showed me a golden mine of wealth untold. Oh, will I e'er again get back my watch and chain or see my old man's cane, wh'h now you al-so hold?

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE—OPINIONS OF THE THINKERS \*

Lobstein : Charity is not an action ; it is life.  
 Luther : To do so no more is the truest repentance.  
 Magoon : Truth is like a torch ; when shaken it shines.  
 Lander : There is a vast deal of vital air in loving words.  
 Bartol : Character is a diamond that scratches every other stone.  
 Bonnard : Silence is the wit of fools and one of the virtues of the wise.  
 Thomas à Kempis : All is not lost when anything goes contrary to you.  
 Diderot : Few persons live to-day, but are preparing to do so to-morrow.  
 Epictetus : What we ought not to do, we should not ever think of doing.  
 Lessing : A single grateful thought toward heaven is the most effective prayer.  
 Geo. Macdonald : Some people only understand enough of a truth to reject it.  
 Countess de Gasparin : The saddest thing under the sky is a soul incapable of sadness.  
 Schiller : A merely fallen enemy may rise again, but the reconciled one is truly vanquished.  
 Felthan : Comparison, more than reality, makes men happy, and can make them wretched.  
 Froude : You cannot dream yourself into character ; you must hammer and forge yourself one.  
 Matthew Henry : No great characters are formed in this world without suffering and self-denial.  
 Colton : Men will wrangle for religion, write for it, fight for it, die for it ; anything but *live* for it.  
 Lord Breville : As charity covers a multitude of sins before God, so does politeness before men.  
 George Eliot : It is not true that love makes all things easy ; it makes us choose what is difficult.  
 Emerson : Nothing is so indicative of deepest culture as a tender consideration of the ignorant.  
 Augustine : Faith is to believe what we do not see ; and the reward of faith is to see what we believe.  
 Sir Philip Sidney : It is folly to believe that one can faithfully love, who does not love faithfulness.  
 Crowell : The light of friendship is the light of phosphorus—seen plainest when all around is dark.  
 Boice : The greatest events of an age are its best thoughts. Thought finds its way into action.  
 L'Estrange : The desire of more and more rises by a natural gradation to most, and after that to all.  
 Lamartine : It is admirable to die the victim of one's faith ; it is sad to die the dupe of one's ambition.  
 Guthrie : The Christian is like the ripening corn ; the riper he grows the more lowly he bends his head.  
 Margaret Fuller : It is not by attending to our friends in our way, but in theirs, that we can really avail them.  
 Lamb : The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth, and have it found out by accident.  
 Prof. Phelps : Conscience, once unbalanced by the overweight of wrong, tends to an underestimate of wrong.  
 Tatler : The balls of sight are so formed that one man's eyes are spectacles to another to read his heart with.  
 Sir Philip Sidney : Reason cannot show itself more reasonable than to cease reasoning on things above reasoning.  
 Mary Lyon : There is nothing in the universe I fear but that I shall not know all my duty, or shall fail to do it.

Vauvenargues : Great men begin enterprises because they think them great ; fools because they think them easy.

Ruskin : Every great man is always being helped by everybody, for his gift is to get good out of all things and all persons.

Tryon Edwards : True morality is but the face of religion turned toward the world, as in piety it is turned toward God.

Emanuel Kant : I know of two beautiful things : The starry heavens above my head, and the sense of duty within my heart.

Wendell Phillips : Every step of progress which the world has made has been from scaffold to scaffold, and from stake to stake.

Mme. de Staël : The voice of conscience is so delicate that it is easy to stifle it ; but it is also so clear that it is impossible to mistake it.

Dickens : Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many ; not upon your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.

Ray : Humility in man consists, not in denying any gift that is in him, but a just valuation of it ; rather thinking too meanly than too highly.

Fuller : A willful falsehood is a cripple, not able to stand by itself without another to support it. It is easy to tell a lie, but it is hard to tell only one lie.

Alphonse Karr : Some people are always finding fault with nature for putting thorns on roses. I always thank her for having put roses on thorns.

Spurgeon : The greatest works have been done by the units, and I would rather choose the solitary hero in truth than go with the majority to do the evil.

Bossuet : Honor is like the eye which cannot suffer the least impurity without damage ; it is a precious stone, the price of which is lessened by the least flaw.

Pascal : The things that belong to men must be understood in order that they may be loved. Things that belong to God must be loved in order to be understood.

Max Muller : There may be times when silence is gold, and speech silver ; but there are times, also, when silence is death and speech is life—the very life of Pentecost.

Carlyle : Love is not altogether a delirium, yet it has many points in common herewith. I call it rather a discerning of the infinite in the finite—of the ideal made real.

Anon : God makes the earth bloom with roses that we may not be discontented with our sojourn here ; makes it bear thorns that we may look for something better beyond.

Kingsley : Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation ; do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see, and could not understand.

Baker : Truth comes to us from the past as gold is washed down from the Sierra Nevada, in minute, but precious particles, and intermixed with infinite alloy.

Hugh White : When you make a mistake, don't look back at it long. Take the reason of the thing into your mind, and then look forward. Mistakes are lessons of wisdom. The past cannot be changed.

Southey : Order is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city, the security of the State. As the beams to a house, so is order to all things.

Persian Proverb : The diamond fallen into the dirt is not the less precious, and the dust raised by high winds to heaven is not the less vile and distressing.

\* Compiled for Current Literature.



## A FEW PARISIAN BON BONS—OLLENDORFF METHOD\*

## Scene at Station, Journal Amusant :

Mr and Mrs : (quarreling themselves without to cease since quitting the domicile conjugal.)

Mrs : "Thou hast the key of this trunk!"

Mr : "I her have not!"

Mrs : "I tell thee that thou her hast!"

Mr : (with violence) "I tell thee that I her have not!"

Mrs : "Rake thyself to see."

Mr : "It is useless! Rake thou, thyself!"

Mrs : "Ah! What life!"

Mr : "It is thou that shalt her have forgotten to the house! Thou of such dost never otherwise!"

Mrs : (in re-swallowing herself of rage) "It is thou, rather, that of thyself art let her to be steal! Imbecile!"

Mr : (stupefied) "Madame!!!"

Mrs : "But certainly—*Imbecile!*"

(And they thus continue in gesticulating themselves of the most beautiful).

## After supper, at a ball :

He : "Elise, I do really adore you. When I look at you there is such a commotion in my breast."

She : "And in mine, too, Henri; it must be the lobster salad." Wow! Wow!!

## From Gil Blas :

One us writes of Laval (Mayenne) that one soldier of the Second Regiment of Lightermans, the named Bul-lot, and aged of twenty-three years, had obtained a permission of a month and did go to his parents at Saint Susan. Sick and feeble of spirit, the unhappy said himself bewitched! Having learned that an old of the Commune of Evron, the named Baudoin, aged of seventy-five years, was only capable of to conjure the fate and of him to cure, he went him to find. Saturday last, Baudoin, desperated, to him declared his impotency. In hearing the which the unhappy and irresponsible bewitched entered into fury, and drawing a knife of his pocket, carried many blows to the old who tumbled dead. The assassin miserable is incarcerated in the prison Laval.

## From La Caricature :

Lady of the Chateau : "You still cough, Father Ghibaudet. I fear that you do not wear the warm flannels I sent you."

Old Peasant : "But yes, our Lady! I have put them on every Sunday!"

## Funeral notice from the Figaro :

We have already noticed the death of M. V—— A—— doctor principal of the Army of retreat, officer of the Legion of Honor who has succumbed at Paris at the following of a long malady. He was promoted, how all the world knows, officer of the Legion of Honor the thirty September 18—— at the following of cares devoteds to the woundeds during the campaign of Prussia. Now is he all finished! The last preparations mades in view of the transport of the rests mortals of the honorable defunct have been concluded yesterday afternoon in the house deathly. The casket was imported on the shoulders of six men from the house to the church of Notre Dame where the funeral will have place to-morrow. The burden melancholy was followed by the family who made himself into a procession to make to crash th<sup>e</sup> heart!

## From the Journal Amusant :

First Peasant : "You go to vaccinate your little?"

Second Peasant : "But yes!"

F. P. : "You have much wrong!"

S. P. : "For why?"

F. P. : "There was my cousin who has made to vaccinate the hers—that has it not prevented to die!"

S. P. : "Of the little pox?"

F. P. : "But no! He has himself drowned in the sea!"

## From the Figaro :

If you concern yourself little about the solution of problems which may render life happy, recent inventions invite your attention to means of varying your pleasures after death. Here is one of the most recent which suggests liquefaction as the most comfortable and convenient post mortem condition. A man of medium size may, by this interesting process, be made to fill a quart bottle—an economy of space which will enable the sorrowful survivor to keep his dead relatives in his cellar! But let us pray for careful servants! Fancy the chill which would descend upon a dinner party should the butler accidentally place before us in lieu of *chambertin*, Bottled Aunt!!!

## From Le Petit Journal :

Young elegant : "How makest thou, thus for thyself, to obey thee, thy dog?"

Young Peasant : "Ah that! I to him speak."

"Young Elegant : "And he thee comprehends?"

Young Peasant : "By Blue! And when one you speaks is it that you comprehend one not?"

## From the Etats-Unis :

A child has been sent to congratulate his grandmother on her birthday. "Grandmamma!" he exclaims, "may you live until the end of your days!" "Alas!" replies the old woman resignedly, "at my age, I can scarcely expect to live as long as that."

## From the Courier :

Where shall they stop themselves the Inventors?

Of them here signals one who proposes of to place the chair of each one of the spectators in the theaters on a trap disposed of such sort that of touching a single button the occupant may himself in determining of the opening disappear himself into the under cellar. He esteems that in case of fire, the safety would be thus assured. In all cases, this happy innovation will permit to the moments of boredom some littles distractions enough pleatings! How of many pleasures quiets shall be this assuredly the most delicate and the most sweet!

## Local item from the Figaro :

"Always the imprudences! Mr. Millet (Adolphus), aged of twenty-four years, preparer of chemistry, re-entering yesterday night at eleven hours at his domicile, street Lin-næus, 36 twice (36, bis) essayed to open the door of his lodgment, situated at the fifth stage, but could not come to an end of it. Then, with the presumption which gives the address he imagined to escalate the window, and to penetrate thus in his lodgment. Unhappily for him, he lost the equilibrium, and fell from the fifth stage on a glazing situated at the height of the first. When we raised him he was evanished, and carried at the head a wound grave enough to exact his transport immediate to the Hospital of the Pity."

\*Translated for Current Literature by Ballard Craig.

## NEWSPAPER VERSE—SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

*The Future—Courtlandt Palmer*

Read at the Funeral Ceremonies of the Author.

Oh! what has the future in store for me,  
 The future so dark and deep?  
 What meanings inhabit its mystery?  
 What sounds doth its silence keep?

How long shall my heart its heart-beats tell?  
 Shall my days my dreams destroy?  
 Shall seasons of peace my sorrows quell,  
 Or shall sorrows conquer joy?

And what of the future, with this life o'er?  
 Shall I laugh, or shall I weep?  
 Is death but to open a heavenly door,  
 Or is it eternal sleep?

I cannot answer. In vain I try  
 The things of time to foresee;  
 What folly, then, to prophesy  
 The events of eternity?

But of one thing, at least, midst all I am sure,  
 The one thing that's constant in change,  
 That matter and force must forever endure  
 In their limitless, endless range.

And further, of this I am certain, too,  
 That the chiefest thing on earth—  
 Which shall rule in the race while the true is the true—  
 Is the might of human worth.

In the spirit of man lies the spirit of good;  
 In his soul do the seraphim ring;  
 In the mind of man lies the masterhood;  
 Humanity is king.

And when to a sense of the infinite All  
 The spirit of man is allied  
 In a noble intent, then, whatever befall,  
 His fate to the Highest is tied.

*Kate—The United Irishman*

Yes, that's her picture!  
 She was—say forty.  
 Winning? Yes, as a girl of twenty.  
 We met under the shadow of a palace.  
 Pretty? More than pretty, and all women.  
 Eyes? Yes, as black as Cleopatra's.  
 She said the fire would never die,  
 That black eyes meant lasting love.  
 Humph! Poke the fire, old man.  
 Manner and form?  
 She was just splendid—  
 Willowy and graceful as a fawn.  
 It was a dream,  
 Such as ardents always have.  
 Yes, we met again in our own land.  
 Was it a quarrel? No:  
 Loving more than ever, she said,  
 Under great oaks  
 That grew amid the fragrance of rare flowers,  
 In the twilight we parted for a time,  
 As I went down the dusty road,  
 She sang, "Good-bye, Sweetheart,"  
 The song was balm to me,  
 I thought it told her love—but she meant it.  
 No, some one else has her love,  
 Will we meet again? Perhaps.  
 In the Persian, Kate means wayward.  
 And in this she was a true Persian.  
 Do I love her? What a question!  
 Good-night, old boy—  
 I say, Bob!  
 Do we say tender things of those we hate?

*Song of the Parachute—Pall Mall Gazette*

Addressed to Prof. Baldwin, now performing in London, but applicable to all balloon jumpers in this country.

I can sit on a broncho's hurricane deck  
 When he kicks as high as the moon,  
 But darn my skin if you'll get me in  
 To an untamed Yankee balloon,  
 That goes like a Winchester rifle shot  
 Up toward Heaven's back garden plot.

I have run some risks on the wild frontier,  
 When the Reds war about in the land,  
 But to jump in the air from away up thar  
 Would exhaust my supply of sand;  
 You bet I'd hang on to that old balloon  
 If she bumped her side against the moon.

Suppose that overgrown parasol  
 Should happen to make a kick  
 An' fail to do as he wanted it to,  
 He'd drop to earth too quick,  
 And would sink so deep that his friends, no doubt,  
 Would go to China to dig him out.

I'm kinder glad that the old balloon  
 Refused to straddle the cloud;  
 When he cut her away he meant to stay,  
 Tho' he landed to fill a shroud;  
 And soon or late, you hear me toot,  
 He'll break his neck from that parachute.

And if I'm around when the corpse comes back,  
 And is laid in the last low bed,  
 And the soft winds sigh a sweet lullaby  
 O'er the poor balloonist's head,  
 I hardly think it'll be amiss  
 To write him an epitaph just like this:

"Here lies the body of one who flew  
 Like a meteor up toward heaven's blue.  
 And then with a reckless sort of grace,  
 Flew just as fast toward the other place.  
 Sometimes t'ward heaven, sometimes t'ward—well,  
 He changed so often 'tis hard to tell  
 Whether upon his final scoot  
 He works a balloon or a parachute."

*Grant, Sherman, Sheridan—R. W. Gilder—Critic*

Written on the Death of Sheridan.

Quietly, like a child  
 That sinks in slumber mild,  
 No pain or troubled thought his well-earned peace to mar,  
 Sank into endless rest our thunderbolt of war.

Though his the power to smite,  
 Quick as the lightning's light—  
 His single arm an army, and his name a host,  
 Not his the love of blood, the warrior's cruel boast.

But in the battle's flame  
 How glorious he came!  
 Even like a white-combed wave that breaks and tears the shore,  
 While wreck lies strewn behind and terror flies before.

'Twas he—his voice, his might—  
 Could stay the panic flight,  
 Alone shame back the headlong, many-leagued retreat  
 And turn to evening triumph morning's foul defeat.



He was our modern Mars,  
Yet firm his faith that wars  
Ere long would cease to vex the sad, ensanguined earth,  
And peace forever reign, as at Christ's holy birth.

Blest land, in whose dark hour  
Doth rise to mightiest power  
No dazzler of the sword to play the tyrant's part,  
But patriot-soldiers, true and pure and high of heart!

Of such our chief of all;  
And he who broke the wall  
Of civil strife in twain, no more to build or mend;  
And he who hath this day made Death his faithful friend.

And now above his tomb  
From out the eternal gloom,  
"Welcome," his chieftain's voice sounds o'er the cannon's knell:  
And of the three one only stays to say "Farewell!"

*After the Council—David Gray—Buffalo Courier*

The fire sinks low, the drifting smoke  
Dies softly in the autumn haze,  
And silent are the tongues that spoke  
The speech of other days.  
Gone, too, the dusky ghosts whose feet  
But now yon listening thicket stirred;  
Unscared within its covert meet  
The squirrel and the bird.

The story of the past is told,  
But thou, O Valley, sweet and lone!  
Glen of the Rainbow! thou shalt hold  
Its romance as thine own.  
Thoughts of thine ancient forest prime  
Shall sometimes haunt their summer dreams,  
And shape to low poetic rhyme  
The music of thy streams.

When Indian summer flings her cloak  
Of brooding azure on the woods,  
The pathos of a vanished folk  
Shall tinge thy solitudes.  
The blue smoke of their fires once more  
Far o'er the hills shall seem to rise,  
And sunset's golden clouds restore  
The red man's paradise.

Strange sounds of a forgotten tongue  
Shall cling to many a crag and cave,  
In wash of falling waters sung,  
Or murmur of the wave.  
And oft in midmost hush of night,  
Shrill o'er the deep-mouthed cataract's roar,  
Shall ring the war-cry from the height  
That woke the wilds of yore.

Sweet Vale! more peaceful bend thy skies,  
Thy airs are fraught with rarer balm;  
A people's busy tumult lies  
Hushed in the sylvan calm.

*The Divine Poet—Chas. J. O'Malley—Boston Pilot*

Whatever lacks purpose is evil, a pool without pebbles breeds slime:  
Not any one step hath chance fashioned on the infinite stairway of time;  
Nor ever came good without labor; in toil, or in science or art;  
It must be brought out through the muscles, born out of the soul and the heart.

Why plough in the stubble with ploughshares? Why winnow the chaff from the grain?  
Ah, since all of His gifts must be toiled for, since truth is not born without pain!  
He giveth not to the unworthy, the weak, or the foolish in deeds;  
Who giveth but chaff at the seed-time shall reap but a harvest of weeds.

As the pyramid builded of vapor is blown by His whirlwinds to naught,  
So the song without truth is forgotten; His poem is man to man's thought.  
Whatever is strong with a purpose, in humbleness woven, soul-pure,  
Is known to the Master of Singers. He toucheth it, saying, "Endure."

Oh, sweet thy peace! while fancy frames  
Soft idyls of thy dwellers fled—  
They loved thee, called thee gentle names,  
In the long summers dead.

Quenched is the fire; the drifting smoke  
Has vanished in the autumn haze;  
Gone, too, O Vale! the simple folk  
Who loved thee in old days.  
But for their sakes—their lives serene—  
Their loves, perchance, as sweet as ours—  
Oh, be thy woods for aye more green,  
And fairer bloom thy flowers!

*Grass and Roses—Jas. F. Clarke—Boston Transcript*

I looked where the roses were blowing;  
They stood among grasses and reeds;  
I said, "Where such beauties are growing,  
Why suffer these paltry weeds?"

Weeping, the poor things faltered,  
"We have neither beauty nor bloom;  
We are grass in the roses' garden,  
But our Master gives us this room."

"The slaves of a generous Master,  
Borne from a world above,  
We came to this place in his wisdom,  
We stay to this hour from his love."

"We have feed his humblest creatures,  
We have served him truly and long;  
He gave no grace to our features,—  
We have neither color nor song,—

"Yet, He who has made the roses  
Placed us on the self-same sod;  
He knows our reasons for being,  
We are grass in the garden of God."

*The Bravest of Battles—Joaquin Miller*

The bravest battle that ever was fought,  
Shall I tell you where, and when?  
On the maps of the world you'll find it not;  
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,  
With sword or nobler pen;  
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought  
From mouth of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—  
Of woman that would not yield,  
But bravely, silently bore her part—  
Lo! there is the battle-field.

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song,  
No banner to gleam and wave!  
But oh, these battles! they last so long—  
From babyhood to the grave!

## TURNING THE LEAVES—UNCONVENTIONAL REVIEW

Virginia of Virginia is by far the best piece of work Amélie Rives has yet done. If Mrs. Chanler would admit to herself that she has been denied the gift of imagination, she could take an enviable place among the realistic writers of the day. She at times writes well and with facility, when she eschews verbal oddities. She has the power of reproducing people and things she has seen with force and directness. She tells a story clearly and agreeably. In the Old-English tales the poverty of plot was so great that the few incidents were strung together with long paragraphs of quaint words; but in Virginia of Virginia no such device was necessary. She had plenty of material in her own home and in the people about her, and she made admirable use of it. Virginia of Virginia is a pleasant story. It must be somewhat mortifying to its author to know that booksellers say, "O, yes, it is selling—owing to the Quick or the Dead—that has given people an interest in her." Or can it be that she wrote her inflammatory novel to that end? If so she has more cleverness than we have given her credit for. Amélie Rives has had much the same experience in literature, by the way, as Margaret Mather has had on the stage. Instead of being made to begin low in the ranks and work herself up by slow and steadily improving gradations, injudicious friends rushed her at once into a "star." The consequence is that all the oddities and crudities with which she began have become mannerisms and are likely to cling to her as long as she writes. It is doubtful now if she can ever be made to realize their existence. The mere fact that she made her début in the Atlantic and appeared almost immediately after in Harper's won her such fulsome praise that she attributes the adverse criticism she now receives to "reaction," instead of a more careful attention to her work, owing to her increased and unenviable notoriety.

The Princess Daphne may be looked upon as the forerunner of the coming avalanche of theosophical novels. In itself it is a strong, ingenious and interesting book, and will probably create a good deal of comment—if not indignation—in theosophical circles, which will resent having some of their performances laid bare. So far there has been nothing done like it. As a literary work it will not take any rank. It is only fairly well written and is altogether without originality of style—unless we except one beautiful and before unknown expression: "She had given him her whole soul without reserve." Moreover there is not a consistent character in the book, nor is the motive logically worked out. The hero is represented in the beginning as a noble type of man devoted to science; yet, when his spirit takes possession of Daphne, he makes a coarse animal of her. We are then informed that he was one of the most unprincipled men that ever lived. The sensuous, affectionate, conscientious little medium also unexpectedly blossoms out into an all-round villain, and the other characters are equally agreeable to their author's whims. For all lovers of the erotic and the immoral the book is a choice morsel, but it must be said that this part of the story is treated with considerable delicacy.

A book that has produced a sensation in England is St. Barnard's, a Romance of a Medical Student, by Esculapius Scalpel. It is one of those somewhat dreary works, a novel with a purpose, and is designed to bring before a larger circle of readers than those reached by a report or a blue book the abuses which are connected with hospital

management in London. As might be supposed, the author attacks vivisection, and in the person of Mr. Crowe, the lecturer upon physiology and pathology at St. Barnard's, draws a picture of the effect upon a demonstrator of constant experiment upon helpless animals. Naturally in such a task he is forced to find a climax, and this is reached when Mr. Crowe murders his wife with the aid of the poison of mushrooms. Through it all the logic seems to be peculiarly unsound, and the effect is therefore false. It has too much of the ring of the melodrama, is too much like the "penny dreadful." No one disputes that cruelty to animals should be as far as possible put an end to, yet to cavil at vivisection and indorse shooting game is farcical. Of course the author draws the ideal hospital and the ideal physician. The latter we are told never experiments pathologically in the former, although he is at all times ready to avail himself of any real pathological discoveries made at St. Barnard or elsewhere. A well-drawn picture of the wild life of medical students, of the brutal practical jokes current among them is interesting, and the author makes a strong point in his description of the treatment of patients and the reasons for giving liquors or wines in quantity. The book will not have the run here that it has in England for obvious causes. People in this country are not very much interested in what goes on in foreign hospitals, and as book buyers as a rule are not those who expect ever to be forced to go to hospitals for treatment, their curiosity will not be great enough to give the work much of a sale. At the same time St. Barnard's is worth reading to all who are interested in the subject.

A strange book is *The Story of an African Farm*, by Olive Schreiner, whose nom de plume is Ralph Iron. Cupples & Hurd have announced a new edition, in this country, and this will give a chance to American readers to study one of the queerest, most eerie stories that has been written in many years. The book is about five years old, and although when it was first published in England it attracted but little attention, it has made its way steadily although slowly. There is no plot in the story. It is the life of three children, a boy and two girls, upon a farm in the Transvaal. The old Dutch woman, the German overseer, and the Dutch people at the wedding are all well drawn. The three children grow up and form the principal characters of the book. Waldo, the boy, is morbid to the last degree, yet had he had a chance, had he been given different surroundings, he would have done good work in the world. Lyndall, with her aspirations, which are so pitifully wretched, has a strange power over the reader. The author seems to be overwhelmed by those questions of life which sooner or later must be answered by each one of us. Her sympathy with those who hold still to beliefs she has long abandoned is not more marked than her scorn for the beliefs themselves. Her protests against the cruelty of life are bitter, she strikes fiercely at conventionality and custom as she would at a wild beast. There is something personal in the fight, something of hatred as for a human oppressor. In this lies the power of the book. While reading it you can almost believe that it is Lyndall who speaks to you. Waldo, the boy, simply bows his head and endures; Lyndall, the girl, strikes out, fights, is beaten back, and again comes to the front only to be defeated in the end. The conventions she defied proved too strong for her and were pitiless in their strength.



It is a book which should be read not once but many times, for although unutterably sad, it is wonderfully strong. Two of the strongest chapters of this peculiar book will be found on pages 218 and 219.

Mr. George Moore's queer book, "Confessions of a Young Man," has reached this country in the second edition, the first having been exhausted. It is very amusing, being written with an openness which is rare. Mr. Moore, like all young men, has made a fool of himself, and he has not the slightest hesitation in saying so. In fact he seems to take a cynical delight in making himself out to have been a greater fool than he really was. Some one has said that the subtlest form of self-praise is to accuse one's self of folly in the past, because such a charge necessarily involves the corollary of greater wisdom in the present. Mr. Moore seems to understand and, we may say, enjoy this form of adulation of himself. For he is nothing if not conceited. It is difficult to find any of the friends or acquaintances whom he mentions for whom he did not entertain a profound contempt, feeling himself to be more clever. He tells you so with delicious frankness. It is new in English literature for a man of brains to hold himself up as his own "awful example," and to strut across the stage, posturing the while, for the benefit of his audience. As Mr. Moore is a man of brains he makes his show very funny, and one laughs heartily while wondering at the odd taste of the performer. In spite of his confessions Mr. Moore does not seem to have been particularly wicked. He has led a Bohemian kind of life and has tasted its pleasures a little more perhaps than others, because he has had more money. Many others have done better than he, but have not thought their adventures worthy of the telling. If it would be any consolation to him, some one might pat him on the back and tell him that he is not after all so heavily weighed down by crime; perhaps he has honestly tried and has failed through no fault of his own.

Some of Moore's remarks savor of the satirically absurd. This for example: "In England as in France those who loved literature the most purely, who were the least mercenary in their love, were marked out for persecution, and all three were driven into exile—Byron, Shelley and George Moore." Mr. Moore has a perfect right to place his "A Mummer's Wife" or "Parnell and His Island" in the same category as the works of Byron and Shelley, but if he does so, while he may be of those who love "literature the most purely," he certainly is not one who appreciates it the most thoroughly. His admiration of himself is a magnifying glass which when turned upon his own work destroys his sense of proportion. In his criticism of others, he seems to have but one rule. In proportion to a man's success is his inability to write well. Tried by this, Blackmore, Besant, George Meredith, Hardy and Rider Haggard, to mention a few of those he criticises, should be silenced by law in the interests of art. What Mr. Moore does not seem to understand is that in the world of readers there are many tastes, all of which have an equal right to be pleased. Because he revolts against what he calls "the rule of the Villa," by which he means conventional English thought, is no reason why his art is alone worthy. He has a perfect right to do as he has done, and doubtless the many readers whom he has delighted by his clever pen have as perfect a right to enjoy his books. But others also have their rights. It is the fashion nowadays for the members of a certain school to preach that they alone hold the key to the shrine of art. If they seriously believe this, it does no one any harm. But to vary the image, art is a jewel with many facets, each of which reflects a different

color, and no one school and no one writer is the owner of all. In spite of all this, or possibly as the result of it, Mr. Moore's confessions will be found breezy reading. They are amusing, bright, humorous and clever. On page 208 a haphazard digest of the book will be found.

That strange woman, Madame Blavatsky, has announced the publication in England some time in October of a new work to be called "The Secret Doctrine, the Synthesis of Science, Religion and Philosophy." From the publisher's announcement the following paragraphs may be quoted as showing the scope and object of the work. "In all ages and in all lands the belief has existed that a divine degree of knowledge is possible to human beings under certain conditions. \* \* \* The purpose of this present work, then, is to lay before the thinking world so much of this 'Hidden Wisdom' as it is thought expedient to make known at present to men in general." There is no need to more than name Madame Blavatsky to recall to one's mind the strange claims made for her by her followers and the fierce denunciations or contemptuous scorn which she excited in those who did not believe in her. Her "Isis Unveiled," a work of great length, in which the strangest beliefs stand side by side with bits of history, alleged science, or the dreams of mystics, fell upon the reading world rather heavily. It is a work in which anything and everything is lumped together in a way which suggests a literary olla-podrida. To the theosophists, or those who call themselves such, the Secret Doctrine will be of great interest, but to the reading world in general it will be "stuff."

The memoirs of General Sheridan are announced for December 1st. They will appear in two volumes of 500 pages each, and will contain the full story of "Little Phil's" life. They will be interesting. Around no one of the generals who became famous in the civil war did romance find a place more than with Sheridan. His great ride to Winchester, his "Turn the other way, boys, turn the other way, we're going back!" is a stirring scene in American history. During the Franco-Prussian war he filled an unique position with the German army, that of one of the greatest of living generals critically watching the work of others. These memoirs have been written by himself, and fortunately his work was not, as in the case of General Grant, interrupted by illness. They will form, when added to the works of Grant and Sherman, a war library by the three great Union leaders which will be of the utmost value to rising generations.

Belford, Clark & Co. have announced a new edition of the Anatomy of Negation, by Edgar Saltus. The work was first published by Williams & Norgate, of London, about three years ago, and in the English edition forms a duodecimo of 264 pages. It is an attempt on the part of Mr. Saltus to bring within the compass of a small volume the gist of the teaching of those who among the thinkers of the world have preached that after death there is nothing. Beginning with Kapila, the Indian Sage who first—so far as human records go—taught that with death comes the annihilation of the individual, the author mentions Buddha, Laon-tze, Diagoras, Democritus, Pyrrho, Epicurus, Lucretius, Erasmus, Charron, Spinoza, Hobbes, Lamettrie, Diderot, Maréchal, Fichte, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Comte, and Van Hartmann, all of whom preached one form or other of negation. Mr. Saltus has given a very lucid view of the doctrines of the various schools, and his book as a work of reference is not without its value. It is well written, and were it not for the pessimism inseparable from the subject would be pleasant reading. As it is, it is little more

than a hand-book upon the subject, for the limits of space have pressed home upon the writer and he is unable to discuss any of the theories which he repeats. This is to be regretted, for even when a man of Mr. Saltus' brains assumes such a profoundly pessimistic attitude as he has taken in his work, he would be able, did he so elect, to comment upon the theories of others in a manner which would be instructive. If one wishes to read a digest of the views of men, whom all must concede to have been great thinkers, upon the hereafter, or rather, upon the nothingness after the death of the body; he can not do better than read the *Anatomy of Negation*.

As to the subject matter of the book, a word may be said. So far as the evidence of our senses goes, there is nothing to prove that there is any future life. No dissection has laid bare the soul. On the other hand, we are absolutely without any proof to the contrary. The various theories which have been advanced by the thinkers mentioned by Mr. Saltus all proceed from one of two standpoints, the reasoning faculty of the individual and the lack of proof that he is wrong. It is possible to compare this with the logic of an animal; as electricity is unthinkable to the dog, it does not exist for him. In point of fact, what happens after death we do not know. The revelations of men who from time to time in the history of the world have founded religions, are the statements of those men. The so-called proof which is adduced to establish these revelations does not exist except for those by whom the revelations are accepted. Theories of negation are certainly entitled to no more respect than theories of revelation. It is possible that in time new facts may be discovered which will prove the existence of the soul after death. That existence is firmly believed in by a very large number of people, and their belief should be honored because it is their belief. There is one noticeable difference between the views of a disciple of negation and a believer. The latter founds his belief upon an alleged revelation, and he brings to support it an enormous amount of testimony, which is satisfactory, at least to him. The former begins by denying all this proof, as well as the revelation, and he offers in its place nothing. He appeals to nothing to prove his position except his own disbelief in the evidence on the other side. It is possible to believe that he is mistaken. After all the discussion is a threshing of chaff. The belief or disbelief of an individual is purely personal to him and is the result of his own unconscious mental operations. Were a choice offered, he would be a fool who did not take an optimistic view of life rather than lose himself in the dead bogs of a hopeless and uncomfortable pessimism.

Glimpses of Old English Homes, by Miss Elizabeth Balch, published in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, have been such a success that Macmillan and Co. announce a second series of them. Some of those which have already appeared are Eridge Castle, the home of the Marquis of Abergavenny; Arundel Castle, the seat of the Duke of Norfolk; Hinchinbrooke, belonging to the Earl of Sandwich and Penhurst, the home of Lord De L'Isle and Dudley. The articles are full of interest, for the places which are described are so associated with the history of England that every page contains some tradition or anecdote of men and women who have written their names high on the roll of fame. Many of the engravings are of portraits which have never before been copied, one of the most noteworthy being of a picture at Penhurst of Philip and Robert Sidney when they were boys. The articles themselves contain legends, bits of poetry, anecdotes, and family history in connection with full descriptions of the houses. They are

written in a pleasant, chatty style, and bring the places vividly before the reader. The second series of six will be begun before long, and when finished, the twelve will be republished in book form.

"The literary sensation of Paris," says the correspondent of the *N. Y. Times*, "is the series of articles on *The Physiology of Love*, by Paul Bourget, in *La Vie Parisienne*. It is an attempt to prove the old love only distantly related to the new. Starting from the idea that there is no such thing as love, but only lovers, he says that true men are beloved from 15 like cherubims, up to 50 and even 60. True, he has to go back to Lauzun and Richelieu to find them, and the false lover he seeks in the personality of the druggist Auber and Pranzini. The most eloquent tirade of the first chapter is given to the assassin, in whom Bourget finds the love of the hero of startling fascination. He mourns his loss, in the interest of his theory of course, with a fervor worthy of a better cause. Bourget goes even further; he makes a curious classification of men from the grave magistrate to the kings and emperors, taking up painters, musicians, actors, clerks, and literary stars. Newspaper men should be thankful, for they rank very high in the Don Juan's estimation. There is to be a chapter on flirtation. The book is full of axioms à la Rochefoucauld, which will perforce pass into daily Parisian quotations, such as 'Happiness that has once been touched by jealousy is like a pretty face blanched by the small-pox, however slightly it remains marked,' and another, that 'Life resembles a volume of Labiche intermingled with Shakespeare.' M. Bourget is a marvelous word painter, and his description of the Latin Quarter in his student days is delightful. He anathematizes schools and colleges, and even in the crude portions of his chapters his language is chaste and the situation is saved with true Parisian delicacy. The signature is the nom de plume of Claude Larcher."

One of the interesting books of September will be the romantic novel, *What Dreams May Come*, the first work of a California authoress, who disguises herself with the nom de plume of Frank Lin. This signature is a modification of the lady's middle name, she being a direct descendant of the famous old Philadelphia statesman and printer. The advance sheets of the book have not reached us, and the only indication of its merits is the fact that those who have read the book are enthusiastic over it. Professional readers give it a strong opinion. The book is promised for the first of the month.

*A Devil of a Trip*, by J. Armoy Knox, of Texas Siftings, will be published in a few days by the National Literary Bureau. It is an account of the yachting trip which Col. Knox took in company with Adirondack Murray, and is reprinted from the letters furnished by him to several newspapers. Starting at Lake Champlain, the voyagers made their way to Tadoussac and the Saguenay, to Gaspé, Labrador, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and down the coast to Boston. They had some fun and experienced many hardships, all of which are graphically set forth. The book is illustrated by Worth. Over 26,000 copies are said to have been ordered in advance.

Mr. Wm. G. Jordan, who planned and originated "Book Chat," and for two years was its editor, is now on the editorial staff of *Current Literature*. The book index, magazine reference, book chat and magazine gossip under his charge will be kept bright, complete and up to date.

For additional information of *Current Literature* see book index and magazine reference for the month of September.



## BOOK INDEX—WHAT TO READ, WHERE TO FIND IT \*

<i>Art and Decoration</i>	
Lessons on Decorative Design—Frank G. Jackson—N. Y., Brentano's, Importers .....	\$2 25
<i>Biography and Reminiscences</i>	
Last Journals—Narratives of a Journey through Palestine—Bishop Hannington—N. Y., Young .....	1 25
Life of Matthew Fontaine Maury—Compiled by his daughter, Diana F. M. Corbin—N. Y., Brentano's, Importers..	3 75
Life of the Rt. Hon. Wm. Edw. Forster—T. Wemyss Reed—Philadelphia, Lippincott Co.—2 vols. ....	8 00
<i>Fiction of the Month</i>	
A Mere Child—L. B. Walford—N. Y., Henry Holt & Co. ....	1 00
A Mexican Girl—Frederick Thickstun—Boston, Ticknor. ....	1 25
An Iceland Fisherman: A Story of Love on Land and Sea—Pierre Loti—N. Y., Gottsberger. ....	50
In War Times—M. E. M. Davis—Boston, D. Lothrop Co. ....	1 25
The Elect Lady—George MacDonald—N. Y., Appleton—Town and Country Library. ....	75
Uncle Pierce—Charles Blatherwick—N. Y., Longmans. ....	1 50
What Dreams may Come—Frank Lin—Belford, Clarke & Co—Paper 50 cts. cloth. ....	1 00
Will—Georges Ohnet—N. Y., Brentano's, Importers—Translation of Volonté. ....	2 40
<i>Historical and Statistical</i>	
Battles and Leaders of the Civil War—Parts 21-22—N. Y., Century Co. .... Each	50
Cæsar's Army—Harry P. Judson—Boston, Ginn—Roman military life of the Republic. ....	1 10
Fifty Years Ago—Walter Besant—N. Y., Harper—Profusely illustrated with quaint cuts. ....	2 50
History of the Indian Mutiny—T. R. E. Holmes—N. Y., Brentano's, Importers—Revised edition with maps	3 00
Introduction to the Study of the Middle Ages—E. Emerton—Boston, Ginn. ....	1 25
Prince Eugene of Savoy—Col. G. B. Malleson—N. Y., Brentano's, Importers—With maps and portraits. ....	2 40
The Land of the Pueblos—Susan E. Wallace—N. Y., Alden. ....	75
The Story of Media, Babylon and Persia—Mme. Z. A. Ragozin—N. Y., Putnams. ....	1 50
<i>Law and Legal Reference</i>	
A Sketch of the Germanic Constitution—Samuel Epes Turner—N. Y., Putnams. ....	1 25
Newspaper Libel: A Handbook for the Press—Samuel Merrill—Boston, Ticknor. ....	2 00
<i>Literary Criticism</i>	
Confessions of a Young Man—George Moore—N. Y., Brentano's.—Paper, 50 cts. cloth. ....	1 00
English Writers—Vol. 3—Henry Morley—N. Y., Cassell. ....	1 50
Popular Tales from the Norse—Sir George Webbe Dasent—N. Y., Brentano's, Importers. ....	4 20
Studies in Criticism—Florence Trail—N. Y., Worthington Co. ....	1 50
<i>Miscellaneous Essays</i>	
Lamartine's Meditations—Edited by Geo. O. Curme—Boston, Heath Co.—With biographic sketch. ....	75
Nobody Knows—A Nobody—N. Y., Funk & Wagnalls—Sketches of workers in every day life. ....	1 25
<i>Natural History</i>	
American Game Birds: Names and Portraits of Birds which Interest Gunners—Gurdon Trumball—N. Y., Harper	2 50
The Animal Life of Our Sea-Shore—Angelo Heilprin—Philadelphia, Lippincott Co. ....	50
<i>Poetry and the Drama</i>	
A Sea Change; or, Love's Stowaway: A Lyricated Farce—W. D. Howells—Boston, Ticknor. ....	1 00
Elfin Music: An Anthology of Fairy Poetry—Edited by A. E. Waite—N. Y., Whittaker. ....	50
<i>Religious and Philosophical</i>	
Outlines of the History of Religion—C. P. Tiele—N. Y., Brentano's, Importers—Trübner's Oriental Series. ....	3 00
Principles of Economic Philosophy—Van Buren Denslow—N. Y., Cassell. ....	3 50
Religious Life in Scotland—Prof. Lindsay—N. Y., Nelson. ....	1 25
The Unity of Truth in Christianity and Evolution—Rev. J. Max Hark—N. Y., Alden. ....	80
<i>Scientific and Educational</i>	
Anæsthetics, their Uses and Administration—D. W. Buxton—Philadelphia, Blakiston. ....	1 25
Bench Work in Wood—W. F. M. Goss—N. Y., Ginn—A course of study and practice. ....	75
Chemical Analysis of Iron—Andrew Alex. Blair—Lippincott Co.—Complete account of all methods. ....	4 00
Elementary Microscopical Manipulation—T. Charters White—N. Y., Brentano's, Importers. ....	1 00
Entomology for Beginners—A. S. Packard—N. Y., Henry Holt & Co. ....	1 40
My Microscope: A Quekett Club-Man—N. Y., Brentano's, Importers. ....	60
Sound, Light and Heat—Mark R. Wright—N. Y., Longmans. ....	1 05
<i>Social and Economic</i>	
How they Lived in Hampton—Edw. E. Hale—Boston, Stillman, Smith & Co.—A study of practical Christianity	1 00
Industrial Liberty—John M. Bonham—N. Y., Putnams. ....	1 75
<i>Travel and Adventure</i>	
India, Pictorial and Descriptive—By Author of "The Mediterranean"—N. Y., Nelson. ....	4 00
Mexico: Political, Progressive—M. E. Blake and M. F. Sullivan—Boston, Lee & Shepard. ....	1 25

\* The idea of this department is to give a reference list of the most desirable books of the month for information to general readers.

## MAGAZINE REFERENCE FOR THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER \*

*Art:*

- Boston Painters and Paintings: W. H. Downes: Atlantic.  
 Michael Angelo: W. W. Story: \*Blackwood's.  
 Old Satsuma: Edw. Sylvester Morse: Harper's.  
 The New Gallery of Tapestries at Florence: Harper's.  
 To a Young Art Student: R. L. Stevenson: Scribner's.

*Biography:*

- A Day in the Life of the Late Emperor: \*Sunday Magazine.  
 A Russian Bear (Ivan IV.): J. A. Farrer: \*Gentleman's.  
 A Visit to President Brand: J. E. C. Bodley: \*Fortnightly.  
 Carl Friedrich Gauss: Popular Science.  
 Daniel Drawbaugh: H. C. Merwin: Atlantic.  
 Dom Muce: B. B.: Catholic World.  
 Edward Rowland Sill: Eliz. Stuart Phelps: Century.  
 Gaston De Latour: Walter Pater: \*Macmillan's.  
 Henry Lasserre: William Wright: \*Sunday at Home.  
 Jean Baptiste Godin: John Rae: \*Good Words.  
 John Campbell Sharp: Lord Coleridge: \*Macmillan's.  
 Memories of Some Contemporaries. Hugh McCulloch: Scribner's.  
 Mr. Joseph Fairbank, the Contractor: \*Sunday Magazine.  
 The Death of Mr. Gleig: E. B. H.: \*Blackwood's.  
 The Emperor Frederick III.: Donald Macleod: \*Good Words.  
 The Real Mme. de Pompadour: Blaze de Bury: \*XIXth Century.

*Drama:*

- Herod and Mariamne: Amélie Rives: Lippincott's.  
 Was Troilus and Cressida ever Acted?: A. Morgan: Belford's.

*Education:*

- College Fraternities: John A. Porter: Century.  
 Tendencies of our Education: H. T. Bradley: No. Amer. Rev.  
 The Industrial Idea in Education: Chas. M. Carter: Century.  
 The Shortcomings of English Elementary Schools: \*Longman's.  
 The University and the Bible: T. T. Munger: Century.  
 Uppingham: George R. Parkin: Century.  
 What shall the Public Schools Teach?: H. H. Boyesen: Forum.  
 Women who Go to College: Arthur Gilman: Century.

*Fiction—Short Stories:*

- A Cornish Story: Henry A. Harper: \*Sunday at Home.  
 A Night Watch with the Keeper: E. Clayton: \*Gentleman's.  
 A Second-hand Story: H. C. Bunner: Scribner's.  
 A Strange Escape: J. A. Bolles: Belford's.  
 Anna: Katherine S. Macquoid: \*Leisure Hour.  
 At Byram's: Lucy C. Lillie: Harper's.  
 Baldwin's Mistake: \*Cornhill.  
 Chad, A Tale of Harvard College: A. A. Gardner: Outing.  
 Hard Times in the Confederacy: A. C. Gordon: Century.  
 How Two Sheep and a Quarter Deluded Father Dunham: Belford's.  
 Mistah Fahmah: Frances E. Wadleigh: Atlantic.  
 Mrs. Simpkin's Instincts: Harold Dyon: Catholic World.  
 The Cabecilla: Alphonse Daudet: \*Temple Bar.  
 The Hundredth Victim: Luke Lovart: \*Gentleman's.  
 The Mountaineers about Montangle: Martha C. Roseboro': Century.  
 The Ole Man's Treasures: Jennie S. Judson: Belford's.  
 The Second Armada: Narrative of John Hopkins: \*Temple Bar.  
 The Wolves: Eden Phillpotts: \*Longman's.  
 What Ailed Janette: A. C. Smart: Belford's.

*Fiction—Serials:*

- A Chapter on Proposals. Part II.: \*Temple Bar.  
 A Life's Mornings. Chaps. 15-16: By Author of Demos: \*Cornhill.  
 A London Life. Part IV.: Henry James: Scribner's.  
 A Mexican Campaign. Part II.: Thomas A. Janvier: Century.  
 A Stiff-necked Generation. Chaps. 18-21: \*Blackwood's.  
 Annie Kilburn. Part IV.: Wm. Dean Howells: Harper's.  
 Cressy, Chaps. 1-2: Bret Harte: \*Macmillan's.  
 Despot of Broomsedge Cove, 17-19: C. E. Craddock: Atlantic.  
 Eve, Chaps. 38-41: S. B. Gould: \*Longman's.  
 First Harvests, Chap. 1.: F. J. Stimson: Scribner's.  
 From Moor Isles. Part IV.: Jessie Fothergill: \*Temple Bar.  
 Great Grandmother Severn. 25-28: Leslie Keith: \*Leisure Hour.  
 In Far Lochaber. Part IX.: William Black: Harper's.  
 John Van Alstyne's Factory: L. R. Dorsay: Catholic World.  
 Margareta Colberg. Chaps. 8-13: A. E. Orpen: \*Sunday at Home.  
 My Best Shipmate. Chap. 2: George Cupples: \*Leisure Hour.  
 Orthodox. Chaps. 3-4: Dorothea Gerard: \*Longmans.

\*Magazines starred are August numbers of English monthlies.

Passé Rose. Chaps. 1-4: Arthur S. Hardy: Atlantic.

Revenge of Antholin Vereker. 1: M. Linksell: \*Good Words.  
 Saved as by Fire: E. M. Marsh: \*Good Words.

Stronger than Fate. 4-6: M. B. Whiting: \*Sunday Magazine.

The Lilacs. Part I.: Margaret Hunt: \*Longmans.

The Rogue. Chaps. 28-31: W. E. Norris: \*Temple Bar.

The Weaker Vessel. Chaps. 27-29: D. C. Murray: \*Good Words.

Toilers of Babylon. 28-31: B. L. Farjeon: \*Sunday Magazine.

*Gardening:*

- Confessions of a Gardener: \*Macmillan's.  
 On Gardening: R. F. Murray: \*Gentleman's.

*History:*

- Abraham Lincoln: John G. Nicolay and John Hay: Century.  
 Boston Mobs Before the Revolution: A. P. Peabody: Atlantic.  
 Dreamland in History: H. D. M. Spence: \*Good Words.  
 First Year of the Continental Congress: J. Fiske: Atlantic.  
 Last Days of the Rebellion: Phil. H. Sheridan: No. Amer. Rev.  
 The Armada Thanksgiving: W. J. Gordon: \*Sunday at Home.  
 The Assassins of Lincoln: James Speed: No. Amer. Rev.  
 The Story of the Armada: W. J. Hardy: \*Leisure Hour.

*Legal Matters:*

- Expert Testimony: Frank W. Clarke: Popular Science.  
 New National Insurance Laws of Germany: \*Contemporary.

*Literary Criticism:*

- A Few Words About Miss Rives: Edgar Fawcett: Lippincott's.  
 A Yankee Pythagoras: (A. Bronson Alcott): No. Amer. Rev.  
 Canadian Literature: J. MacDonald Oxley: No. Amer. Rev.  
 Frances Ridley Havergal: Mary Harrison: \*Sunday Magazine.  
 Gustave Flaubert: Garnet Smith: \*Gentleman's.  
 In a Garden of John Evelyn's: \*Blackwood's.  
 Mrs. Hemans: Lily Watson: \*Sunday at Home.  
 On Some Letters of Keats: Sidney Colvin: \*Macmillan's.  
 Professor Bonamy Price: J. R. Mozley: \*Temple Bar.  
 Sir Francis Doyle's Poetry: \*Macmillan's.  
 The Prometheus of Æschylus: W. C. Lawton: Atlantic.  
 Who Wrote Dickens's Novels?: \*Temple Bar.

*Miscellaneous Essays:*

- Confessions of a Reformed Cannibal: E. Bisland: Outing.  
 Courage: General Viscount Wolseley: \*Fortnightly.  
 Genius and Talent: Grant Allen: \*Fortnightly.  
 Geographic Distribution of British Intellect: \*XIXth Century.  
 Great Men: Their Habits: W. H. D. Adams: \*Gentleman's.  
 How the Opium Habit is Acquired: V. G. Eaton: Popular Science.  
 Some Famous Hoaxes: Wm. Shepard: Lippincott's.  
 Stigmatization: Richard Wheatley: Popular Science.  
 Stories from the Rabbis: A. S. Isaacs: Atlantic.  
 The White Cowl: James Lane Allen: Century.  
 Workers' Songs: Laura A. Smith: \*XIXth Century.

*Natural History:*

- Animal and Plant Lore: Mrs. F. D. Bergen: Popular Science.  
 Bird Music: Simeon Pease Cheney: Century.  
 Doves: E. S. Starr: Century.  
 Growth of Jelly Fishes: W. K. Brooks: Popular Science.  
 Heliotropism: Conway McMillan: Popular Science.  
 Home Life of the Redstart: O. T. Miller: Atlantic.  
 Mental Traits in the Poultry Yard: B. Karr: Popular Science.  
 The Birds of the Outer Farnes: T. D. Pigott: \*Contemporary.  
 The Woodland Caribou: Henry P. Wells: Harper's.

*Philology:*

- Curiosities of English Dictionaries: G. L. Apperson: \*Gentleman's.  
 Those Queer Words: S. Heydenfeldt: No. Amer. Rev.

*Poetry:*

- A Ballad of the Armada: Rennell Rodd: \*Macmillan's.  
 A Confession: W. J. Henderson: Century.  
 A Fragment of a Foreign Lay: J. J. Beresford: \*Temple Bar.  
 A Jar of Rose-Leaves: T. W. Higginson: Scribner's.  
 A Morning Glory: Mary Worswick: Outing.  
 A Summer Evening: James Herbert Morse: Scribner's.  
 A Vis-à-Vis: Frank Dempster Sherman: Century.  
 At Rest: Frederick III.: Earl of Roslyn: \*Blackwood's.  
 At the Church Gate: Louise Imogen Guiney: Catholic World.  
 Chinook and Chinok: \*Longman's.  
 Corn-Flowers: Arthur L. Salmon: \*Good Words.  
 Edward Thring: Bliss Carman: Century.  
 Emperor Evermore: Emily H. Hickey: \*Leisure Hour.



Fly fishing: J. Austin Finch: Outing.  
 Fuji, The Sacred Mountain: Percival Lowell: Scribner's.  
 Garden Memories: Janet Ross: \*Temple Bar.  
 Harvest Home: Old English Song: Harper's.  
 Her Songs: William H. Hayne: Belford's.  
 High Tide by the Northern Sea: \*Longman's.  
 His Mother: Helen Gray Cone: Century.  
 Il Dolce far Niente: Charles Mackay: \*Leisure Hour.  
 In the Reign of Domitian: Chas. Henry Lüders: Catholic World.  
 Jesus Hides Himself: A. Ewing: Catholic World.  
 Joan of Arc: Helen Grace Smith: Belford's.  
 Lacrosse: Edward Cluff: Outing.  
 Last Time and Next: Charles W. Boyd: \*Longman's.  
 Low Spirits on a Southern Ground: A. Lang: \*Longman's.  
 My Silver Boat: W. Barlow Hill: Outing.  
 Noontide: D. J. Robertson: \*Longman's.  
 Old Age's Lament Peaks: Walt Whitman: Century.  
 Poems: John Vance Cheney: Century.  
 Rhymes After Horace: Ofella: \*Macmillan's.  
 Sibylline Leaves: George Hill: \*Blackwood's.  
 Silver and Gold: Edith M. Thomas: Scribner's.  
 Song: Langdon E. Mitchell: Lippincott's.  
 Star Tears: Eugene Ashton: Century.  
 Sunset on the Alleghany: Margaret Deland: Harper's.  
 The Armada: Algernon C. Swinburne: \*Fortnightly.  
 The Ballad of the "Cleopatra": \*Cornhill.  
 The Belfry Chimes: John Muir: Harper's.  
 The Faded Pansy: Curtis Hall: Lippincott's.  
 The Lost Friend: Nora Perry: Scribner's.  
 The Master and the Reapers: Zoe D. Underhill: Harper's.  
 The Stock-Rider's Grave: Robert Richardson: \*Good Words.  
 To a Butterfly: Marion Manville: Belford's.  
 To a Poet in "Bric-à-Brac": Annie D. Hanks: Century.  
 To My Cricket Bat: Howard Mac Nutt: Outing.  
 Unprofitable: Arthur W. Gundry: Belford's.  
 Unrest: Sanborn Gove Tenney: Outing.  
 Via Crucis: Lucy Agnes Hayes: Catholic World.  
 Waves and Mist: William H. Hayne: Century.  
 Why art thou Silent?: Wm. Wordsworth: Harper's.

*Political:*

A Catholic Aspect of Home Rule: O. Shipley: Catholic World.  
 A Place to Begin Reform: Rossiter Johnson: No. Amer. Rev.  
 American Statesmen: Goldwin Smith: \*XIXth Century.  
 Awakening of New England: F. H. Underwood: \*Contemporary.  
 Chaos in the War Office: J. Adye: \*Contemporary.  
 Democracy and Party: T. E. Kebbel: \*XIXth Century.  
 Distrust of Popular Government: The Marquis of Lorne: Forum.  
 East London Labor: Beatrice Potter: \*XIXth Century.  
 Irish Comments on an English Text: No. Amer. Rev.  
 Jobbery in our Public Offices: L. J. Jennings: \*Fortnightly.  
 Mr. Forster: Justin McCarthy: \*Contemporary.  
 Plea for Peripatetic Legislatures: Oliver Pryor: No. Amer. Rev.  
 Presidential Campaign Medals: Gustav Kobbé: Scribner's.  
 State Socialism: John Rae: \*Contemporary.  
 Straining the Silken Strand: Goldwin Smith: \*Macmillan's.  
 The Democratic Party and the Tariff: W. T. Croasdale: Belford's.  
 The Issue of 1888: A Democrat: No. Amer. Rev.  
 The Lonely Sentinel: Lloyd S. Bryce: No. Amer. Rev.  
 The Navy and the Country: \*Blackwood's.  
 The Public Offices: A. Blackwood: \*XIXth Century.  
 The Republican Platform: J. C. S. Blackburn: Forum.  
 The Second Half of the Session: \*Blackwood's.  
 The Tariff and the Evils Thereof: John G. Carlisle: Belford's.

*Religious and Philosophical:*

A Country Negro Mission: John R. Slattery: Catholic World.  
 History of the Baptists: H. H. Wyman: Catholic World.  
 How to Obtain Congregational Singing: A. Young: Catholic World.  
 Mission in the Downs: Thos. S. Treanor: \*Sunday at Home.  
 Parochial System at Fault: A. R. Buckland: \*Contemporary.  
 Pastoral Life in Cities: \*Quiver.  
 Progress of Presbyterianism: E. de Pressensé: \*Contemporary.  
 Religion in Russia, The Peasantry: \*Sunday at Home.  
 Religion's Gain from Science: T. T. Munger: Forum.  
 Some Notable Pulpits: Frederick Hastings: \*Sunday at Home.  
 The Conflict of Church and State: A. W. Tourgee: Lippincott's.  
 The Congo and Its Missions: W. H. Bentley: \*Sunday at Home.  
 The Gladstone-Ingersoll Controversy: Manning: No. Amer. Rev.  
 The New Conscience: H. D. Lloyd: No. Amer. Rev.  
 The New Dogmatism: Lewis Wright: \*Contemporary.  
 The Priest and the Public: Edw. McSweeney: Catholic World.

The Story of a Hymn: L. B. White: \*Sunday at Home.  
 Two British Pilgrimages in the Nineteenth Century: \*Cornhill.  
 Visit to a Jewish Synagogue: \*Sunday at Home.  
 What is Left of Christianity?: W. S. Lilly: \*XIXth Century.  
 Who Owns the Churches?: Dr. Jessopp: \*XIXth Century.

*Science:*

A Fossil Continent: Popular Science.  
 Among the Glassworkers: W. J. Gordon: \*Leisure Hour.  
 Antagonism: Wm. R. Grove: Popular Science.  
 Eye-Mindedness and Ear-Mindedness: Popular Science.  
 Hot Winds: \*Cornhill.  
 Recent Oriental Discovery: A. H. Sayce: \*Contemporary.  
 Rhetorical Pessimism: C. C. Everett: Forum.  
 Sideral Astronomy, Old and New: Edw. S. Holden: Century.  
 Underground Waters and Mineral Veins: Popular Science.

*Social and Economic:*

Americanized Englishmen: Ernest Lambert: No. Amer. Rev.  
 Baron Hirsch's Railway: Theo. Bent: \*Fortnightly.  
 Capital and Culture in America: R. A. Proctor: \*Fortnightly.  
 Causes of Social Discontent: F. D. Huntington: Forum.  
 Coffee Drinking and Blindness: J. M. Holaday: No. Amer. Rev.  
 Common Sense at Last: A British Peer: No. Amer. Rev.  
 Is There No Reason for a Compromise?: Catholic World.  
 Progress from Poverty: Edward Atkinson: Forum.  
 Prohibition: Joseph Cook: No. Amer. Rev.  
 Railway Passenger Travel: Gen. Horace Porter: Scribner's.  
 Sentimental Vandalism: Joel Benton: No. Amer. Rev.  
 Social and Political Mirages: Jas. Parton: Forum.  
 Studies of Factory Life: L. B. C. Wyman: Atlantic.  
 Temperance Reform Movement: C. Morris: Lippincott's.  
 The Cure for Growing Fat: Burney Yeo: \*XIXth Century.  
 The People's Banks: C. B. Gillette: No. Amer. Rev.  
 The Physical Dangers of Civilization: G. T. Ferris: No. Am. Rev.  
 The Use of High Explosives in War: Henry L. Abbot: Forum.  
 Trades Unions Among Women: F. W. Verney: \*Fortnightly.  
 True Policy of National Defense: F. Maurice: \*Contemporary.  
 Uniform Laws for Railways: Frederic Taylor: Forum.  
 Wanted—A Test for Paupers: L. S. Houghton: No. Amer. Rev.  
 Workmen Should Not Only Act: Catholic World.  
 Writing Machines for the Blind: A. Good: Popular Science.

*Sport and Recreation:*

Amateur Photography: E. Wallace: Outing.  
 An Irish Outing Awheel: Faed: Outing.  
 Baseball in the South: Henry Chadwick: Outing.  
 Bass Fishing: Hiram B. Stevens: Outing.  
 Foxhunting Under Difficulties: Graham Clayton: Outing.  
 Memories of Yacht Cruises: Capt. R. F. Coffin: Outing.  
 Paddles and Palettes: Edw. L. Chichester: Outing.  
 Racing at Southern Fairs: Francis Trevelyan: Outing.  
 Upland Shooting: F. Campbell Moller: Outing.

*Travel and Adventure:*

A Devon and Cornwall Holiday Trip: E. Salmon: \*Gentleman's.  
 A Midsummer Trip to the West Indies: Lafcadio Hearn: Harper's.  
 A Night in a Scotch Swamp: C. L. L.: \*Blackwood's.  
 A Saunter up the Sussex Ouse: H. Rix: \*Good Words.  
 A Vineyard in California: W. Maitland: \*XIXth Century.  
 A Week in Wales: J. C. R. Dorr: Atlantic.  
 A Winter in the Latin Quarter: E. J. Farrar: Catholic World.  
 Among the Bulgarians: \*Temple Bar.  
 Autumn Rambles: J. G. Wood: \*Good Words.  
 Bethlehem: Henry A. Harper: \*Sunday Magazine.  
 Exile by Administrative Process: George Kennan: Century.  
 Gibraltar: Harold A. Perry: \*Macmillan's.  
 Irish Exhibition and Manufactures: H. S. Fagan: \*Gentleman's.  
 Italian Explorers in Africa: Sofia Bompiani: \*Leisure Hour.  
 Memphis and Little Rock: Chas. D. Warner: Harper's.  
 Norway from the Sea: Harry Jones: \*Leisure Hour.  
 Our Journey to the Hebrides: Eliz. R. Pennell: Harper's.  
 Possibilities of the Provinces: Edward Garrett: \*Leisure Hour.  
 Reflections in India, 1880-1888: S. W. Baker: \*Fortnightly.  
 Scenes in Cyprus: W. H. Mallock: Scribner.  
 Some Chinese Mortuary Customs: A. M. Fielde: Popular Science.  
 The British Museum and People Who Go There: \*Blackwood's.  
 The Home of Turkish Tobacco: \*Cornhill.  
 The Modern Greeks: Thomas D. Seymour: Scribner's.  
 The Peak of Tenerife: \*Cornhill.  
 Two Montana Cities: Edwards Roberts: Harper's.  
 Wanderings Beyond the Himalayas: \*Blackwood's.  
 Windsor Castle and Virginia Water: C. E. Pascoe: \*Leisure Hour.

## NONSENSE VERSE—AIRY AND FANCY FREE

*Disgusted—Somerville Journal*  
He stooped and kissed her hand. Why  
Should he not?  
The moon was in eclipse  
Behind a cloud. That was all right,  
But he forgot  
That maidens all have lips.

*A Bud—Lowell Courier*  
Oh! Grace was tall, and Grace was fair;  
She wore a rosebud in her hair.

And Jack the Bold, who saw it there,  
With nerve most cold stole unaware

And plucked the rose and kissed it soft,  
Ah! heaven knows, I don't, how oft!

But Grace the Sly, arch débutante,  
With roguish eye, said: "Jack, why can't

You save a few until you see  
How rare a bud I chance to be?"

*Before and After—Washington Critic*  
They call each other "Dearie"  
And bill and coo and smile—  
But dear, delightful dearie  
Is "Drearie" after a while.

*An Afterthought—J. W. O'Keefe—Boston Pilot*  
I did not miss the glance you lent—  
One-half reproof, one-half consent;  
I whispered, "May I?" and you chose  
To answer ne'er a word—which shows  
You knew exactly what I meant.

By sly design (or accident)  
Your head was lifted—mine was bent—  
I took good aim, and Cupid knows  
I did not miss.

I never made a boast anent  
That little bit of sentiment,  
But, since you tell your other beaux  
I missed your lips and kissed your nose,  
My indignation must find vent:  
I did not Miss!

*A Capriote—Home Journal*  
Upon her cheek a damask glows,  
And comes and goes,  
As fine as the pomegranate knows.

And such a light her eye escapes  
As gleams on grapes  
That purple all her island capes.

Her figure has the wondrous grace  
That marks her race—  
Well-rounded curves from foot to face.

I look! she smiles bewitchingly:  
I turn and see  
Two fierce dark eyes fixed fast on me.

That smile—that marveled poise of head!  
Sweet dream be fled!  
These Capriotes carry knives, 'tis said.

*Dante and Ante—Chicago Mail*  
I love my love with every breath,  
And I shall love her ever;  
I'm hers, and only hers, till death,  
So fair is she and clever.

Yet, though I love, I grumble at  
The ways of the sweet joker;  
In tricks of mine she's far too pat  
(I've taught my darling poker).  
She's robbed me of my heart, and now  
She thinks it very funny  
To rob me further still. I vow  
She robs me of my money!

She is demure as any nun,  
Browning she talks and Dante,  
The while she's having lots of fun  
In sneaking off my ante.

Yet, still I love with every breath,  
And I shall love her ever;  
I'm hers, and only hers, till death.  
She's fair, and, ah! she's clever.

*Two Standpoints—Merchant Traveler*  
To be a woman—direst woe,  
The rights of men she ne'er can know.  
She cannot cast the mighty vote  
Or sound the ringing campaign note.  
Her key fits not the midnight latch,  
'Tis tedious work to strike a match.  
Baseball is a forbidden sport,  
Her hair is long instead of short.  
To be a woman—happy state,  
To govern man and guide his fate!  
She takes the middle of the street  
And in the horsecar gets a seat.  
She has her say—more than enough,  
And has it, too, without rebuff.  
Creation's king, a man, is seen  
Most always vanquished by the queen.

<i>Steer Clear—Unidentified</i>	
Moonlight talks,	One year,
Midnight walks,	Skies clear,
Longing eyes,	Years two,
Soothing sighs,	Rather blue,
Front gate,	Years three,
Very late	Can't agree,
Parlor scene,	County court,
Feeling mean,	Splendid sport,
Dearest Bess,	Sorrow, sin,
Answer yes,	Jury grin,
Kind kiss,	Divorce given,
Mutual bliss,	Fetters riven,
Interview,	Worried life,
Papa too,	Lonely wife,
Nothing loth,	Husband roams,
Happy both,	Wife foams,
Couple glad,	Care cost,
Have it bad,	Love lost.
Organ swells,	MORAL
Marriage bells,	When you wed
Honeymoon,	Look ahead,
Ended soon,	Night fall,
Double Brown,	That's all.
Settle down.	

*Frightened—San Francisco Wasp*  
She'd just lapped an oyster; said he, "It 'twere me,  
I'd not swallow that: it's a sin to—  
Well, not quite a sin; but, darling you see,  
Yours is not the first mouth it's been into."  
"Pah! Mercy!" she shrieked, as with mouth opened wide  
She shot the fruit out with a shiver,  
"Have you dared to—" "No, no, little pet," he replied,  
"It came from the mouth of the river."



## WITTY AND WISE—A PAGE WITH THE PARAGRAPHERS

Many a man has ruined his eyesight by sitting in the bar-room looking for work.—Jacksonville Citizen.

Runaway couple to minister—Will you join us? Minister—Thanks; I don't care if I do.—Washington Critic.

"I notice you never try to shine in conversation, Bromley." "Well, no. Fact is, Darrington, it keeps me busy all the time trying to conceal my ignorance."—Time.

"I want you to know," said Mrs. Snapper to her husband, "that facts are stubborn things." "I know it," he answered meekly; "woman is a fact."—Boston Courier.

Every heart has its Was; some have their Were, for a plurality of Wases constitutes the Were. If there be no To Be to take the place of the Is, the hungering heart famishes, droops, and eventually dies.—Chicago News.

Surprised Dame—What? And you have refused Mr. DeGoode? I thought you liked him. Lovely Daughter—I did, but to tell you the truth, none of the other girls seemed to care a snap for him.—Omaha World.

Professor—What is the difference between an editorial and an editorial paragraph? Student—An editorial is of the same nature as an editorial paragraph, but is larger and doesn't have as much to say.—Harper's Bazar.

It was not Goethe who said that you can always tell the man who has gone to grass by his seedy appearance. Goethe was a brilliant philosopher, but there were some things he forgot to say until it was too late.—Bazar.

A Toledo woman caught 19,000 house flies on sticky paper in twelve days, and yet on the thirteenth there were as many about as before. War on the fly is a heavy loss both of material and energy.—Detroit Free Press.

Dentist—Well, how do the new teeth work? Patient—Not very well; they seem to cut the others. Dentist—That is perfectly natural. They belong to an entirely different set, you know.—San Francisco Examiner.

"Get yourself full of your subject," said the Professor. "Saturate yourself with it, and then your essay will write itself." "Yes, I know, Professor," said Miss Colespring, "but my essay is on 'Rum, the Cause of It.'"—Burdette.

St. Peter (to applicant)—You say you were an editorial writer on a New York newspaper? "Yes, sir." "Step into the elevator, please." (Steps in)—"How soon does it go up?" "It doesn't go up, it goes down."—Epoch.

Father—John, I read in the paper that your baseball nine "lit on the opposing pitcher and pounded him all over the field." I hope you had no part in the disgraceful affair. John, '91 (sadly)—"No, father. Really I did not hit him once."—Harvard Lampoon.

He was rescuing her from the billowy waves, but it looked as if they might never see Boston again. "Hold on tight, Penelope," he gasped, "hold on tight." "Don't say hold on tight," gurgled the girl, with her mouth full of Atlantic Ocean; "say hold on tightly."—Utica Observer.

Mistress (to cook)—Your name, Mary, and my daughter's being the same makes matters somewhat confusing. Now, how do you like, say, the name of Bridget? Cook—Shure, mum, an' it's not mesilf that's particular. Oim willun to call the leddy onythin' yez loike.—N. Y. World.

Tramp (to citizen, who has donated a nickel for a night's lodging)—If you could give me one more nickel, sir, I can get a bed all to myself. Citizen—No, I can't do that, but here is a suggestion: You ask the gentleman you are to sleep with for an additional nickel. He ought to be willing to give it gladly.—New York Sun.

Augustus and Edith on their bridal tour, sit down to their first dinner. Augustus—Deary, you order the dinner. Edith—Waiter, give us two sherrys and some lobster bisque, stuffed ecrevisses a la Bordelaise, Sauterne, deviled kidneys, champagne, Roquefort, coffee and Benedictine. Augustus rushes out for a divorce.—Town Topics.

He (at Saratoga, tenderly)—I think I have met you before, Miss Smith; your face is very familiar. She (coldly)—Yes, sir: and those goods that you warranted would wash I tried to give away to my maid. And then the silence became so wide and solemn that you could hear them pumping gas into the mineral springs.—Life.

The heroine of a story now running in a Southern paper is made to say: "I will do the washing this time, mother, for it is the greatest of delights to me." This is a wide departure from the realistic in fiction; in fact it reaches the pinnacle of the ideal. As a work of the imagination the story will take high rank.—Indianapolis Journal.

"I find, madam," said a young physician, "that your husband is suffering from overwork." "And will he have to give up his place under the government?" she asked, anxiously. "What's that? Is he a government official?" "Yes, sir." "H'm! I'll diagnose his case again. He probably needs exercise of some kind."—Boston Gazette.

"Doesn't it embarrass you to be kissed by your husband before a car full of people?" "Embarrass me?" replied the lady, who was starting off on a journey, as she seated herself in her seat and looked at the questioner. "Did John kiss me when he said good-bye? I declare I didn't notice it. Is my hat on straight, Laura?"—Troy Times.

"James," said the undertaker, "its about time to close the shop. Have you heard of any change in the condition of Mr. Simpson since noon?" "No, sir," replied the boy, "except that they've just turned off the doctors and called in a Christian Scientist." "James," rejoined his employer, shaking his head gloomily, "we will keep the shop open half an hour longer."—Chicago Tribune.

A Cape man had been living fifteen years with his second wife. One was orthodox—the other wasn't. One day Mrs. Brown overheard her husband and a neighbor discussing the hereafter. "What do you know about hell?" said she. "I guess I know something," came the answer. "I've lived there the last fifteen years, and what a man's experiences he knows!"—Boston Transcript.

Mayflower—I can't understand why Fitzgerald calls himself an American. Isn't his governor an Irishman? Ferguson—Yes. But Fitzgerald was born and raised here in New England. Mayflower—What has that to do with it? (Witheringly) I suppose if I had been born in a stable, Ferguson, you'd call me a horse? Ferguson (mildly)—Well, hardly, old man. Mayflower (crushing)—What would you call me, then? Ferguson (blandly)—An ass, dear boy!—The Idea.

A German citizen approaching the window of a New York bank, requested that a check payable to the order of Schweitzercase be cashed. "Yah, dot's me," he nodded reassuringly, in answer to the teller's look of inquiry. "But I don't know that you are Mr. Schweitzercase. You must get yourself identified." "How vas dot?" asked the German citizen, with a puzzled look. "You must get some one to identify you," repeated the bank officer; "I don't know you." "Ah, yah!" cried Hans, "Dot's all right. I don't know you, neider."—Texas Siftings.

## GENERAL LITERARY INFORMATION AND BELIEF

Reviewing the book trade of this country the Boston Herald estimates that four thousand four hundred and thirty-seven new books were published last year. Of course this number includes new editions, translations, reprints of foreign works, and so on, but in the publishing phrase these are new books, and they are really new to the average reader. The following statement has been prepared, classifying these publications :

Fiction .....	1,022
Juvenile books .....	487
Law .....	438
Theology and religion .....	353
Education, language .....	283
Literary history and miscellany .....	251
Poetry and the drama .....	221
Biography, memoirs .....	201
Description, travel .....	180
Fine art and illustrated books .....	175
Medical science, hygiene .....	171
History .....	157
Political and social science .....	143
Useful arts .....	123
Physical and mathematical science .....	76
Domestic and rural .....	61
Sports and amusements .....	48
Humor and satire .....	26
Mental and moral philosophy .....	21
Total .....	4,437

Subscription books are the money-makers. Within the last decade the subscription book trade has grown to enormous proportions. But the harvest is reaped by publishers and agents, because, as a general thing, there are no "author's rights" to be considered. Editions are prepared of works that are open to all comers. To be sure there are occasions when living authors or their heirs find the subscription field a rich one. General Grant's book and Mr. Blaine's "Twenty Years of Congress" are cases in point. But Dickens, Scott and Thackeray lead in the order named. Ten years ago a New Yorker started in the business of publishing and selling Dickens' works by subscription. He is now a millionaire. One agent, a young man, has sold 6,000 sets of Dickens' works in two years. As subscription books sell at a higher price than their fellows that are to be bought in the shop—not infrequently at 50 per cent. advance—the source of profit is evident. For all that, one has yet to hear of the subscription book buyer who grumbles at the price. Ten chances to one he rarely enters a bookshop. In these rushing days people want everything brought to them—meats, vegetables and books not excepted—and for the privilege they have to pay. This is a consequence that follows naturally upon the possession of privileges.

Novels are the best selling books, and there are but few cases in which it does not hold that the novels of dead authors sell better than those of the living. Dickens, Scott and Thackeray hold their own against all comers, and here, at least, it will be seen that the world pays some heed to the advice: "When a new book is published, read an old one." Some authors (Mark Twain is one of them) own their "plates" and publish for themselves, but the stamp of success is required before a man can venture upon that sea of enterprise. E. P. Roe's books sell at a prodigious rate. Lew Wallace has the rare satisfaction of knowing that one of his books—"Ben Hur"—has been

sold to more than 200,000 readers, and more than that, he has the supreme satisfaction of solid proceeds. But "Ben Hur" was unsalable when first put on the market. The copies lay in the bookshops uncalled for and undisturbed in 1880. One Boston establishment has sold 4,000 copies of the book since then, and the demand increases.

A correspondent of the Edinburgh Scotsman writes: I hasten to send the most significant advertisement that I have ever seen in an Italian newspaper. It announces a fact of the greatest moment, and one that cannot fail to interest Christendom. It occurs in the *Secolo*, which is a daily newspaper published in Milan. This is a paper not in any way religious, nor is it considered, I am sorry to say, very loyal: on the contrary, it is rather anti-clerical and Socialistic. But its tone is always liberal and moral. It is perhaps the most widely-circulated and largely read paper in Italy. The advertisement, which occurs in this day's issue, I translate, and I allow it to speak for itself. It appears under the head of "Art and Literature":

"The New Edition of the Bible.—There is a book that contains the poetry and science of humanity. It is the Bible, to which no work in any literature can be compared. The *Iliad* was for Greece—in certain epochs the code of the religious and political traditions for that country; but the Bible contains the history of thought of all ages. Believers and disbelievers read it and studied it. It was the book that Newton read the oftenest. Cromwell when he went to battle hung it on the pommel of his saddle. Voltaire even had it always upon his desk. It is a book necessary to the culture of all classes, and ought to be found in every house. Elegant editions, illustrated with wood-cuts and explained by notes are costly. Edward Sonzogno (editor of the *Secolo*) has begun to publish for the first time an edition which unites richness and cheapness. The work is divided into 210 parts of eight pages each, and there will be 900 illustrations in fine wood-cuts. It is sold at a half-penny a number, and the whole work can be subscribed for for ten francs. In the first two numbers there are fourteen illustrations, which consist of copies of pictures, representations of Biblical scenes, drawings of ancient monuments, and of animals, plants and flowers. Very capable minds have presided over the choice of these illustrations. The text and the notes are those of Martini, and the correctness of the letter press enhances the value of the work. This artistic, useful and popular edition—the first of the kind in Italy—is destined to an extraordinary success, worthy of its miraculous cheapness."

M. Renan, says the *Pall Mall Budget*, while listening to the simple and touching rhythm of the Bretons in the old Quimper Cathedral, has had an inspiration. How charming it would be, he mused, if a prayer could be introduced into our churches, one part of which was said by the men and the other by the women, the two kinds of incense "borne by angels before the throne of the Eternal, burning together, and thus forming the perfect incense." The form of this prayer, which floated through the scholar's mind as he knelt and listened to the sound of the voices in the Quimper Cathedral, M. Renan has written down and published in the *Paris Figaro*, as follows:

*The Men's Prayer.*

Thy work, Lord, is the work of genius. Ours is labor. May labor flourish if it is done for humanity and for the universe! We are glad to be the victims of a good work which Thou wilt make more perfect. Surely, Thou orderest things, and Thou orderest them for our good. We are sure that the labor for humanity will one day be recompensed. Our limbs are weary with the heat of the

*The Women's Prayer.*

Blessed be Thy universe. It is great, good and luminous. Thou hast willed that Thy justice should be veiled to us. We bless Thee. We feel that it is more difficult to realize justice than mercy. And on this point we resign ourselves to waiting. In centuries to come Thou wilt perfect Thy work. We wait for Thee. Our maternal cares have been great to-day. Give us the strength to be resigned. Thou



day. Why are the burdens for us the pleasures for others? We have committed no fault, and we know that Thy power is boundless. If there is an evil God beside Thee Thou wouldest have annihilated him long ere this. The triumph of evil will never check us; we will always till death be faithful to duty. O, great home of souls, Thou hast a right to every sacrifice! Yes, even death, if sent by Thee, will be as welcome to us as life. Knowing Thee, one hour of life is a blessing. All creatures knowing Thee and knowing themselves must give thanks, and die blessing Thee. Prostrate before Thy Majesty, we will always be Thy obedient sons, equal among each other as we are equal before Thee. We thank Thee for the life which Thou hast given us, and we do not fear death, delivered as we are from the terrible thought that after having been so much tried during this life, Thou wilt torture us through eternity. The future will have better days than the present, as we in our time have seen better days than our fathers. But each one of us is inseparable from the state of the universe from the moment when we come to life. Happy he who in looking back will find himself on the side of those who have fought for the good and true!

The *Travelers' Record* says: The following plan, suggested by the *San Francisco Examiner*, would be a godsend to that numerous and highly respectable class who don't know a joke unless it is labled. We have heard a lady complain bitterly that Mark Twain did not give any means in his books of knowing when he was serious and when joking; and no paper ever published an ironical article without evoking a storm of indignation from solemn readers who take it seriously, no matter how monstrous the supposition is. And nothing outrages the feelings of these worthies so much as finding that they have been so trifled with: they consider it indecent flippancy, and not amusing at all. For these reasons, we trust that all writers will adopt the proposed label, which will fulfill the same function as "N. B. This is a goak," and take less room. Here is the suggestion of *The Examiner*:

"While reforming the language, I crave leave to introduce an improvement in punctuation: the snigger-point or note of cachinnation. It is written thus, and represents, as nearly as may be, a smiling mouth. It is to be appended with the full stop, to every jocular or ironical sentence; or without the stop, to every jocular or ironical clause of a sentence otherwise serious. Thus:— 'Mr. Flanagan, the noblest work of God.' 'Our esteemed contemporary, Mr. Delancey, whom for his virtues we revere and for his success envy, is going to the devil as fast as his two heels can carry him.' Deacon Foote, a truly good man, is self-made in the largest sense of the term: he was born great, wise, and rich, but the deflection of his nose is the work of his own coat-sleeve."

A tattered and thumb-marked copy of Habberton's "*Helen's Babies*" lay upon the shelf of one of the largest second-hand bookstores in New York, and suggested the question to a *Sun* reporter whether it had not had a

lovest us, yes, Thou lovest us, for Thou hast need of us. Thy aim is life. We are the instruments in Thy hands for the most beautiful of Thy works. Wilt Thou not have pity one day on Thy life-long laborers. Yes, Lord, we will be faithful. Do what Thou wilt with us, we will never doubt Thee. We challenge Thee, dear Lord, and Thou wilt not conquer us. Ask, always ask, and we will give unto Thee. Our heart is ready. Knock; lay Thy hand upon us; it will always be welcome. On our knees before Thy mercy seat, we will always be Thy obedient daughters. What Thou biddest us we will always do with a humble heart. The creature whom Thy breath gives life through us will be as dear to us as our own lives. We will for ever abstain from any thought unfit for our sex. Knowing that it is Thou who makest us pleasing, our only thought will be to please Thee. We will cultivate our beauty which Thou hast given, and associating it indissolubly with the idea of virtue, we will through our charms ensure the triumph of the good.

larger sale than any American work of fiction excepting "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*." The proprietor, who knows as much about books as Joseph H. Choate does of law, replied that while "*Helen's Babies*" had been one of the most extraordinary successes in the book trade, it did not stand second to "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*." Then he rummaged around on a dusty shelf, and took down a thick volume, whose colors had faded from original black to a light drab color, and, blowing the dust from the leaves, said that he presumed that book had, next to "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," the largest sale of any work of fiction by an American author. Making out the faded letters of the title. It was "*The Lamplighter*." The book is now almost unknown to the younger generation of readers, but thirty years ago it caused countless tears to flow. It would give Mr. Howells the horrors to read it, and yet more copies of it, three or four times over, have been sold than of all of Howells' books put together. Over two hundred editions of a thousand copies each were sold, and there is even now more demand for it, mainly from persons who read it years ago, and, remembering it with delight, sought it again. "*The Lamplighter*" was written by a Boston woman, and is a Boston tale. But, though its success was so phenomenal, the author was for many years unknown, and even now her name would be unrecognized even by persons of literary habits if it were mentioned. It was a single flavor of her talent, and though it brought some money to her purse, it never made for her the fame that its success ought to have given her. Nothing is known of this author except that she was a school teacher and had worked at odd moments for several years upon the story. Then it remained in her desk some time longer, and afterward met the fate of manuscript of unknown authors in being promptly rejected by several publishers.

What will become of the novel writers and the publishers, says the *Pittsburgh Bulletin*, when the phonograph is fully perfected, and its now youthful powers are matured? For instance: a novel once written need never, and probably will never, be published in book form. Novels will not be read at all; they will be spoken, listened to. A book once written, the writer will no longer seek a publisher. He will assign to proper persons, men and women, the characters he has created, selecting his cast with a view to vocal excellence only. These personages, assembled in the presence of a phonograph, will take their proper turns in speaking into the machine. When the romance has been talked to a conclusion, the phonograph contains what may be termed a vocalized novel, a book unlike any book printed in any known language. To enjoy that novel it is only necessary to be possessed of the counterpart of the cylinder bearing the phonogram or speech-writing that was placed therein. This cylinder, in another phonograph, will give forth the voices of those who spoke the words of the writer. A careful selection of the voices, their preservation in the phonogram, and their subsequent giving forth in the phonograph, must result in a method of enjoying the work of the writer infinitely more pleasurable than the reading of the same words from the printed page. A novel in the form of a phonogram may be a whole opera in itself, capable of conferring pleasure, not upon one reader, but upon a room full of listeners.

Discussing the surfeit of literature the *San Francisco Chronicle* says: It looks as if libraries were gradually to be relegated to the collection of rare books. The rush of the printing press is so deadly at present that if books were sent free to all libraries there wouldn't be room for them, and if there were there never would be time or funds

enough for librarians to catalogue them. Time was when a library that had not the latest new novel was considered shamefully behind the times. The latest new novel now! Great Caesar, who can tell which is the latest new novel? There is some difference between now and the past in that respect. Twenty years ago when a novel came out it had a show for its life and for the reputation of the writer. Now a great many novels make a great deal of money, and are forgotten before the accounts are made up. There is not much that need be collected in this age, however, and the value of libraries lies almost entirely in old and good works. The cheap editions are making it rather trying for libraries, though, in them. It is less trouble to go and pay ten cents at a store and own the book than to go to the library, borrow and return it. And the queer subjects and the queer names begin to sadly puzzle the book collector, the book reader and the librarian. The romances to-day are in such varied styles of effort, and tackle so many arts in an alleged "illustrative" way, that really what is a novel and what is a book of science is hard to determine.

The Boston Herald declares that "Every library has its skeleton—in other words, a collection of improper or immoral books. In the Boston Public Library this assortment is hidden away in a series of modest little closets, designated as the 'Inferno.' On these shelves are ranged in suggestive rows all such volumes as ought to bring a blush to the cheek of innocence. The restrictions upon their circulation are very rigid indeed, for it would seem that there are lots of people who are always trying to get hold of something nasty in the literary way. Almost invariably they give it as an excuse for demanding such books that they are going through a course of English or French literature, and are compelled reluctantly to peruse the objectionable works as a portion of the task before them. So the attendants are obliged to exercise considerable discretion. If a reader comes up and says he has heard that such and such a book is naughty, and that he would like to see it, the volume will probably be given him; but if he tries the 'course of literature' dodge, he is apt to be refused. Many women of a certain age are fond of reading doctors' books, which, though not quite immoral, are none the less unpleasant. The applicant for an objectionable work is usually asked to fill out a slip, giving his age and occupation, together with his name, reference for character, and reason why he wants the book. This slip must receive the indorsement of the librarian before the request is complied with. 'At the bindery' is the ordinary formula employed in such cases, which, being translated, means that you cannot have what you want. A book that is marked in the catalogue with a single star is not to be circulated freely, because too costly. A double star indicates that the volume is too rare to be allowed to go out of the library on any account. Three stars usually signify the work is immoral, and only to be seen by permission of the authorities."

"Much has been said and written," says the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "of the evil influence exerted by vicious literature, more especially if the mind of the reader be in the plastic state of its growth. Nor can this danger be overestimated—there could not be a worse companion than a bad book. It whispers words that the innocent would blush to hear uttered aloud, yet little by little habit hardens him to such thoughts, and the first downward step is taken when wickedness ceases to repel. However loud may be the protestations of the author that he is laboring for the ultimate benefit of his kind, we have only to read his works in order to discover whether he is sincere or not.

As honesty rings unmistakably true, even so an evil nature grins, satyr-like, behind the finest phrases. That book is harmful which endeavors to surround sin with a halo of interest, and to make us sympathize where condemnation only is just. To this category belongs "As in a Looking-Glass," a narrative that adds to its moral offenses the faults of crudity and coarseness of treatment. There is no reason why any one should waste tears upon the fate of an unprincipled adventuress who meets, after running the gamut of wickedness, the punishment she well deserves. The grave mistake of the over-prudish is in classing together as pernicious all books that deal with the iniquities of human nature. It depends altogether upon the manner in which the subject is manipulated. A critic has complained that Daudet has been too explicit in giving the details of Numa Roumestan's adventures; but most readers will think that the author has displayed a wise reticence. There were allusions he was obliged to make, for Numa would not be Numa without his vices. If he had simply ticketed his characters, "This is a wicked man," or, "This is a good man," they would impress us as mere automatons, having nothing of the heat of life. Daudet's "Sappho" is a terrible history; yet it conveys a weighty moral lesson, and none but the narrow-minded and prejudiced can doubt in what spirit it is enforced."

"Kalevala," the great national epic poem of the Finlanders, which Max Müller in his "Lectures on the Science of Language" places by the side of the Iliad of Homer, is now for the first time in complete form translated into English. Discussions were carried on in the Athenæum some months ago in regard to a proposed translation by a Mr. Kirby, who desired to have a certain number of subscribers assured before beginning the work, but American enterprise had already had the translation well in hand without any such assurance. The translator is Dr. J. M. Crawford, of Cincinnati. It makes two octavo volumes, the poem being great in magnitude—nearly twenty-three thousand lines—as well as in character. Longfellow has been very generally charged with plagiarism from the great Finnish epic in his "Hiawatha," and his publishers often entreated him to answer the numerous criticisms of this character, but as the discussion only served to advertise the book and increase its sale he persistently refused. Until now the general public has had no complete translation of the "Kalevala" to compare with Longfellow's "India Edda," and curiosity has therefore been aroused in the reading world concerning Mr. Crawford's book, for which a welcome awaits it on its appearance.

The Boston correspondent of the Book Buyer says that a friend gave an account recently of a visit she paid last summer to the Shaker community at Canterbury, which is pictured in Mr. Howells' Undiscovered Country. "It was," she said, "wonderfully like the book, and the best of it is to see how the sisters feel about the book. They will not approve of anything so worldly as a novel, but they are secretly proud of having been 'put in print' in this way. I asked the head sister—Sister Lucy Ann, isn't it?—what she thought of Mr. Howells' description of their life. 'I think,' she answered, 'that he said some very queer things about us.' She had a way of pursing up her lips that was evidently meant to give the impression she could disapprove very strongly if she chose, and so I asked a lovely old eldress with a placid face and beautiful eyes if she thought the book did the community injustice. I wish you could have seen the delicious, kindly way in which she answered: 'Oh, no: I like the book. I think Mr. Howells did as well as he could with his light.'"



